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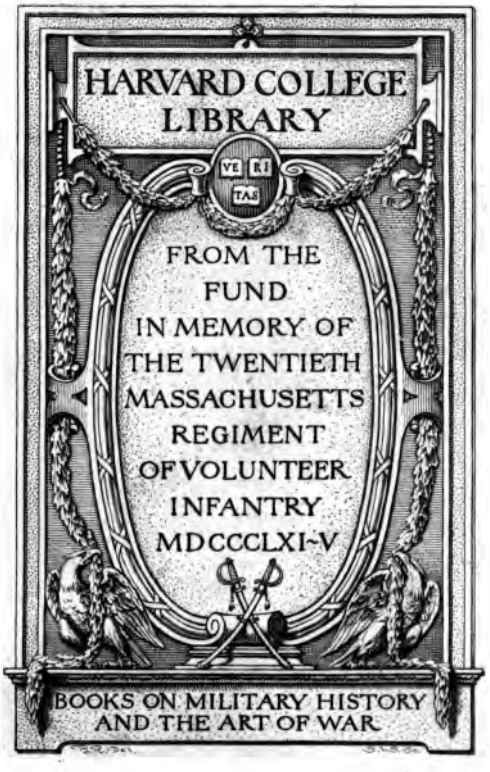
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GENL. A. T. A. TORBERT. GENL. W. W. AVERILL.

MAJ.-GENL. P. H. SHERIDAN.

GENL. G. STONEMAN. GENL. A. PLEASANTON.

SABRES AND SPURS:

THE

First Regiment Rhode Island Cavalry

IN THE CIVIL WAR,

1861—1865.

ITS ORIGIN, MARCHES, SCOUTS, SKIRMISHES, RAIDS, BATTLES, SUFFERINGS, VICTORIES, AND APPROPRIATE OFFICIAL PAPERS;

WITH

THE ROLL OF HONOR AND ROLL OF THE REGIMENT.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS OF CAVALRY GENERALS AND A MAP OF THE REGIMENT'S WAR-PATH.

BY

REV. FREDERIC DENISON,

CHAPLAIN.

"THEY ALL HOLD SWORDS, BEING EXPERT IN WAR."

Central Falls, R.I.

PUBLISHED BY

THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

1876.

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Inscribed,

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TO ALL

"Who Jeoparded their Lives unto the Death in the High Places of the Field,"

SECURING

THE OVERTHROW OF SLAVERY

AND

THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.

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What gallant battalions came forth for the right,—
Their carbines and sabres reflecting the light
As flame-lances boreal flash on the night;
'Neath guidons and standards, their courage aglow,
With the swiftness of arrows as shot from the bow,
The steel of our horsemen sped home on the foe:
We dashed o'er the field like the sweep of a gale;
We parried their missiles and smote through their mail:
Boasted Ashby and Stuart fall back from the shock
As buffeted surges recoil from a rock.

F. D.

PREFACE.

DUTY bids us signalize principles, sacrifices and martyrdoms. Devotion to the liberties of our country; honor to our fallen comrades; affection for our surviving fellow soldiers; and the regard we have for the inquiries of all who may come after us, have demanded the record of patriot services we here present. The work has been delayed by reason of the difficulties and delicacy of the task.

By storms, streams and the shocks of battle, the most of our regimental papers and records were destroyed. Certain diaries, in the pockets of officers and men, fortunately survived the floods and the flames. These memoranda, and official reports made to the Government, supplemented by State papers, letters and recollections from the men of the command, have furnished the substantial and fully reliable data of our account.

Essential aid was found in the Chaplain's journal and "Notes by the Wayside;" also in the "Notes by the Bridle Paths" from the pen of Lieut. J. A. Chedell, Jr. And special obligations are acknowledged to Capt. Allen

Baker, Jr., for his diary, enlarged by his many memories, and his extensive correspondence with officers and men; all his papers having been copied by him for our use. His assistance in preparing and publishing the roll of the regiment has been invaluable.

We gratefully mention the full and racy journal of Geo. A. Sargent, (Troop L.) the anecdotes and incidents from which will be highly enjoyed.

Valuable papers and verbal contributions have been received from Maj. P. M. Farrington, Maj. W. H. Turner, Capt. G. M. Bliss, Capt. E. E. Chase, Nathaniel G. Stanton, M. D., Welcome A. Johnson, Sergt. Wm. Gardner, Sergt. Emmons D. Guild, Edward F. Colwell, Sergt. Lyman Aylesworth, Sergt. A. C. Sweeting, M. R. Allen and others.

For the valuable letters of Lieut. J. R. Umfreville we are indebted to his parents; as also for facts and papers to the relatives of Sergt. R. V. Barrows.

Important extracts have been made from a sketch furnished to the Adjutant General of New Hampshire by Brevet Brig.-General J. L. Thompson; also from papers supplied by Hon. George T. Sawyer, of Nashua, N. H., and from papers by Capt. G. W. Easterbrooks and Corp. T. H. Sprague.

The Committee of the Veteran Association,—Maj. P. M. Farrington, Maj. W. H. Turner and Capt. Allen Ba-

ker, Jr.—chosen to assist in the work, have given their best efforts, and deserve particular thanks.

We have aimed to present, not a general or minute history of the war, since others have already done this, but to record the life and doings, the duties and experiences of our command—the part we acted in the great and bloody tragedy. Our purpose is peculiar and specific. We have aimed to furnish a volume of facts and war scenes, true to ourselves, interesting to all present readers, and full of useful hints and practical lessons of instruction to any regiments of horse that may hereafter be called to the defense of our country. As best suited to answer all these purposes, we have chosen to employ, in a kind of general way, the journal style of narrative. We submit our work to all loyal hearts.

If dear to thy heart be the weal of our land,
Forget not the part of each gallant command
That sprung from loved homes to the fire of the field,
And won, with their lives, a new sheen for our shield.

F. D.

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SABRES AND SPURS.

CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF THE REGIMENT.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1861.

THOUGH long cherished in the councils of Slavery, the rebellion at last broke suddenly and fiercely upon our nation. The mad throe of revolt shook the earth beneath us and clouded the heavens above us, like the shock and darkness of an awful earthquake.

The rebel shot that smote Fort Sumter (April 12, 1861) was answered by the clarion of liberty on all the hills of the Free States, summoning the loyal and brave to the support of the Union. Such a voluntary and instantaneous uprising of a great people, to jeopard their lives in defense of law and order, had never been known in the world's history. President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand men was responded to with a promptness and alacrity that thrilled the land and astonished the witnessing nations. It had not been believed that republicanism was capable of such spirit and voluntary self-defense.

The inflamed insurrectionists threw themselves into their scheme of secession with a marvelous readiness and resolution. Not the crusaders of old had more confidence and zeal in their chimerical design. The great question —Shall Slavery or Freedom command the Republic?— was thus submitted to the arbitrament of the sword.

In Virginia, and parts of the other seceded States, the slave masters had been trained to horsemanship, and, among the young bloods of the aristocracy, there glowed something of the pride and dash of the old cavaliers. The Old Dominion, which became the front of the battle and continued to be the chief theatre of the struggle, readily sent forth splendid battalions of cavalry. The Black Horse troops won fame for their spurs in the first shock of battle at Bull Run, and were soon followed by the bold commands of Ashby and Stuart. In this arm of the service, at the opening of the conflict, the South, both from habit and situation, had an advantage over the North.

To meet this brilliant and swift arm of the Confederates, Mr. Lincoln summoned to the aid of our infantry and artillery the guidons and steel of the loyal North. The call was enthusiastically answered from the pines of Maine to the prairies of the West. Governor William Sprague, of Rhode Island, gallantly offered to procure the first regiment of sabres from New England. He first proposed to secure, from each of the six New England States, one squadron; and so began in Rhode Island. His design was so ardently seconded by the people that it was soon found that much more could be done than had originally been contemplated. Each State was ready and anxious to do more than the part assigned. Brave old Massachusetts and hardy young Maine determined to raise each a regiment; others were eager to furnish each

a battalion. It was shortly concluded that the command proposed by Governor Sprague should be made up of two battalions from Rhode Island and one from New Hampshire; and the sabres and spurs were quickly forthcoming. This was the first full regiment of cavalry ever raised in New England.

Little Rhody lifted her guidons, and brave spirits rallied to her recruiting station in Providence. As her territory was small, though her heart was not thus circumscribed, many from the borders of Massachusetts and Connecticut, with a passion for saddles and bridles, sought admission to the cavalier command. Meanwhile, the bugles on the White Mountains, answering to the bugles on the shores of the Narragansett, called out a splendid battalion, superbly mounted and thoroughly furnished, in their rendezvous at Concord. A peculiar class of men — patriotic spirits of dash, fire, fortitude and endurance — elected this swift and arduous arm of the service. And the pride of New England was involved in this command, on account of its name and representative character. It was to make a new chapter in our history. There was a just pride of thought and heart attaching to the first regimental guidon ever lifted in New England, and which was to be aligned with the guidons of all the Free States, to confront the battalions of rebellion.

Of the character, education, and social standing of the members of this command, taken as a whole, it is unnecessary to speak. The history of the regiment shall be the eulogy of its members. Deeds speak louder than words; let our sabres be our lips. But it is well known that in all the arms of the service, during the first part of the war, not only the field and line, but the ranks of our army, were filled with enthusiastic volunteers from

the best families of the land, and from even the m independent circles of society. To the high behest patriotic duty, not a few millionaires and men from t elevated professional seats went out from their mansi to the field with knapsack and blanket. The heart-b of the loyal States, at the peril of liberty, was somethi too sublime for language to express.

The clouds were thick; the winds were high;
The storm poured darkly through the sky:
But the blood that ran in our sires of old
Was not, in their heirs, corrupt or cold.
And Heaven forbade that fear should abash
The souls of the free with Slavery's lash.

From mart, and shop, and furrowed field,
Was seen the glint of sword and shield;
From hall of wealth and cottage door,
With equal heart, the rich and poor,
Responsive to their country's call,
Their banner waving from the wall,
The righteous strife with zeal embraced,
And martyred fathers' footsteps traced.

The father girt his armor on;
The mother blessed her parting son;
The knapsack's corners sisters strove
To fill with tokens of their love.
The aged grandsire spoke his cheers;
The cradle bore its jeweled tears;
The lover paid the final kiss,
And quivering lips replied to bliss.

CHAPTER II.

ORGANIZATION OF THE COMMAND.

SEPTEMBER, 1861—MARCH, 1862.

THE Government order for the organization of the regiment was dated September 27, 1861. Bull Run disaster had thrilled and pained the loyal hearts, but at the same time had braced the country to meet the prolonged conflict which was now certain. Though the three months troops that answered to the President's first call had returned, other regiments of infantry, and batteries of light artillery, had hastened to the field and were bravely holding the front along the Potomac. Cavalry battalions were in urgent demand, to aid when the advance should be made. But it was foreseen that winter would intervene before the opposing armies would venture to general action. Beauregard had his headquarters at Manassas. McClellan was organizing the Federal volunteers in Washington. Recruiting stations were open throughout the land. Forces were steadily and eagerly gathering under the National Capitol.

Our first and third battalions, belonging to Rhode Island, were enlisted in Providence, chiefly by the zeal and tact of General John Gould, Colonel George W. Hal-

lett, Majors Willard Sayles and William Sanford, Captains Burt, Farrington and Anthony. Others rendered them effective aid.

The Rhode Island battalions, as enlisted, went into camp, beginning October 4, 1861, in Cranston, by the Cranston road, and were under the supervision, at first, of Colonel George W. Hallett, of the Providence Horse Guards, and Chief of Cavalry of Rhode Island. In honor of him the rendezvous was called Camp Hallett. Some of these camp experiences will not be forgotten. Thus writes Lieutenant Baker, as a sharer in the scene:

"November 2, 1861. Severe rain storm in the night. Most of the tents blown down. Men driving pegs and digging ditches in the dark, and laughing and hallooing to each other. Some cry, 'Hold on to the tent pole!' 'Look out for your clothes!' 'Come in out of the rain!' and very soon are themselves scrambling out from under their own fallen tent, with grimed night costume no way suited for dress parade."

During the first week in December, 1861, some of the troops removed from Camp Hallett to newly erected barracks in the riding park near Pawtucket, then named Camp Arnold, in honor of Lieutenant-Governor S. G. Arnold. As the barracks were completed we all moved up to Camp Arnold.

The second, or New Hampshire battalion, of intelligent and brave White Mountain boys, representing all parts of the Granite State, and all ranks and professions in life, was wisely enrolled by Major D. B. Nelson, with proper assistants, and was mustered into service at Concord, and quartered in an old wooden building in the centre of the fair grounds, on the east side of the river. Though the men had bunks, blankets and straw beds, the cold December winds, driving through the rickety

shelter, keenly reminded them of the homes they had left.

Here horses were provided and assigned to the troops. They were of the small Morgan and Canadian breed, yet not of very light weight. These beasts, found in the north of New England and parts of Canada, proved to be of superior constitution and metal for cavalry service, and many of them, purchased in the autumn of 1861, survived all the hardships and battles of the war.

The fair ground furnished an excellent place for drilling both men and horses, a work in which the soldiers took a lively interest and manifested a wise zeal. Lieutenant Allen Baker, Jr., of Rhode Island, by direction of Colonel Hallett, was on special duty at this camp, assisting in organizing and drilling the battalion. As this kind of work was entirely new in our country, of course all officers and men were learners, but all were eager students. Patriotism mastered all difficulties.

New Hampshire had a just pride in these her worthy sons, the flower of her mountains, the first of her mounted troops. Their hearts were warm; their hands were strong; their spurs were bright; their sabres were sharp. No State might boast superior soldiers. The battalion came on by rail to Rhode Island, to unite its guidons with the standard of the regiment, reaching Pawtucket January 22, 1862, and was handsomely received and quartered for the night in public buildings in the town.

January 23, 1862. The Rhode Island troops, B, C, and D, from Camp Arnold, under Captain R. C. Anthony, with the regimental band, paraded in Pawtucket, and, with the Slater Drill Corps and Cudworth Zouaves, escorted the New Hampshire battalion to camp. Thus at last all the guidons were brought together, and it was a hearty, enthusiastic meeting.

The style of the command was First Regiment New England Cavalry. The date of muster-in was December 14, 1861. The mustering officer was Captain G. M. Cutts, Jr., of the Regular Army. The following was the roster:

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel, ROBERT B. LAWTON.
Major, WILLARD SAYLES.
" WILLIAM SANFORD.
" DAVID B. NELSON.
Adjutant, JOHN WHIPPLE, Jr.
Quartermaster, CHARLES A. LEONARD.
Surgeon, TIMOTHY NEWELL.
Assistant Surgeon, J. B. GREELEY.
Chaplain, Rev. F. DENISON.

LINE OFFICERS.

TROOP A.—Captain, J. J. GOULD; First Lieutenant, W. H. TURNER; Second Lieutenant, JAMES P. VOSE.

TROOP B.—Captain, E. C. BURT; First Lieutenant, ALLEN BAKER, Jr.; Second Lieutenant, R. J. BURGESS.

TROOP C.—Captain, LYCURGUS SAYLES; First Lieutenant, JOHN WHIPPLE, Jr.; Second Lieutenant, CHARLES H. THAYER.

TROOP D.—Captain, R. C. ANTHONY; First Lieutenant, W. C. CAPRON; Second Lieutenant, C. N. MANCHESTER.

TROOP E.—Captain, P. M. FARRINGTON; First Lieutenant, CHARLES S. TREAT; Second Lieutenant, L. B. PRATT.

TROOP F.—Captain, JOHN ROGERS; First Lieutenant, RICHARD WATERMAN; Second Lieutenant, JOSHUA VOSE.

TROOP G.—Captain, JOHN B. WOOD; First Lieuten-

ant, GEORGE N. BLISS; Second Lieutenant, CHARLES A. LEONARD.

TROOP H.—Captain, —— ——; First Lieutenant, W. B. B. GREENE; Second Lieutenant, HIRAM P. BARKER.

TROOP I.—Captain, S. R. SWEETT; First Lieutenant, L. D. GOVE; Second Lieutenant, GEORGE H. THOMPSON.

TROOP K.—Captain, J. L. THOMPSON; First Lieutenant, A. WYMAN; Second Lieutenant, FRANK ALLEN.

TROOP L.—Captain, J. J. PRENTICE; First Lieutenant, A. H. BIXBY; Second Lieutenant, W. P. PRENTICE.

TROOP M.—Captain, W. P. AINSWORTH; First Lieutenant, J. F. ANDREWS; Second Lieutenant, J. L. PERLEY, Jr.

Adjutant of second (or New Hampshire) battalion, GEORGE S. CRAM.

Quartermaster of second (or New Hampshire) battalion, J. F. ANDREWS.

Chief Trumpeter of Regiment, E. H. GURNEY.

The full roll of the command will be given in another part of our volume.

Each troop numbered eighty enlisted men, which brought nine hundred and sixty men into the ranks. These, with the officers, gave the regiment a round thousand fighting men. For the full command, with wagon trains, we required fully twelve hundred horses, but as yet only six troops had been mounted. Drawn in line, with standard, guidons, band, buglers, and full ranks, we presented, on parade, a splendid and imposing martial array.

Besides the chief trumpeter and company buglers, a band of musicians was enlisted, and maintained at the expense of the officers. Neither cost nor pains were

spared to make the command worthy of the State it represented. That large expectations attached to the command was manifest from the visits paid us by State officers, Government agents, and leading citizens.

Vigorous drill was the order in Camp Arnold. The camp was regular in form and manner, and the barracks were well arranged. The manual of arms was varied and relieved by parades, reviews and marches, to accustom the men to the saddle. If occasionally a little local and State pride, and possibly jealousy, appeared among officers and men,—which was but natural,—usually all discreetly subsided into a determination to excel in neatness, proficiency, and soldierly bearing.

February 1st. The officers of the New Hampshire battalion gave a handsome reception to the officers of the Rhode Island battalions, at Dispeau's eating house in Pawtucket, and on February 12th the Rhode Island officers fully returned the compliment at the Lindsay Place, kept by the well known Joe Smith. Music, of no inferior order, was furnished by the regimental band. Hospitalities were constant in the quarters of the camp, and the regiment had truly one heart.

February 21, 1862. Major W. Sayles was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain R. C. Anthony was advanced to the rank of Major.

Sabbath worship, conducted by the Chaplain, was commenced in Camp Hallett, November 10, 1861, and ever after was regularly maintained: observed, of course, always in the open air, beneath the Divine arch of blue, and we trust under the Divine smile. This service usually consisted of, 1, singing; 2, Scripture reading, alternately, in verses, by Chaplain and men; 3, prayer; 4, sermon; 5, Doxology, by the command; 6, benediction. On Thanksgiving Day (November 28, 1861) the squad-

rons, then in Camp Hallett, were invited into Providence to attend religious services in the Central Baptist Church, accompanied by the Governor and his staff. The service was impressive to all. Afterwards the men were supplied with a bountiful dinner at their camp.

Repeatedly, from Camp Arnold, we were invited, in squadrons and battalions, to worship in the churches in Pawtucket and Providence. Sometimes prayer meetings were held in the barracks.

Our tent and barrack life, extending through the severities of winter, was actively and profitably passed in the work of preparation for our solemn mission, then only dimly comprehended in its tragic nature and duration. The flash of sabres, the manual of the carbine, the maneuvres of troops and battalions, the daily inspections and dress parades, with frequent regimental drills, and little episodes of amusement and recreation, gave to our life a strange, weird, stern, and yet lively aspect. Into the warlike work warm hearts, patriotic impulses, and sacred hopes infused a cheerfulness and vivacity, proving that the best of men can, under great calls, leave their homes and gird themselves for battle without sadness. Indeed, we have always insisted that our nation, during the rebellion, was veritably inspired of God to meet the awful conflict cast upon us. Invaluable to us, at this time, would have been such a volume as this, giving the structure, duties, drill, and field experiences of a regiment of horse. But no such volume existed in our country.

George A. Sargent, bugler of Troop L, in his spicy journal, to which we may often refer, thus pleasantly describes what he styles his "initiation":

"We were sworn into Uncle Sam's service, holding up our right hands, while a Regular Army officer read off a string of articles, we repeating after him, signifying that

we should do all in our power to aid the Government, obey our officers, and be good boys generally. Arriving in camp, we were required to give our names, ages, height, weight, color of eyes, hair and complexion, and occupation. This over, we were furnished with uniforms, making us feel like cats in a strange garret. However, we were to be soldiers, and must wear them. For rations we fell into line, with tin plates, cups and spoons, and marched up to the cook barrack and received our quota, *a la* Oliver Twist."

We may not forget the good oyster supper bestowed upon us on Christmas in Camp Hallett. This, however, was but a specimen of the kindnesses shown us by our fellow citizens. To us, as to the regiments that preceded and followed us to the field, the citizens of Rhode Island vied with each other in furnishing all necessary aid. Men of wealth bestowed upon officers swords, sabres, pistols, sashes, uniforms, and camp comforts. All classes united, and especially the women, in contributing blankets, mittens, papers, books, and hospital supplies. Three hundred and sixty copies of "Cromwell's Soldiers' Pocket Bible" were donated by W. J. King and B. Dyer; five hundred pocket Bibles, by the Rhode Island Bible Society; five hundred Army Hymns, by A. D. Nickerson; and, from friends, eight hundred copies of a small army hymn book, written by the Chaplain, designed to be pasted into the Testaments and Bibles of the soldiers. Ladies in different parts of the State, sewing circles, volunteer associations, and particularly the Aid Society, of Providence, made generous contributions to our comfort. The Chaplain's army hymns were supplied for the whole command, and also for some batteries of artillery. How truly the Army of Freedom lived in the hearts and prayers of the people!

Sargent's journal says: "The officers were pretty strict about letting the boys out of the inclosure: only three from a company were allowed passes in a day. This was thought to be slow work. Some secured citizens' suits, and would, in these, pass out with the crowd of visitors. One ingeniously procured a female dress—frock, shawl, bonnet, and other trimmings—and so passed the sentry as a woman." The costume, slightly varied, did service a number of times, as the sentinels were changed.

"Our men had issued to them stable frocks, which were white and made like dusters. When these were new and clean, some of our boys wore them into the town on a Sabbath as they took a stroll. Challenged to enter a church, they went in and were seated near the centre of the house, attracting no little attention. The minister, reading the Scripture lesson from Rev. iii., came to this passage: 'He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.' This woke up minister, people, and soldiers. When the men rose to face the choir the sensation was augmented. They never after wore their white frock to meeting."

How eagerly we looked for the daily papers, and read the numerous and flaming telegrams. The war engrossed all thoughts. Every word from the front was caught as an omen. Prophets, both hopeful and despondent, were numerous. The Democratic vaticinations were generally doleful and disheartening, though some noble Democrats stood heroically by the Union. The Republicans were full of hope, courage and cheer. All sorts of reports reached our camp: that this was to be an artillery war; no more cavalry was wanted; we were to be turned into infantry; were to be discharged; would be sent to guard prisoners; that the war would end in ninety days. But

New England penetration was not readily deceived. We knew that much and weighty work lay before us. Slavery had thrown down the gauntlet in earnest. Freedom had accepted the issue as a call from God. Liberty was to be regenerated.

Taken from comfortable, and sometimes luxurious, homes, and crowded into small, thinly covered barracks, various forms of sickness were experienced by many officers and men. At one time small-pox occasioned no little anxiety and inconvenience, but no case proved fatal. Four deaths occurred in the command in our home camps: from the Rhode Island battalions, Charles A. Graves (Troop B), December 26, 1861; Cyrus Smith (Troop E), January 15, 1862,—both buried with military honors;—from the New Hampshire battalion, Eli Corson, December 30, 1861; James P. Collamy, January 14, 1862.

While we were acquiring proficiency in the use of sabres, carbines and horses, events occurred to animate the nation and cheer the hosts that were zealously girding themselves for the great struggle. Port Royal, South Carolina, yielded to Dupont and Sherman, November 7, 1861; our Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery was a part of the victorious force. A Union victory was won at Dranesville, Virginia, December 20, 1861. At Mill Springs, Kentucky, General Thomas overcame Crittenden and Zollicoffer, January 19, 1862, and on February 6th, Commodore Foote and General Grant captured Fort Henry, on the Tennessee; and on the same river, February 16th, Fort Donelson surrendered with ten thousand men. February 8th, General Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough captured Roanoke Island, North Carolina, with three thousand prisoners. This victory was jubilantly celebrated in Rhode Island, and on February 13th

our regiment, with gleaming standard and guidons, and glistening sabres, marched into Providence to swell and share the loyal joy. The victors of Roanoke Island captured Newbern, N. C., March 14th. General Curtis won his victory at Pea Ridge, Arkansas, March 8th, and Captain Worden, with the Monitor, dealt his blow on the ram Merrimac, March 9th. Thus opened the guns and began the movements of the great contending armies for the year. We were daily expecting that our sabres would be summoned to the front.

CHAPTER III.

ON TO WASHINGTON.

MARCH, 1862.

AT last the bugles blew the "assembly call" for announcing the "order" just received from the Capital: "Report the command immediately in Washington." What a wave of patriotic excitement rolled over the barracks. What hurrying to and fro of officers and men. What a swarming, humming, human hive was Camp Arnold. Friends poured in with final gifts, and to utter half-speechless, tearful farewells. Wagons were speedily packed with arms, baggage, rations and forage; barracks were quickly emptied; the great regimental guidon was run down and packed, and the troop guidons were ready to fall into column for our forward march from the sight of our homes to the smoke of the field.

March 12, 1862. With only two hours' notice, our troops of the third battalion were off for Providence, where they took rail, in about thirty cars, to Groton, Conn., and thence by steamer and rail via New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Washington. We were too heavy a command to be transported together. The first and second battalions left Providence March 14th, in

three trains of thirty cars each—ninety cars—one detachment going via Groton and steamer to New York; the remainder, in two detachments, via Hartford and New Haven, spending the rainy night without sleep on the rails, reaching New York in the morning.

March 15th. Marching across the city, in the mud and rain, we joined our other detachment, and filled two large steamers for Amboy. All was excitement along our route from our home camp, in cities and towns and hamlets. Flags, handkerchiefs, adieus and tears were abundant in Providence as we moved out. The fatigue of preparation for departure, the solicitude of leaving kin and friends, the labor of loading and care of guarding our horses, with loss of sleep, and a thorough drenching in the rain, made this beginning of our movement to the front readily remembered. March 15th was passed on steamers and the rail from Amboy to Camden, as the heavy storm still continued.

On the morning of March 16th we reached Philadelphia, and were most kindly furnished with refreshments—coffee, bread and meat—at the famous Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, a place tenderly and gratefully remembered by even hundreds of regiments, and for which Philadelphia deserves lasting praise. Leaving "the city of brotherly love," in monster trains, we soon found the road burdened with similar army-laden trains pressing on to swell the army front. By these we were delayed at Perryville for some hours, and had a glance at camps of guarding cavalry, and quantities of war material and stores waiting for transportation.

Leaving Havre de Grace at six in the evening, we reached semi-loyal Baltimore at nine, and unloading, save our horses and baggage, marched through the glum city in the solemn stillness of night, receiving a

soldiers' lunch at the hands of the Union Relief Association.

Sargent's journal reads: "All along our route through Jersey and Pennsylvania, women and youth, as well as men, would flock to the doors, waving for us handkerchiefs and aprons. Men working in the fields would drop their implements and wave their hats in the air. As the train was passing Perryville, a patriotic young lady appeared with an apron of stars and stripes. Said one of the boys: 'That's the flag we are going to fight under.' She replied: 'You can't fight under this one.'"

We now began to snuff the tainted air of secession. As Baltimore was very largely the wholesale and retail trading town for northern and eastern Virginia, her merchants and traders, who controlled the sentiment of the city, led her into strong sympathy with her slave-holding and seceding patrons. This was the natural philosophy of "Touch my purse, touch me;" the too common philosophy of mankind. Knowing how Massachusetts troops had been treated, we marched through the city fully armed. All around us reserve and suspicion were apparent.

Near midnight, thoroughly fatigued, we were packed, even to field officers, in box cars and on half-covered flats, where "nature's sweet restorer" might never venture. With snail pace, and frequent halts, since the road groaned with trains, we urged our weary advance, peering out in the darkness upon the line of Federal sentinels who guarded the track. Our discomforts were not a little aggravated by sympathy for our horses suffering from want of forage and water. Our active and efficient guide, as master of transportation, was Major Samuel P. Sanford, of Governor Sprague's staff.

March 17th. With the morning, we reached the Na-

tional Capital, without loss of beasts or property, but seriously numbed by the storms of three days and nights, and the want of sleep, yet strangely animated by the martial scenes and sounds that on all sides saluted us.

Washington, with its surrounding districts, was now little else than one vast war camp, though General McClellan, with his army, had just departed for the Peninsula in his memorable movement towards Richmond. General Lander had pushed back the Confederates on the upper Potomac, and General Banks was advancing into the Shenandoah Valley. Discovering that they were about to be flanked, the rebels, under General Johnston, had just evacuated their lines of forts in the vicinity of Manassas. As the Union army was in motion, troops were pressing to the front from all the Northern and Middle States. At this time the Federal armies, in all, must have numbered more than five hundred thousand men. The Confederates counted about four hundred thousand in arms. Ours was the difficult and critical task of advance and attack. Theirs was the easier, safer labor of defense on their own occupied fields and hills. We were full of courage. They were full of assurance.

Our regiment was assigned to the cavalry force under Brigadier-General G. Stoneman, then Chief of Cavalry in the Army of the Potomac, and entered the recently vacated barracks of the Sixth Regular Cavalry, about a mile east of the Capitol and near the Congressional Burying Ground. Here we found one troop of the Sixth, that remained for a few days in their preparation for duty. Our rest here was brief; only long enough to make up our full quota of horses. Renewed drill was at once commenced. Similar activity was witnessed in the multitude of camps around us and throughout adjacent regions. Bugles, drums, fifes, flags, guidons; reports of

arms; the rush of horsemen; the wheeling of artillery; the maneuvering of squads, squadrons, battalions and regiments; the dashing hither and yon of aids, quartermasters, surgeons and field officers, gave to the District of Columbia a most lively but serious aspect, in strange contrast with its proper air of legislation. Grim war looked in upon us from every side. We keenly realized that stern and perilous work lay before us. However, faith in the right, and hope in a great cause, looked through the gloom and revealed the heights of victory. Often cheerfulness and even hilarious mirth entered our narrow and dark war barracks; for man was made to laugh, as well as to mourn. We were constantly animated with the consciousness that our work had to do with the life of the nation and the destiny of the continent, and was under the eyes of all nations; and, what was more, under the eye of God.

Here in Washington, as in Camp Arnold, Colonel Lawton magnified, as was necessary, in the eyes of all the officers the information and authority of the "Army Regulations." Our Quartermaster will remember, with his characteristic smile, how his questionings were met with the grave reply, "Read the Regulations."

CHAPTER IV.

RESCUE OF DEAD BODIES.

MARCH, 1862.

OUR first entrance upon the soil of Virginia was two days after our arrival at the Capital, and in the discharge of a very tender duty. Not regarding secession soil as sacred, we were unwilling that our martyred dead of the First and Second Infantry Regiments of Rhode Island, who fell in the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, should remain in the rude graves into which they were cast by rebel hands. They were lying in trenches and side graves on the gory field where they fell, about forty miles west of the Capital. The Confederate army had just fallen back from Manassas to the line of the Rappahannock, though their scouts still infested and threatened the region just abandoned. As yet the Federal troops had advanced only to Fairfax Court House.

Governor Sprague, now in Washington, caring for the Rhode Island soldiers and aiding the Federal Government, obtained consent of the War Department to select a detachment from our command to accomplish the sacred object of which we speak. We gave him sixty picked men from Troop D, under Captain Gould. He

elected for his staff, on the expedition, Colonel Olney Arnold and Hon. Tristam Burgess, of Rhode Island,—then in Washington,—Lieutenant-Colonel W. Sayles, Major R. C. Anthony, Surgeon J. B. Greeley, and Chaplain F. Denison. Major Anthony had charge of the detachment and the accompanying train of wagons. Mr. J. Richardson, who was in the battle of Bull Run, acted as our guide. Two baggage wagons carried forage, rations, and empty coffins. The Governor had a private two-horse wagon, with supplies for his staff, under the management of his private secretary.

March 19th. We left Washington at five o'clock P. M., while the clouds were making ready copious showers for us, that we might have a fair experience of Virginia roads and fields in the months of spring. Crossing Long Bridge at six o'clock, we pressed on by the principal road towards Fairfax Court House. As the winter was scarcely passed, and the rain was now descending, the free soil of Virginia quite equalled the tenacity and depth of our "free soil" sentiments. But we had not yet reached the subsoil. However, our horses were good, and we were fresh in muscle. The roads were literally horrible, and delays to our train were inevitable. Pressing forward till midnight, the Governor and his staff reached Fairfax Court House, where General L. Blenker's brigade, holding the Federal front, was bivouacked, in the rain and without tents. The remainder of our party, wet, weary, and retarded by the wagons, were obliged to halt and bivouac in the deep darkness, seven miles back on the road. The soldiers occupied the grand apartments of nature. Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles wooed soldierly dreams on an old unhinged door, wrapped in a dripping blanket. At General Blenker's headquarters, in a crazy old house, the Governor and his staff received field hospitalities.

The General's boots served the Chaplain as a pillow; the soft floor was his bed. Others found similar ease. The log fire was a felt blessing to our feet. Our unsheltered horses shivered in the storm. The tough German soldiers around us fed liberally their camp fires, and demurely smoked their pipes of tobacco and philosophy.

March 20th. Through continuing rain, that had already swollen the streams and flooded the roads, we advanced to Centreville, where, from the stress of storm, we took shelter in desolate houses and the deserted log barracks of rebel regiments; for the town had been a part of the camps of the Confederates during the winter. Now all was ruin, and only a few of the old inhabitants lingered around their homes. In front of the place were six well constructed earth forts, connected by good trenches and rifle-pits. In some of the embrasures the rebels had mounted painted logs, like cannon, looking defiance towards Washington. In one of them was mounted the smoke stack of an old locomotive. These were the Quaker guns that awed McClellan. On riding into these forts we found but one gun platform marred by artillery wheels. Beauregard, as his works in and around Manassas testified, was a splendid engineer; but neither the Confederacy nor England supplied him with the guns he expected.

In and around Centreville we found the log barracks of thirteen secession regiments. They were of round timber, laid in mud mortar, and roofed with slabs and puncheons: wooden pins being used for fastenings, even to the doors and latches. Dead horses lay thickly around the camps and by the road side; we counted twenty in one spot. Great must have been the scarcity of forage. The town was stripped and peeled. The Chaplain paid fifty cents to a poor man for a dozen ears of shriveled

corn for his horse. Fences were gone; buildings were plundered; fields were scathed, and even the forests were hewn down. Pen may not depict the desolation wrought by the armies that had here encamped. The rebels had been gone from the place only a week.

We were now beyond the Federal lines, but in the evening, troops of cavalry came up to hold the place. The storm compelled us to tarry till the next morning. The Chaplain entered the desolate Episcopal Church, preached a short sermon, and offered a prayer; the exercises being less ritualistic and pro-slavery than had been hitherto popular within the walls. In the house of Dr. Alexander, where we obtained plain refreshments—hoe-cake and meat, for which we liberally paid—we found, in a sofa that we tried to use as a bed, a stout sabre and trappings, ready for a moment's call. The moment had come. Of course Dr. A. was a Union man, as Union forces were now in the town. Necessity is often a virtue.

March 21st. Leaving Centreville early, we dashed on, outside the Federal lines, through sloughs and gulches, over disrupted corduroy roads and broken timber bridges, through fields and forests, as we could pick a possible way, to Cub Run, a few miles above Blackburn's Ford, and found the run overflowing its banks and utterly impassable. A courier from General Banks was on the opposite shore, but could not pass. We, deflecting to the right, passed through ruined forests and evacuated rebel camps, up the stream till we reached a hopeful ford where the river was but three hundred feet broad and ten feet deep in the middle, but running with great velocity. We had no time for hesitancy; our faces were for Bull Run battle field. Surgeon Greeley was the first to swim the swift, cold stream, followed by his orderly, who took over the end of joined lariat ropes borrowed

from our saddles, and to the extremity of which was attached a large picket rope found near by in the *debris* of a Georgia regiment. The next swimmer was Hon. T. Burgess, followed by the detached lead horses from one of our wagons. These were attached to the further end of the picket rope, while the hither end was tied to the neap of the wagon with the wheel horses. Now, with shout and whip, the spans on both sides of the river were put to their best metal. Up the bank went the leaders; into the river plunged the wheel horses and wagon. That was animated and exciting swimming. The opposite bank was reached without loss. Then in dashed the Governor and staff and troop. Only one man was unhorsed in the torrent, but he and his beast were rescued. We always regarded this cold Virginia bath as a fair initiation into field service.

Starting on our way, we think there was some good riding done to shake off the chills of Cub Run. Reaching the Warrenton Turnpike, the Governor, Colonel Arnold, Mr. Burgess, Surgeon Greeley and the Chaplain tried the best speed of their animals. Mud and small stones flew merrily to the rear. Some thought the ration of whisky, medically administered before swimming the run, had something to do with this speed. As it was, one soldier did not rally from the cold shock of the stream.

Reaching the Stone Bridge at Bull Run, we found it had been blown up by the retreating Confederates. Turning to the right, up the stream, we advanced, over fields and through woods, to the ford nearly opposite Sudley Church, where we crossed, barely wetting our girths. The raccoons in this region had not all followed the secession retreaters, for we counted the pelts of seven drying on the side of a barn.

Now beyond the Federal lines, we moved cautiously and together. Passing Sudley Church, into which some spurred their horses even to the pulpit, we hurried on to the centre of Bull Run battle field, and gazed for a moment with intense curiosity upon the torn acres, scarred trees, and rude graves. Meanwhile, our guide, Mr. Richardson, was making ready to open certain graves near the field, containing some of the bodies we sought, of which he had knowledge, as he was present after the battle and knew of the burials. These graves were on the north of the battle field, in a ravine, and near the road leading from Sudley Church. Here were buried Colonel John S. Slocum and Major Sullivan Ballou. While the work of exhumation was going on, the Governor and certain of his staff, having visited the cabin of Mr. Mathew, and also a plantation mansion, learned from the colored people that some of the dead bodies had been exhumed and barbarously treated by the Confederate army.

Hurrying back to the glen, we found the coffin and body of Colonel Slocum uninjured and easily recognized. But on opening the grave of Major Ballou we found neither coffin nor body, and the grave itself bore witness of disturbance and violence. Following the report and steps of a negro, down the glen a short distance, among the large pines and oaks, we were horrified by discovering ashes, dead coals and brands, and in these the bones of a human body, save the head. As was proved, a Georgia regiment, that had suffered in the battle from the fire of the Rhode Island troops, had exhumed the body of Major Ballou, supposing it to be that of Colonel Slocum, beheaded it, denuded it, and burned what remained. Words may not describe the indignation revealed in the face of the Governor, and of all who gazed upon that

rified grave and those bones protruding from the ashes and dead coals. Was this the Southern chivalry that we were to meet with ourselves?

Sacredly were these bones collected, and also the clothes, identified as belonging to Major Ballou, that lay untorn by the place of burning. In further proof of the beheading, the under-clothes were found with the neck band buttoned, while the wrists were unbuttoned. No part of the skull, not even a tooth, was discernible after searching the ashes. All the remaining bones of the body were found and gathered. Placing these in a coffin, and also the body of Colonel Slocum in a casket, we returned to the crest of the hill on the margin of the battle field, and made arrangements to remain till the following morning, for our work was not yet complete. We continued our search for the dead, and found the trenches containing them in a concave portion of the field, very wet, near the log cabin of Mr. Mathew.

For the night, most of our men found a shelter in a house near the gory field. Our horses stood out in the wind and the rain, that had returned. Seventeen of us accepted the roof and hospitalities of Mr. Mathew. Eating his hoe-cake and drinking his aromatic rye coffee, we lay down on his cabin floor, with our soaked feet to the log fire. The Governor and his staff laughed at their military plight, till short and strange dreams came over them.

In the morning (March 22d) we had calls from Mr. Newman and Mr. Van Pelt, old farmers, who told doleful stories of their experiences and losses. Mr. Mathew's log cabin had been riddled by the bullets of the battle, as it stood on the edge of the fiery field. Around it were Federal and Confederate graves; of the latter we counted seventeen on the ground swept by the Rhode

Island artillery. Adjacent woods were cut and splintered by missiles. There lay the bones of the horse shot under Governor Sprague, and Surgeon Greeley obtained the fatal bullet.

We immediately opened the muddy pits containing the bodies of the brave dead, which were packed, like cord wood, into the pits, with faces downward—meant as a mark of indignity—and scarcely covered with earth. On the top of the dead in the pit we opened, lay an unexploded rebel shell, which the Chaplain secured and sent to Rhode Island. We laid bare eight bodies, when we reached that of Captain Levi Tower, readily recognized. This we at once deposited in a coffin. The grave of Lieutenant Prescott could not be identified. Nor could we distinguish the bodies of our private soldiers.

While opening the graves and pits, rebel scouts and spies, in the disguise of farmers, appeared in the vicinity. But we were on our guard. Once our sentinels fired an alarm, which brought our troop to the crown of the field ready for a dash. Of course we gathered memorials of the battle, and relics from rebel camps. In the camp of a cavalry regiment, near Centreville, we picked up a brown paper envelope on which was printed the following effusion :

"On! on! to the rescue ; the vandals are coming ;
Go meet them with bayonet, sabre and spear,
Drive them back to the desolate land they are leaving :
Go! trusting in God, you'll have nothing to fear."

As things looked around us then, and for the next three years, in Fauquier County, "the desolate land" of the stanza was where the joke came in.

Our work on the battle field ended, we turned our faces, about noon, towards Washington. Dashing again across

the runs, over plains and ruined plantations, we passed Centreville and reached Fairfax Court House about dark. We only paused to care for our hungry and lame horses. With the night, came another heavy rain. By the Alexandria and Columbia roads we pushed forward, till, after fourteen hours in the saddle, over full forty miles, wet, weary and hungry, we entered our camp, east of the Capitol, at two o'clock Sunday morning, (March 23d) bringing with us the precious dead. Our exhaustion will be understood when we state that the Chaplain, wet and chilled, was taken from his saddle.

On the same day Colonel Lawton, with his staff and a squadron, escorted the bodies to Camp Brightwood, and gave them, with fitting ceremony, to the Second Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, from whose ranks they fell. The regiment received them with touching funeral honors. The Governor and many friends were present at the solemnities. Due thanks were rendered to the Governor and his staff, and to Troop D, for their venturesome but successful mission. The bodies were soon sent to Rhode Island.

In the expedition we lost but one horse, though several were injured. The health of our men continued good. William Brown (Troop G,) died of congestive fever, March 26th, and was suitably buried the next day, at the Soldiers' Home.

CHAPTER V.

FORWARD TO THE FRONT.

APRIL, 1862.

MARCH 30th. We had orders to make ready to move to the front, in eastern Virginia, on scout duty.

March 31st. We were notified by the War Department that the name of our command was changed to First Regiment Rhode Island Cavalry: a step not relished by our White Mountain men for obvious reasons, nor exactly agreeable to any of us; for we gloried in the breadth and character of our original banner. But reasons of state overruled our preferences. At the same time we were assigned to the Fifth *Corps d' Armée*, under General Banks, and brigaded under General J. P. Hatch. Commanded to move with light baggage and no tents, save little oil-cloth ponchos on our saddles, all unnecessary property was stored in Washington. Surgeon Greeley and Chaplain Denison were summoned before the Joint Committee of the two Houses of Congress to testify in regard to the beheading and burning of the body of Major Ballou.

Of our camp east of the Capitol, Captain Baker thus speaks: "Company drills were observed twice a day.

Many will remember the laughable mishaps connected with the breaking and training of green and vicious horses by some green and unphilosophical men. A beast, sharply touched by the spurs, would dash from the ranks, with his rider holding by both hands to the reins, or mane, or neck, and clasping more tightly with his limbs, till his spurs added new jump and speed to his military departure. The cavalier, soon unhorsed, had a good foot run to secure his fugitive animal. Some stubborn beasts would stand fast; some kick out, bringing their heels in close proximity to the head of a rear neighbor; and some would strike at the foot of the rider. Some of these drill comedies and tragedies would have answered for a circus."

All being ready to move, save Troop G, not fully mounted, marching orders reached us on the 3d of April.

April 4th. Our standard was lifted; our guidons drawn in column; our band brought to the head of the command; our farewells to surrounding troops spoken; and forward we moved to a quick, inspiring air. Our orders required us to move with all possible celerity to Warrenton Junction, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and report to General Abercrombie, then confronting the Confederates on the banks of the Rappahannock. Passing the Capitol, and through Pennsylvania avenue, and over Long Bridge, heartily cheered by citizens and troops, we formally entered rebellious Virginia. Our column and train extended a full mile, and with standard, guidons, glittering sabres and carbines, headed by a superior brass band with polished instruments, presented a beautiful and imposing appearance. Such martial trains necessarily move slowly. At dark we reached Fairfax Court House, finding the place empty of troops and nearly so of inhabitants.

"This was the first march of the command in the enemy's country. A new feeling of awe was in the breasts of all. War was now a reality. Danger was before us. We were to meet the enemy face to face. Our camp maneuvres were now to be exchanged for the hostilities of the field. On the first day's march only a few cavalry men were seen; yet the peril seemed greater than it did afterwards under the fire of the heaviest artillery. The hardening of nerves is a gradual process. After the long and warm march, at evening it began to rain. Camp fires would not burn well, and hard bread was the only food we could command without cooking. We however found a Yankee in town with a cookie and beer stand, but what were his supplies among so many?"

We quartered in all parts of the place. Some slept in the Court House; some crept into deserted buildings; most drew their blankets and ponchos around them and lay down in the big room frescoed with dark clouds and sentinel stars.

April 5th. With the early morning, "Boots and Saddles" brought us into column. Still it rained, but we could not delay, and we were in better spirits on the march than shivering in a peeled secession town. Passing Centreville, we reached Bull Run, above Blackburn's Ford. Encountering slews, sloughs, torn roads, broken bridges, and miry fields, our wagons were frequently stalled. Fording with difficulty Bull Run, climbing the slopes, floundering through ravines and over miry plantations, we reached the melancholy city—or site rather—of Manassas, for the place now was only a ruin, almost everything combustible having been burned by the retiring Confederates. Scarcely the skeleton of a building remained.

We made our rude bivouac among the ruins, brands

and ashes. As night settled down, Lieutenant Capron came up, from Alexandria, with forty mule teams loaded with supplies for the army front. A musical time we had. At last, lying down with coats and blankets around us, we looked up to a clear sky and studied astronomy till gentle Morpheus dimmed our telescopes. The Chaplain tied his horse to the remains of a huge set of stocks in what had been a prison yard; the first view we had had of such a relic of barbarism. We dreamed to the music of braying mules, neighing horses, and bugles and drums of marching and halting troops.

Surrounding the place were numerous specimens of Beauregard's skill in earthworks, many of which had timber and abattis; some were constructed of bags of earth. Here, as at Centreville, and near Blackburn's Ford, as a precaution against Federal attack, large portions of forest had been felled to give range to rebel cannon (never obtained) and to expose to McClellan's scouts the painted logs in the embrasures.

The train of our command consisted of about sixty wagons of forage, ammunition and rations, and a number of suggestive ambulances. Our needed guide was a Mr. Allen, a United States detective, familiar with the geography of the country. As the Confederates tore up the railroad track in their retreat, burning bridges and road ties, heating and bending the rails, the road had to be reconstructed from Bull Run bridge. Engineers and construction parties had just commenced their work. All moving troops therefore were dependent upon their wagon trains.

April 6th. With the day, the bugles roused us from the ashes and charred remains of Manassas, to gaze again on the naked chimney stacks, masses of wheel tires and iron work that had withstood the Confederate conflagra-

tion. Singing the stanza of "the desolate land," we hastened from the scene. Our line of march lay nearly parallel with the railroad, on its southern side, by tortuous by-roads, over fields and plantations, through forests and creeks. As a scout of rebel cavalry, the day before, attacked a party on this route, killing one and taking several prisoners, we moved in orderly column, with carbines in hand. While the face of the country was beautiful, in the intervales and sluices we had the disgust of stalled trains. The fording of Broad Run and Cedar Creek were well-nigh exploits for raw troops; we all wore drenched and bedaubed garments.

Everywhere reigned desolation; fences gone; fields peeled; houses deserted. Halting in a forest, we were entertained and cheered by the famous ballad composer and singer, who had visited us at home in Camp Arnold, Mr. E. W. Locke. After his full, sweet voice, echoing among the oaks, has charmed our ears and animated our column, we gladly purchased some of his melodies and bade him Godspeed in his musical mission in the Federal armies.

On account of detentions, we were at last obliged to halt and bivouac in a meadow near Weaverville, while a part of our column was still in the rear assisting and guarding the stalled teams at Cedar Creek. The cold night air in our meadow bivouac was illumined, not warmed, by huge camp fires, fed by fences and logs. Some of us crept into an old house and held down the floors; one troop found a partial shelter in a half-ruined Methodist Church, in the margin of the forest; most, however, made their beds in the sky-curtained chamber. It was a misty, chilly, comfortless night. As we were already on a part of the Federal front, precautions against the bullets and sabres of rebel scouts required many of

our men on sentinel duty, and gave a fitful character to the dreams of such as attempted to sleep.

April 7th. In the cloudy, chilly morning we responded to the bugles and resumed our march, urging our slow, difficult way through woods and slews, across deep streams and soft-soiled plantations. About noon we reached Warrenton Junction and reported to General Abercrombie, occupying the only house at the junction, and were ordered to encamp—minus all camp materials—on a ridge of ungrassed ground, across the creek at the south of the junction, with broken forests on nearly three sides of us. Before we could commence our bivouac, it began to rain, the wind blowing from the north and east directly from the mountains distinctly in view. Shortly it commenced to snow. Sad discomforts now surrounded us, weary, as we were, from four days of hard marching and loss of sleep. Marvel not if our thoughts turned towards our northern homes.

Our rations and forage were exhausted. The supplies in our train were chiefly for the troops on the front. Not having tents, we extemporized, as best we could, shelters of poles and fences covered with brush and our ponchos. Beneath these we dripped and shivered in our blankets. Before night the camping ground was a vast slough. We appropriately named the bivouac Camp Mud; it should have been the Slough of Despond.

Prior to our arrival, rebel scouts were near the place, and there had been a dispute of arms. The First Regiment Maine Cavalry came up during the afternoon and bivouacked in a forest east of us, if possible in a more sad condition than ourselves. A few camps of infantry and light artillery were in sight around the junction; hence the music of bugles floated among the oaks, in the dark cold storm, like songs in the night.

We suffered from continuous rain, hail and snow fo three days, having neither sleep nor food, save in th most meagre and miserable measure. Warmth an shelter were impossible, though we made the best o huge camp fires and boughs of trees. Our horses stoo to their knees in mud, sleet and water. We only to keenly sympathized with our animals. Ice formed i pools and creeks. The mountains to the north wer capped with snow. A number of our horses died fron hunger and cold. Before the storm broke, most of u were fit only to be in a hospital. Suitable supplies failed to reach us on account of the broken railroad. Forever shall we remember that cold, wet, frozen, shelterless, comfortless camp. Colonel Lawton, who had seen service in the Regular Army and endured fatigues in th Seminole war in Floridian swamps, affirmed that he had never before experienced such privation and suffering. An Indiana regiment of infantry near us, with tents and little stoves, allowed that in the preceding winter they had known no greater discomforts than during this three days' storm.

Our circumstances impelled us to resort to foraging; an art in which some developed a ready talent, while others learned with reluctance. For this kind of support, one of the command had a ready formula of philosphy, that "those who get up a party must entertain the guests." Fortunately for us, the unthrift of the Virginia planters had left some of the wheat of the preceding year in stack and unthreshed, and the rebel army had not devoured it. From miles around us the wheat and hay—of a miserable quality—were detailed, without written order, for loyal service. Sometimes the carbines of our wet, hungry men were over-tempted by secession pigs and poultry. While our horses were trying to keep

alive on bundles of wheat, and our sick men were lying under ponchos on pallets of wet straw, a few feathers were nervously flying in the air around the camp fires, and our sick men were first remembered. The low lands and all margins of creeks and runs were inundated. At one time the Maine Cavalry had no forage for two days; they also, from necessity, made special drafts upon the country. Nothing was wantonly destroyed.

While enduring these privations and sufferings, our hearts were greatly cheered by the news of the capture (April 7th) of Pittsburg Landing, and the surrender (April 10th) of Island No. 10, on the Mississippi. The swords of our bold Western boys were cutting their way to the Gulf. Drums, bugles and huzzas poured their loyal joy around the junction and into the forests, affording a sweet medicine to our spirits and some new strength to our bodies. New England and the grand West had but one heart in the mighty conflict.

CHAPTER VI.

SCOUTS AND SKIRMISHES.

APRIL, 1862.

PRIOR to our arrival at Warrenton Junction, a number of sick officers and men of General Blenker's command, left in Warrenton, were robbed by rebel cavalry, the leading band of which, commanded by the son of the Mayor of Warrenton, was still roving and plundering in that region, having their rendezvous beyond the city, among the foot-hills of the mountains. In pursuit of this chivalrous band, Colonel Lawton, on the eleventh of April, left the junction at sunset, with seven squadrons of cavalry and a regiment of infantry. That night scout, through muddy forests, broken roads and strange hills, would fill a chapter, as fully and graphically told by our commander—war veteran as he is—whose superior imagination is a happy aid to his retentive memory. The wearied force returned in the morning (April 12th), bringing with them many of the sick and wounded found in the little rebel city.

On the same day, while a squad of a New York regiment, just arrived, went out a short distance after straw, one of their number was shot by rebel cavalry scouts, and

his body was carried off. In the evening, Major Sanford led a squadron of our command in a second night expedition to Warrenton, and rescued the remaining sick and wounded left by General Blenker. Still the heads of the mountains were white with snow.

April 12th. Captain Baker thus writes: "Welcome news was received of the arrival of the Paymaster. To men who had not been paid in six long months, save the small sum of twenty dollars advanced by the State before leaving for the field, and whose families were left with little or no money, this long-looked-for visit was cheering indeed.

"April 13th. The Paymaster, Major J. B. M. Potter, notwithstanding it was Sunday, commenced paying off the regiment to the first of March. He was accompanied by Paymaster-General J. C. Knight, Lieutenant S. R. Knight, of the First R. I. D. M., lately a returned prisoner from Richmond, and Major Munroe, Allotment Commissioner of Rhode Island, by whom the men sent home most of their pay. It was cheering to see familiar faces from our own loved State. On the fourteenth some small crumbs of comfort from home, in the form of letters, reached us for the first time since leaving Washington."

The supply trains could come only to Catlett's Station, where we marched to be paid. A daring rebel, reaching the track near Manassas and endeavoring to tear up again the rails, was shot by one of our pickets; a rebel cavalry man at the same time was captured by a Pennsylvania troop. Almost every day we had little excitements of this kind. General Abercrombie called out his brigade for review and inspection on the plains and rolling lands south of our position; five regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, two light batteries. The affair was quite respect-

able, considering the circumstances. Some additional lustre would have been lent by clean shirts and boots, had they been obtainable. It was necessary to be in constant attitude of war, as often to the south and west of us broke the thud and boom of artillery.

April 15th. The Maine Cavalry, on a scout near the Rappahannock, were fired upon by a rebel battery, supported by infantry and cavalry. Indeed, we seldom lacked for music of genuine service. Escaping slaves were almost constantly pressing through the lines, dodging through dense forests and swimming the swollen rivers, sometimes barely escaping Confederate bullets. A moral spectacle it was—a real prophecy, indeed—to see these poor, destitute, grateful refugees lying at night around our camp fires; the first-fruits of a coming harvest. Strange and thrilling stories they told of the house of bondage, and of the perilous paths of their exodus.

The first blood drawn from our regiment by the rebels was on the sixteenth of April. A squad, under Captain Whipple, went out for forage and a little scout duty. When about three miles from camp, towards the southwest, near Dr. J. G. Beale's house, a squad of near thirty rebel infantry, concealed in the mansion, waiting until our men were within eight rods of them, fired three volleys, wounding Quartermaster-Sergeant A. W. Sweet in the left shoulder, also cutting his stirrup and wounding his horse in the left eye. Captain Whipple's horse received two wounds. On the afternoon of the same day, while our reconnoitering party, (Troop D) under Major Anthony, were near the banks of the Rappahannock, they were fired upon by the Confederates from the south bank, and two shots took effect in Orderly Sergeant Peterson's horse. The powder and ball dispute was short but sharp. Major Anthony brought in a pris-

oner named Robert Willis. A reconnoissance was also made by Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles to Liberty, about nine miles from camp, with a full squadron. Captain Farrington brought in two notable prisoners—Dr. Beale, whose son was in the Black Horse Cavalry, and a Mr. Clingen, engaged in rebel secret service. On a foraging expedition, Captain Farrington learned that the overseer of the Randolph estate—a plantation of twenty-five hundred acres—to check the fugacity of the ebon-faced chattels, locked up the slave children every night as hostages for their parents.

While the above mentioned skirmishing was going on, we learned that about two hundred armed Confederates were quite near us. Supposing these might be the van of a large force, General Abercrombie, on the sixteenth, ordered his command to be ready for a night attack, all sleeping on their arms, every man having twenty rounds of ball cartridges. On the south of our camp a Pennsylvania battery took position with guns ready for action. The "gray backs" kept out of our reach.

April 17th. Elijah B. Bates, (Troop B) a faithful hospital nurse, who had been sick near a week with camp disease, and was finally brought down with small-pox, died in our little hospital by the side of the camp; and, on the next day, with fitting and impressive funeral services, was buried on a knoll at the southwest of our camp. This was the first coffin that we deposited in that wild, war-scarred region—a solemn act to us.

On the day of this funeral, four of our troops (B, D, K, L,) who left the day before with three days' rations, with two light batteries and parts of two regiments of infantry, on the left bank of the Rappahannock, below the railroad crossing, had a dispute with about eight thousand rebels on the right bank. The action lasted

about forty minutes, when the "gray backs" retired. A rebel shell took effect in one of our caissons. On the other hand, we exploded their magazine. We might have forded the river and brought off the deserted guns, if we had had sufficient horses. Lieutenant Wyman, who was in the hottest of the fray behaving with great coolness, afterwards learned, on visiting the spot, that a number of Confederates were killed by the exploding magazine, and that the main body of the enemy fell back towards Richmond, leaving only scattered forces of horse to watch the banks of the river.

Warrenton Junction was neither town nor village, but simply the point of connection of the Warrenton road with the Orange and Alexandria. The latter from Cedar Creek to the Rappahannock was in utter ruin; rails torn up, heated and bent like ox-bows. The bridges over creeks and river were in ashes. The Warrenton road, leading ten miles up to the little rebel city seated on the first of the Bull Run Mountains, was unharmed, but was a poor thing at best. Around us the country, like the most of eastern Virginia, was undulating, rolling fields and intervales, with large patches of handsome forest. The branch of Cedar Creek, flowing by with its drab-colored mineral-tinctured waters, was a tributary to the Occoquan. Some of the springs about us in the woods were really poisonous, having a milky hue. No rocks were visible, only a few straggling, soft, red cobble stones. Fences were among the had beens. Daily the crash of falling oaks and hickories mingled with the music of bugles.

April 19th. We read from the Chaplain's "Notes": Few of the comforts of home appear among the singularities and austerities of camp life in the field. Certain tents (lately drawn) cover the heads of a portion of the

officers. Your "own correspondent," in consideration of his high office as postmaster—a vial of ink and cotton mail bag, but no stationery or stamps—enjoys the luxury of an A tent, six by seven feet at the base, in which three cavaliers—two of them sick—woo martial repose, while a sorrel pony is picketed in front as a guard for the mud. Of the soldiers, some sleep in wagons, some under a barricade of boxes, some under arbors, but the majority under stick frames covered with ponchos and blankets. Generally we use the table furniture that was in vogue in Eden, but we have neither the fruits nor odors of Eden around us, only the trail and lures of the serpent. Our viands are crackers, junk and coffee, varied with hoe-cake and muddy water. If simplicity of living is a virtue, we are in the line of improvement. Friends at home, in ceiled mansions with tapestried floors, would be interested, we ween, to promenade our camp and look upon shoulder-straps coiled down and snoring in half-roofed nests of straw and leaves. Variety may be the spice of life, but this has not been well "prepared for family use."

Under date of April 22d, the "Notes" read: A special service of ours is picket duty during the storms. For this, about twenty men are detailed daily to be ready. To go out miles from camp, into forests and along the creeks, in a dark, windy, stormy night, and keep a sharp lookout for rebel scouts, may well excite remembrances of home's bright hearth. Yet we suffer no regrets to unnerve us, or to cloud the visions of the future; success and honor await the march and work of righteous war. Hope lends her lustre to the escutcheon of loyalty.

On the 19th, 20th and 21st of April, we again endured a cold, easterly storm, but without snow or hail. An idea of marching along the Rappahannock or Potomac,

as winter is decamping in disgust from the red, deep rebel soil, may be borrowed by picturing, what we have seen, twelve stout horses, in mud to their bellies, attempting to drag a single piece of light artillery. Cavalry is the arm of service for motion at this time of the year. No marvel is it that the Virginians are more distinguished as horsemen than as pedestrians. Looking upon a stalwart "contraband" snoring on the bare ground by our camp fire, we philosophized upon the wisdom of Providence that proportions the magnitude and form of human feet to severe circumstances; broad feet are a blessing suited to Virginia mud.

April 22d. Charles S. Kenyon (Troop E) died in the hospital, from measles followed by lung fever. He was buried with military honors on the following day. Over his grave, under a cherry-tree, on the knoll southwest of our camp, the funeral volley was discharged, and the little head-board set up. George S. Wilcox (Troop E) died of lung fever April 28th, and his body was sent North to his friends. As the result of our exposure, the whole command sorely suffered from sickness. While encamped here we lost more than twenty horses.

The forces now associated with us were First Maine Cavalry; Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry; Twelfth and Sixteenth Indiana Infantry; Ninth New York Infantry; First Pennsylvania Battery, and an Indiana battery.

Says Captain Baker: "The newspapers often amused us with reports that did not tally with our memory. We read of the death of the Corporal of Troop A. The Corporal was surprised, but gave in, as the fact was in print. His company comrades subscribed ten cents each, and obtaining an order from Major Anthony for the needful "commissary," had a magnificent wake over the live

corpse. The Major said he never knew a man take his death so easily. It was also a lively hour when the mail arrived. You might hear the anxious questions, 'Got a letter for me?' 'Anything for me?' 'Am I forgotten?' 'Guess they didn't get my last.' Some went away sad, vowing never to write again. All hastened to their rude quarters to read. Soon the sad ones came back with written letters, saying, 'Well, we will try them again; if we don't get an answer, they can go to blazes.'"

Colonel Lawton, taken ill soon after we reached the junction, having suffered from a complication of diseases, finding himself growing weaker, was compelled to leave us (April 29th) and fall back to Washington for medical treatment. He was advanced in years, and had seen not a little hard service in the Regular Army. The command now devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles, who proved himself equal to his difficult position. Dress parades were resumed, and the regiment was put into good spirits. Regular inspection and muster were observed April 30th. During the previous day, mounted messengers from the direction of Fredericksburg, having rode one hundred and fifteen miles in about thirty hours, reached our headquarters bringing intelligence to the General. One of their horses fell dead in our camp. The good news related to McClellan's success at Yorktown. Fort Pulaski surrendered to Gilmore April 11th, and New Orleans succumbed to Farragut and Butler April 28th. These victories gave new warmth to our blood, and lifted our caps into the air.

April 30th. Fifteen "contrabands" came into camp —some from ten miles beyond Culpepper Court House— all bringing curious reports of the retreat of the Confederates south, and the flying of the inhabitants, taking with them, as far as possible, their "divine institution."

The negroes were told that the Yankees were coming to obtain them for their cold northern homes, where they would be put to work like horses and mules in mills and mines. Such ideas, however, did not penetrate the woolly heads.

Troop G, detained in Washington to complete their outfit, left the Capital April 29th, and reached us May 2d. Adjutant G. T. Cram, (of the New Hampshire battalion) on his way from Alexandria, with about fifty new horses and a squad of only twenty men, experienced at Centreville a little draft on his courage and skill. Near midnight the town was alarmed with the cry of fire, and the report that rebels had plotted the destruction of the place. The inhabitants flew to the Adjutant for protection. He promptly arranged his charge and provided for the town. For arresting the criminals and passing them over to proper military authorities, he received suitable commendation. Pressing on, he reached us April 27th, as we were closing our Sabbath worship, which, as usual, consisted of singing, reading, prayer and preaching. These services were ordinarily followed by a dress parade and an inspection of arms and quarters.

April 28th. Hearing that rebel scouts were in Warrenton again, Captain L. Sayles (Troop C) dashed up to the city to give the "gray backs" our compliments. Our excellent Assistant Surgeon Greeley was temporarily detached from us and assigned to the Brigade Medical Department, having charge of hospitals and tents of two regiments. In the meantime, small-pox appeared among us, requiring a pest hospital on the margin of the camp.

Even the elements of nature in Virginia seemed occasionally infected with a hostile disposition. On the second of May, succeeding a pleasant morning and a warm noon, the afternoon hung out, in the west on the

mountains, its heavy, ominous curtain of clouds. About four o'clock the heavens were black, and portents of hoarse thunder began to roll from the distant heights. Shortly, a wild and furious tempest, leaping from the mountains, over hills and forests, with rain, hail and bellowing thunder, swept directly towards us. The mad tornado of wind, rain, hail and awful sound, struck our frail camp and swept all before it, tearing tents, overturning heavy army wagons, hurling boxes, barrels, camp furniture, and even cooking utensils, like stubble, along the face of the knoll and into the bending and breaking forest. Long will that angry, giant, mountain storm live in the memories of our hail-smitten, drenched, tentless, bruised men. What neighing, moaning, floundering, and fleeing of panic-stricken, pelted horses. Some of them fled into forests and were never recovered. In the succeeding calm, what shaking of clothes, rubbing of limbs, searching for blankets and ponchos and beasts. One man had a fractured knee-pan; another a broken collar-bone; some were injured by the affrighted horses breaking from the picket ropes. A sutler's wagon lay bottom up in the creek it was crossing, the high-priced Yankee notions and goodies rapidly depreciating in value as they lay on the bottom or made a reconnoissance down stream. In fact, the drama, announced by majestic music, opened with all the elements of a tragedy, but closed with the incidents of a genuine comedy, in which mud figured for paint, provoking uproarious laughter. The Blue Ridge Mountains, hitherto regarded as beautiful, rather lost credit in our eyes by this passionate performance.

CHAPTER VII.

CAMP STANTON AND THE LONG ROLL.

MAY, 1862.

MAY 1st. We reported to Major-General McDowell, commanding First *Corps d' Armée*, and were brigaded under General G. L. Hartsuff. The regiments of cavalry and infantry, with the batteries, save the two Indiana infantry regiments that took rail for Washington, were now under General Hartsuff, and left the junction with us, May 5th, and pitched new camps with us, about two miles from the junction and one mile northwest of Catlett Station, upon the plantation of William P. Quisenberry, on high, gently-rolling pasture lands, skirted by forests and streams, with Cedar Creek on the south. From this table-land position exceedingly picturesque views opened on the south and west for twenty miles, and the Blue Ridge Mountains stood out in magnificence. The forests had changed from gray to emerald, and fruit-trees were in full bloom; a charming cluster of full-blossomed cherry-trees stood within our camp in front of Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles' headquarters. The brigade post, in honor of our noble Secretary of War, was named Camp Stanton. While changing camps

we had some of the detested mud of the junction washed off by a warm and copious rain; but, if our coats and blankets were moist, we had the poetic pleasure of lying down on clean earth ornamented with green grass and violets; and the cheery notes of bugles, the vespers of the whip-poor-wills, and the matins of bluebirds and robins were a sweet soldier solace.

May 6th. Seven rebel spies were brought into camp and assigned to the guard-house. The next day (May 7th), by our headquarters, on a newly erected, lofty flag-staff of hickory, we hung out, for the benefit of Virginia and our own cheer, the sacred Stars and Stripes. Having now quite a number of tents, our camp was laid out in order, and our troops vied with each other in matters of cleanliness, taste, and beauty. Such a regular cavalry camp, with parade, company streets, tents, and horses at their picket ropes, is a beautiful picture not to be forgotten. Hearing of McClellan's victory (May 5th) at Williamsburg, we sent up hearty cheers, and then sang "the Star Spangled Banner." Surgeon Newell resigned and left us (May 7th) for Washington, leaving us in the care of Assistant Surgeon Greeley. Exciting rumors often reached us of the movements of rebel cavalry in the south and west portions of Fauquier County.

May 8th. Our New Hampshire battalion, under Major Nelson, went out on a reconnoissance, exploring the region lying between Rappahannock Village and Fredericksburg, in a route of fifty miles, and were absent two days. After the manner of all outpost duty, they had their advance and rear-guards, and flankers, and so swept a path about a mile in width. Beyond the shriveled village of Elk Run they found white and black women in the fields planting corn; their lords were fighting for the bars of slavery. For the night our cavaliers

bivouacked near Morrisville, on the lands of Dr. Cooper, a bitter secessionist, as was also his wife. From this place they pressed on to Ellis' Ford; then, deflecting to the left, reconnoitered to Barnett's Ford, and to Spottedville, near Richardson's Ferry. Their path lay chiefly between Deep Run and Marsh Run. On one plantation they struck the trail of Texan Rangers, fast and rough riders, fighting for the Southern idol. Whenever our White Mountain boys halted to talk with the people, they found the hottest secession tongues among the women; one boasted that she had two sons in the Southern army, and wished she had more for the sacred cause.

May 9th. Major Anthony led a reconnoitering squadron to Warrenton Springs, a famous watering place, better known as White Sulphur Springs: a somewhat elegant summer resort, comprising a large hotel, a number of cottages, suitable baths and out-buildings, all set off with piazzas, groves and statuary; the whole capable of receiving perhaps six hundred guests: a place where the *élite* of Virginia had often discussed the sublime doctrine of whipping their negroes and the "mud-sills" of the North.

May 11th. Our religious services, near the cherry grove in our camp, under a serene sky, in a balmy western breeze, were truly delightful; the assembly inspiring; the meeting-house magnificent; the devotions sincere. The mounted dress parade following, witnessed by the commands around us, was pronounced faultless. Immediately, General Hartsuff's brigade, excepting our regiment and one battery, had orders to hasten to the front near Fredericksburg, and General Duryea (formerly of the famous Seventh New York Infantry) came up with his brigade to hold the post, the name of which he shortly changed to Camp Reliance. The pleasing news reached us of the capture (May 9th) of Pensacola.

May 12th–13th. Lieutenant Capron (Troop D), in command of thirty of our carbines, by order of the General, obedient to despatches from Washington, went up and made an examination of the plantations and buildings near Warrenton, for the purpose of learning the facts and ferreting out the criminals connected with the lamented murder of Hon. Robert E. Scott, one of the worthiest citizens and ablest lawyers of Virginia; a man of wealth, worth and influence, who boldly stood up for the Union in the State Convention. It was proved that he and a Mr. Mathews were shot by renegade soldiers. In the prosecution of his search, the Lieutenant was much indebted to Rev. Mr. Barton and Mr. Paget, of Warrenton.

Now the only cavalry regiment in our brigade, important picket and reconnoissance services were daily required of us; but our sabres were ready. Under the firm but kind order of Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles, we kept up daily drills and aimed for excellence in our complicated and responsible arm of the service. It was reported that, on account of our bold and successful dashes along the front from near Fredericksburg to the foot of the mountains, the rebel cavalry, under the famous Ashby, stood in awe of no force so much as of the sabres of our command. Certainly we did what we could to deserve this reputation.

We add another word descriptive of our post, and the animating military drills that occurred almost daily. Imagine the beautiful undulating valley on our right, as we are facing west, three-eighths of a mile in width, running southwest; bordered on the west by splendid forests; through its centre running a small, clear, hard-banked stream of sweet water on its way to Cedar Creek. East of this valley, on the rolling ridge of fields and pastures,

around a fine plantation residence, are the brigade headquarters and the camps comprising the post. Along the valley just named are the brigade movements of drill and mock battle. The line is formed parallel with the valley, between the encampments and the stream, and consists of regiments of infantry in front, battalions of cavalry in the rear, and sections of artillery at right angles on the left, to sweep the valley with Parrott guns and howitzers in front of the line. Line of battle being formed, the firing, at bugle signals, is conducted by files, companies and battalions; meanwhile, the cannon hurl their howling missiles up the valley and into the forests. The volleys of musketry, the roar of artillery, the flash of sabres, the whistle of bullets, the explosion of shell, the upturning of earth and cracking of trees, while smoke enwreaths columns, standards, guidons and horses, furnish a grand and suggestive scene, only equalled by the awful field of actual battle. The scene is varied by changing front and position of forces, and order of action, using only blank cartridges. In one of these charges, Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles had his hair scorched by the fire of the attacked artillery.

The grand rounds of the long line of brigade pickets often fell to our duty. Repeatedly, as the pickets were disturbed by rebel scouts, Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles sent out squadrons to probe the difficulty. On one of these errands Major Anthony led fifty horsemen and five hundred infantry. Here some of our officers, from sickness and other inabilities, were obliged to leave us. Lieutenant J. L. Perley, Jr., left us while very sick, and died on the ninth of June following.

We formed the acquaintance of Mr. Catlett and a few old Virginians, who, of necessity, were Union men. On one occasion, a Mr. Marstello, whose hospitality some of

us had shared, visited our camp and was so liberally treated that his strength was insufficient for his support. Though a superb horseman, his saddle so betrayed him that he remained in camp for the night, awaiting the bracing airs of the morning. It was readily allowed that he was a very spirited old Virginian.

May 18th. The pioneers and advanced guard of General Shields' division, fresh from the field of their late victories in the Shenandoah Valley, reached our camp and gave peculiar animation to our post. The division, consisting of seventeen regiments of infantry, two of cavalry, and four companies of artillery, was marching to join our forces near Fredericksburg. General Shields, lately recovered sufficiently to be in the saddle, wore his wounded arm in a sling,—a veteran fighter,—and all his command had imbibed his spirit. As the long column was moving through our camping ground, with worn, stained, victorious colors, one of our men said, "Well, boys, you have seen some service." Instantly a shrewd, sunburnt, dusty soldier, with a Yankee twinkle in his eye, replied, "Yes, we have been to a couple of shooting matches." A goodly sight it was to look on the immense column, reaching for miles along the roads and plantations—like moving forests of polished steel—followed by five hundred baggage wagons, caissons and ambulances. We gazed on the scarred troops and their shot-rent standards with reverence and honor. After their eight days' continuous march they were happy to bivouac by our post to win a little rest. General Shields stopped with General Duryea.

Unfortunately, in this camp, a contagious disease of the head appeared among our horses, compelling us to instantly separate them from the picket ropes and despatch them with bullets. Nor were we without sick men

in our hospital. On the twenty-second of May, Horatio Foster and Henry Greene (both of Troop E) died of typhoid fever. Their funerals occurred on the following day; suitable escorts, and the band discoursing dirges, followed their remains to the graves on the north border of our camping ground. The solemnity of such funerals, far from our homes, in the camps of war, parting with brave and loved comrades, whose graves even we must soon forsake, perhaps never again to be found, left deep, indelible impressions upon our hearts.

General Shields was anxious to have our regiment accompany him on his way to Fredericksburg, as a part of his command. In response to a despatch from General McDowell, on the twenty-second of May, our second battalion (N. H.), under Major Nelson, had orders to march immediately and join General Shields, who had just left us. After hurried preparation, they left about sunset. With much regret we bade them good-bye, praying for their welfare and success, little imagining the scenes that lay before them and us, and that we should not meet them again till we had passed the Blue Ridge Mountains, to find them in the hour of their sacrifice and their fame.

The air was now painfully astir with rumors of movements of armies from the region of Richmond along the mountains to the Shenandoah Valley. McClellan, with his hundred thousand men, was confronting Lee with his hundred thousand. As a strategic step, Lee had sent "Stonewall" Jackson, with twenty thousand men, to re-enter the valley. With wonderful celerity, Jackson executed the order, and captured Front Royal May 23d. Though the armies of Fremont, Banks, and McDowell numbered sixty thousand, they were so separated as to be unable to quickly check Jackson's raid. Banks

was driven back down the valley. Fremont hurried on from the west. McDowell hastened as rapidly as possible from the south.

May 24th. Just as we were preparing to fortify our post, at two o'clock in the morning, a telegram from the War Department ordered us to hold ourselves ready to move in a moment. The bugles sounded the "assembly call" at three o'clock A. M., and it was thought we must march by sunrise towards Strasburg, in the valley. Our spurs and sabres were ready. About ten o'clock A. M. orders came for our first battalion, under Major Anthony, to march to Thoroughfare, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, and report to General Geary. They were off at once, followed by the First Virginia Cavalry.

The third battalion, with Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles and staff, remained to assist General Duryea. Some regiments of infantry from our post took rail at Catlett Station to go via Manassas Junction to Thoroughfare. With us were left but two regiments of infantry and a battery. The sick, save a few too weak to be removed, were hurried on towards Washington. At five o'clock in the afternoon all the forces left our post, except a guard for the sick. We pushed for Bristoe Station, about nine miles distant, one of our squadrons the advance, and another the rear-guard. Wet with showers, we reached Bristoe about nine o'clock P. M., and laid down to dreams in the great room with green carpet and cloud-curtains. Our rear-guard, detained with the stalled train in a muddy forest, enjoyed the canopy of trees. Telegrams were flashing over the wires; camp fires illumined hills and plains; scouts dashed through the woods; despatches reported our first battalion at Thoroughfare waiting orders from General Geary, who had pushed sixteen miles beyond the gap; our New Hamp-

shire battalion had reported to General Shields at Fredericksburg. The feet of war were now moving lively.

May 25th. In the morning we moved across Broad Run, near Milford, and thought of encamping, sending out a troop on scout, and waiting for our stalled train and rear-guard. Near four o'clock P. M. the A. A. A. General of the brigade came dashing at full speed through the troops, ordering all to be instantly ready to repel an attack. Here for the first time sounded upon our ears the solemn, significant, thrilling "Long Roll." Full-voiced drums and bugles prolonged the rallying call. Leaving everything, save our arms, we answered to "Boots and Saddles" and stood in line with ready spurs; we were cool, but prompt for duty. Three scouting parties were sent out at once; messengers reported skirmishing near the mountains. Waiting further orders, we slept on our arms, though the sleeping was scarce.

Our brigade was now attached to General Ord's division, and troops were being pushed up to our support from Washington. Our scouts visited our last camp and cared for the sick left there; but Owen Reynolds (Troop G) died, and was buried (May 26th) by the side of Foster and Greene, and this while rebel scouts were in sight. The remaining sick were brought away.

May 26th. Our third battalion, with headquarters, fell back to Manassas, and, after a brief halt, were ordered to Centreville, which place they reached in the evening. General Geary was pressing on beyond the gap of the Bull Run Mountains. General Shields was returning from Fredericksburg, by way of Catlett Station, on a forced march, to join the forces now combining to pursue Jackson. General Banks was reported at Williamsport, whither Jackson had driven him.

A portion—the majority—of our first battalion, having

passed and repassed the gap, losing most of their effects by the order to burn tents and baggage, after varied scouting expeditions, crossed the country by Aldie and rejoined the headquarters at Centreville. Major Anthony and a part of his command, detained on scout duty, reached Manassas May 27th, and Centreville on the 28th. Meanwhile, cannonading stirred the distant air. All the land was alive with the motion of troops. General McDowell was hurrying on with all his force towards the mountains. One hundred and twenty-five double teams with army supplies from Alexandria passed us on their way to the front. Arms, ammunition and rations were also being pushed forward by rail. We were next to dash forward.

Death is always on the track and in the camps of a great army. Edward C. Flanders (Troop K) died in hospital, at Washington, D. C., May 16th.

CHAPTER VIII.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

MAY, 1862.

OUR second battalion left Fredericksburg with General Shields, acting as his advance guard, and Major Nelson serving as Chief of Cavalry for the division. They reached the gap of the Blue Ridge and bivouacked in it on the night of May 29th. Of their after splendid movements we will speak when we have traced the other battalions over the mountains.

May 29th. The first and third battalions, in obedience to general orders, with the early dawn, took up the line of hurried march, to aid the forces now pressing over the Blue Ridge. Our road ran through the famous battle field of Bull Run, on which we looked with deep thoughtfulness. Forward we moved through Gainesville, and by sunset reached Thoroughfare, in the Bull Run Mountains, where, to the music of drums and bugles of troops pressing through or halting, we bivouacked, with the earth and leaves for our bed. Around us lay the ashes of camps and the brands of burnt wagons and stores. The abrupt and shaggy but beautiful mountains looked calmly down upon the moving and encamping forces. Some of our officers slept on the soft floor of a Mr. Tyler's house.

May 30th. At four o'clock A. M. we answered to the bugles, throwing our spurs into our stirrups, and hurrying through the gap. How strangely, even sublimely, the rich music of our band echoed along the precipices of the grand mountain gorge, almost tempting us into a poetic mood. To the host of troops of every arm, by road and open country urging their onward way, our Troops B and C were the rear-guard. On account of short rations, though our Quartermaster did all in the power of man to do under the circumstances, we were obliged to forage somewhat upon the country. Hunger, be it remembered, has a dull ear for civil regulations and polite usages in a time of war and in an enemy's country. By nine o'clock we passed through White Plains, of course greatly admiring the beautiful scenery around us. Though on a forced march, the columns of troops being large, and heavy with supplies, ascending the mountains by hard roads, our motion was not as swift as some might suppose; it would not do to outstrip the trains, which were miles in length. Showers of rain, wrung from the clouds by the cool airs of the mountains, effectually subdued all dust and cooled riders and horses. At one o'clock P. M. we were moving through Salem—not then bearing an aspect of peace.

At night we halted and bivouacked on the notable estate of Thomas Marshall, grandson of the renowned Judge Marshall. The great, grand old mansion, elegantly furnished with frescoes and paintings, was occupied in part by our field and staff officers. In the broad, rich, picturesque grounds encompassing the mansion, our camp fires were liberally fed with borrowed fences, while our horses consumed Virginia forage. It seemed stranger than fiction that such a force from New England, on such an errand, should occupy this place in this manner.

Oh! how would the shade of Marshall have cursed the madness of secession.

May 31st. Girded and spurred at four o'clock A. M., we moved off from the historic plantation with buoyant guidons and sweet music from our brass band. By the way, the band, who messed together, needed no hint or help in the mysteries of foraging. They bought once a night's entertainment, for men and horses, by paying in counterfeit Confederate bills, and receiving in change several dollars in gold. Ah! the sinuosities of philosophy in war time.

Reaching Piedmont, we halted to graze our horses and take from the depot three days' rations. Passing on through the spurs and foot-hills of the mountains, the scenery was truly fascinating. Everything in nature was beautiful and grand, but the times and passing events were even grander; the sublime in nature was only as a background for the majestic in human affairs. We crossed Deer River at four o'clock P. M., and passed near the residence of the celebrated Colonel Ashby, of rebel cavalry fame. At Markham we lent a passing look to the home of Edward C. Marshall. Here General McDowell and staff passed us, pressing their way to the front. While passing, our band discoursed their most patriotic airs, and we all extended the appropriate military salutes.

Occasionally we heard from a rebel rifle; but only Confederate scouts were now in the mountains. In the afternoon we encountered, in the valleys and gorges, heavy mists and ominous darkness. After passing Linden the roads or trails were horrible—full of streams and stones; we sometimes rode over brook beds of nothing but stones and rocks. Shortly after dark there broke upon us from the mountain tops before us a severe thunder storm, such as only mountains may boast of. The thunder bellowed,

the winds howled, the lightnings flashed in sublime wrath, and the rain fell in wealthy torrents. But onward we pressed, often feeling our way by the blaze of the celestial artillery; for we had orders to scale the mountains and "report in Front Royal as soon as possible." Thus pelted with the storm, we forced our way to the mountain summit, which we reached soon after midnight, when, from the excessive darkness and our extreme fatigue, we were obliged to halt and lie down upon the stone heaps and wet earth to court the sweet spirit of slumber. Our weary, hungry, drenched horses were tied to trees and bushes.

A light battery, following us, were obliged to press on, as they had orders to "report in Front Royal by sunrise," the next morning; yet the shoulders of their horses were already raw and bleeding. Military orders in the day of battle know but little of mercy.

In our bivouac there were sublime elements, though it required some self-command and poetic relish to fully enjoy them. We had the mountains for a mattress; thunder-clouds for bedclothes, and thunder-bolts to tuck them up with. Talk never more to us of shower baths before retiring, or of sleeping in wet sheets; hydropathy is nothing.

Waking by break of day (June 1st), strange sights saluted us: wet men, in overcoats and blankets, snoring in the grass, under bushes and by the sides of rocks; saddled horses browsing from picket ropes or grazing among bowlders. Springing into our saddles, forward moved the martial column. The descent of the mountain was easy, and the scenery was enchanting. Soon we entered the city of Front Royal, where, with joy and tears, we met our second battalion, whose story, in brief, we must endeavor to recite.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF FRONT ROYAL.

MAY—JUNE, 1862.

MAY 29th. Our second (N. H.) battalion, leading the advance of General Shields' division, bivouacked at the head of the column, in the gap of the Blue Ridge. Duty was pressing, and short were their dreams.

May 30th. With Aurora's first mountain smile, they pressed on, and reached within about two miles of Front Royal at ten o'clock A. M. Before them, in the valley, lay the city, containing about six hundred inhabitants, and held by the Twelfth Georgia Regiment of Infantry, one troop of Ashby's cavalry, and a section of artillery, with a guard for the large Confederate hospitals. It not being known what forces were in it, our battalion was ordered to charge upon the city, disperse its guard, and then prevent the fleeing inhabitants from burning the heavy Shenandoah bridges.

The four troops, worn and exhausted from more than a week of forced marches and scout duty, could muster but one hundred men and horses fit for such dashing and perilous service. These were instantly formed by

fours, in command of Captain Ainsworth, with suitable officers, all under Major Nelson, and commenced their movement. As yet they were unseen by the city, lying northwest of them, and so rapid had been their advance that their presence had not been suspected. Preparatory to their charge, some Parrott guns and a howitzer had been run out in the forest, on a spur of the mountain, looking down into the valley and commanding a range of the city, to render at least moral aid, at the right moment, by music and metal. As our men descended the mountain on a trot and were about to open to the view of the city, the artillery broke silence with shell that flew screeching out into the valley and over the town. This but animated our brave men, while it sent alarm and panic into the unsuspecting city.

Reaching the plain land, our gallant boys spurred their horses into a swift gallop, yet preserving their order, and with ready carbines, flashing sabres, and charged pistols, dashed into the panic-stricken town. The enemy's artillery, and Ashby's seventy cavalry, and the regiment of Georgia infantry, taken thus by surprise, and fearing that the mountain was full of forces pouring down on them, fled at full speed on the Strasburg road, to the northwest, followed by their trains and many of the affrighted inhabitants. Though they set fire to the railroad depot, and to the splendid bridges over the branches of the Shenandoah, their destructive purpose was thwarted by our swift and daring troopers. One of our men sprung from his saddle, rushed into the burning depot, mounted the engine that chanced to be fired up, and ran it out with its train of stores and grain. Right through the town charged our White Mountain men, sweeping all before them, demanding at the sabre's point the surrender of all they met.

Sometimes squads of full armed rebels, that had not succeeded in escaping, or remained as guards, though double the number of our small parties now scouring the streets, would throw down their guns and submit to our sabres. In one instance, a lieutenant, a corporal and a private, of our command, took seven Confederates having loaded muskets. From secret places balls and buckshot were uncomfortably abundant. Our men, however, were above fear in their quick, thorough work; they struck dismay on every side. Sherman Davis (Troop I), with drawn sabre, dashed up to a rebel captain and demanded his surrender and his sword; but, as he was taking the sword, the captain drew a revolver and fired upon him three times, the shots tearing his hat and laying bare the bones of his head; yet he persisted and led the dastard rebel captive. Thus our fearless cavaliers, with ready pistols, brandishing sabres, loud yells of victory, and foaming horses sharing the spirit of their riders, soon had the city under their command.

Not content with the capture of the city, but anxious to save the bridges from rebel flames, on pressed our sabres and spurs after the retreating Confederates, whose infantry and artillery vainly endeavored to make a stand till they had crossed the bridges and reached about three miles from the city; and even here they dared halt only a short time, as General Shields was pushing his supports up to our dashing troopers and hurling shot and shell upon the heels of the demoralized "gray backs." Though the retreating foe sent back their compliments in the form of shot and shell, our riders dashed fearlessly on and came upon their hastily formed line of infantry, beyond the farthest bridge, on the Winchester road, and here made one of the most bold, thrilling, magnificent charges on record. They smote the enemy like a tornado and

broke their line. Here heroically fell the most of the men we this day lost. Here slept in death the bravest of soldiers by the side of fallen horses and dying enemies. The memorable spot was in the vicinity of General Banks' losses just one week before; thus refluent are the bloody waves of war.

Never fell truer, braver men. Captain William P. Ainsworth (Troop M) fell at the head of his command, pierced with eight balls. With him fell Corporal George B. Bernard and Benjamin C. Lashure (Troop I), John C. Babcock, Edward K. Bernard and Cyrus A. Bracket (Troop K), and Hartley C. Cushman (Troop M.) Even their horses, after losing their riders, held their line, finished the charge, and fell in the enemy's ranks, slain with bayonets and bullets. E. B. Allen (Troop I) was shot from his saddle, and died just across the second bridge. The wounded were, of Troop I, Lieutenant G. H. Thompson, slightly, Harvey Hutchinson, severely, Alexander P. Cory, severely, John M. Pressey, severely, Sherman Davis, severely, Oscar F. Merrill, slightly; of Troop L, Perley F. Hardy, severely. Olney P. Smith was missing.

Our officers and men who executed this brilliant and successful charge—one hundred against greatly superior forces in a defensible position—deserve a lasting record in the remembrance of their country. Indeed, nothing in the whole war, as allowed by proper judges, surpassed this conduct of our men. They took one hundred and seventeen rebel prisoners, recaptured twenty Federal prisoners, among whom were Major Collins, of the First Vermont Cavalry, the Quartermaster and Adjutant of the First Maryland Infantry, and the Adjutant of the Third New York Cavalry; also saved bridges and captured cars, engines, arms, ammunition, wagons and

stores to an immense amount: for the city just now was Jackson's depot.

So swift was the action of capturing the city that our men had no support, save the moral aid of artillery, in their heroic work. While the enemy bore off all their dead and wounded, save one dead and one wounded captain, all our dead and wounded were secured and brought into the city. Of course the rebel hospitals and sick were in our hands—not a small charge. Our wounded were put in comfortable dwellings. Our gallant and mourned dead, after the best possible funeral services and honors, were borne to the margin of the city, by an oak grove, and tenderly, tearfully laid in their graves, with their martial cloaks around them, and over them little head-boards bearing their names. The body of Captain Ainsworth, however, was forwarded to his home in New Hampshire.

The conduct of our men in this capture of Front Royal was the theme of eulogy among all the troops in and around the valley. The highest military officers warmly applauded the achievement. Ever after, the name of our regiment was a synonyme of honor.

Would that we had at least brief biographical sketches of our fallen comrades, and that the design of our volume admitted of their insertion. But if their full lives are not recorded in this narrative, their names and deeds are undying in the towns and States to which they belonged; and evermore, with those of kin and kith, our hearts, like muffled drums, will beat their funeral march.

Yet we cannot refrain from some mention of the noble officer who fell at the head of his command in the gallant charge upon his country's foes.

Captain WILLIAM P. AINSWORTH. He was the son of William Ainsworth, Esq., of New Ipswich, N. H., and

grandson of the venerable Rev. Laban Ainsworth, of Jaffrey. After a thorough academical education, he entered on mercantile life with the firm of Parker, Wilder & Co., Boston. Subsequently he engaged in civil engineering with General Stark; afterwards serving the Nashua and Lowell Railroad, and was finally elected treasurer of this and the Wilton Railroad, which responsible position he relinquished to join the army. At the time of his volunteering he held a high position in the Governor's Horse Guards.

Known in a wide and refined circle, though he had no family or immediate dependant, he was a general favorite; of the highest moral character, of unspotted integrity, of a genial, affectionate nature, and the soul of honor itself.

In him were remarkably developed the elements of a cavalry officer: quick apprehension, firm decision, warm enthusiasm, pure patriotism, and the spirit of sacrifice. With a strong arm, he was a superior swordsman and a dashing, fearless rider, as illustrated in the last deed of his life. We can see him still, mounted on his powerful horse—the gift of his railroad friends—at the head of his heroic command, dashing into the thick of the fight, an attractive mark for the bullets of his enemies, and plunging with keen sabre on the ranks of his foes, till his work was done. Was it not a glorious martyrdom? Could he speak again to us, would he not say, "It is well."

A funeral pall rested on Nashua, N. H., when the news of his death reached the city, and the event was a theme in the churches, especially in the one where he was wont to worship. His remains reached home June 5th, in charge of Sergeant H. C. Foster, and were received by the Granite State Cadets, and laid in state in

the City Hall, appropriately draped, where, the next day, his funeral was observed. Tearfully he was buried with military and Masonic honors, the Cadets and Governor's Horse Guards performing escort duty.

Deeply mourned by New Hampshire and our regiment, his death was a loss to his country, save as the blood of the slain is an inspiration to the living, and a memorial forever. His faithful horse, bearing several bullets in his body, was soon sent home to a friend in Nashua, N. H.

Cherished in thy country's breast,
Rest! heroic brother, rest!
Cherished likewise, by thy side,
They who with thee nobly died.

CHAPTER X.

SERVICES IN THE VALLEY.

JUNE, 1862.

FRONT Royal lies on the east of the Shenandoah River, and out of it leads a broad road across both branches of the river to Strasburg. The valley is exceedingly rich, and famed for its beauty. The mountains and their spurs are a superb sight, when the clouds, as we often saw them, in the morning, rolled through the gorges and down the slopes.

June 1st. The city was overflowing with troops, coming in from the gap, going out to the north, hastening to the west. General Shields was feeling for Jackson, who was yet down the valley, but trying to elude us and dodge back up the valley, before we could grip him. The rapidity of "Stonewall's" motions was to us almost marvelous; but he and his command were familiar with the country, and received all possible hints and aids from the inhabitants.

When our battalions again united their guidons in the city, a skirmish was going on near Strasburg; excitement ran high; rumors flew thick; miles of troops were in motion; wagons and artillery trains seemed almost end-

less. We were at once assigned to General Shields' division, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles was appointed Chief of Cavalry. Hearing brisk and protracted cannonading at the west, our regiment was off early (June 2d) with Shields' division on the Luray road, to share in the engagement.

A few days after the capture of the town, a skulking "gray back" or Southern sympathizer sawed nearly off the girders of one of the railroad bridges, to entrap our supply trains, but the vigilance of our guard discovered the deed and averted disaster. About the same time, a lingering rebel, from a woody covert in the border of the town, fired on a Federal captain and shattered his arm.

Almost daily, heavy tempests of wind, thunder and rain, joined in the military commotion of the valley, sponging our worn uniforms, and transforming the roads into quagmires. At one time the Shenandoah rose twelve feet. Along its high, steep banks, we found in one place the dark, rich alluvial soil fifteen feet deep—a magnificent soil for cereals.

The action of the morning (June 2d) proved to be a dispute between Jackson and the forces of Fremont that had just reached the valley from the west. "Stonewall" received the heavier blows, yet he was slipping south. Utterly exhausted from forced marches and storms, and leaving many of our horses dead on the road, the most of our regiment returned from Luray to Front Royal June 4th. Jackson had passed Luray, and burned the bridges, before General Shields could strike him. He moved like an antelope.

About midway between Front Royal and Luray dwelt a Mr. Haynes and family, whose opinions were not in harmony with the rebellion. By Jackson's direction Mr. Haynes was arrested and imprisoned in Luray.

When General Shields moved to occupy Luray he promised Mrs. Haynes and her daughter that Mr. Haynes should be released; but on reaching the place he found the rebels had killed the prisoner; an account of which transaction the General penned and forwarded to the afflicted family by our Quartermaster, C. A. Leonard. But the crowning barbarity was that the rebels refused to give up the lifeless body.

Troops E and G, under Captains Farrington and Wood, and a hundred men under Captain Whipple, remained as General Shields' advance guard in the pursuit of Jackson, and pushed on to Columbia Bridge, where they were fired on by straggling rebels, and promptly returned the same solid compliments.

June 4th. Twenty men, under Captain Wood, pressed on to Miller's Bridge, where they found and burned arms, ammunition and clothing, valued at eight thousand dollars. Returning, they were fired on from the west bank of the river, and Hugh Mullholland had the clothes cut from his breast by a bullet. At evening both troops (E and G) were ordered up to hold the bridge. Marching all night in a drenching rain, they arrived in the morning, and charging through the forest found the bridge in ashes. Here, while Captain Farrington and Lieutenant Bliss were in consultation about crossing the river, a Confederate bullet whistled between their heads, suggesting their situation. The next morning private Hamilton (Troop E) captured Major Williams, of the Ninth Louisiana Infantry, and brought him to camp.

The remaining services of these troops on this expedition consisted of picket duty and reconnoissance in the mountains. A few of our command, as orderlies for field officers, were in the battle of Port Republic, a hot action in which Colonel Carroll, of Ohio, proved himself

a hero. Philip Creed (Troop E) and C. H. Clement (Troop L), while guarding prisoners from Port Republic to Luray, were captured by a guerilla band.

We here allow an incident, by way of relief. At Columbia Bridge, a piece of artillery had been put in position on a hill, near a barn, to command the bridge. Captain Farrington and an old negro living on the place were in conversation, with their backs to the cannon. Suddenly the piece was discharged. The negro, jumping high from the ground, exclaimed: "Laud, God A'mite'y, Massa, I neber hear sich a noise in my life. Hear dem tings many times Fourth July, but nebber hear so loud noise as dat."

June 8th. Had an inspection and dress parade at headquarters. Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles addressed the regiment upon the scenes through which we had passed, and paid a just tribute to those who had fallen in battle. On the same day, at Front Royal, in the hospital, died private Logee (Troop L), of typhoid fever. He was buried by the side of his comrades who fell in the charge of May 30th, Quartermaster-Sergeant C. C. Burrows officiating in the absence of the Chaplain.

Troops E and G returned to Luray, and then to Front Royal, joining the headquarters June 11th. Captain Farrington came into town finely mounted on a bay rebel charger, complete in elegant trappings, suitable for an F. F. V. Not a few soldiers bore with them Confederate trophies.

Captain Whipple and his hundred men were unceasingly occupied in scouting through the dangerous roads of the mountains, occasionally meeting with small bands of rebels and spurring them forward on their retreat up the valley. About fifteen miles from Luray, when (June 9th) winding their zigzag way up the mountain, a vol-

ley was fired on them from a party ambushed on the overhanging heights, cutting, and lodging a bullet in, the shoulder of Moses B. Allen (Troop B) and leaving seven wounds in his horse; killing the horse of his brother, J. R. Allen, of the same troop; and nearly cutting off the thumb of C. W. Bowen (Troop F). As a sample of the blood of these boys, J. B. Allen, on losing his horse and seeing his brother wounded, sprang to his feet in the middle of the road, and, drawing sabre and pistol, waving them in the face of his foes, dared them, in phraseology more emphatic than polite, to come down and meet him in a square combat.

On the fourteenth of June, Captain Whipple and his men reached Front Royal, the Captain riding a fine iron-gray, with ornamented saddle and trappings, captured from a captain of Ashby's cavalry.

From deaths, wounds, sickness, and disabilities, our regiment had now lost well-nigh one-third of our original number. Our quota of horses had fared even worse. For three weeks we had had no rest, and had passed plains, mountains, and rivers, and had been in one continuous stretch of anxiety and peril. General McDowell wisely concluded, in consideration of our arduous, efficient, exhaustive services, that we deserved rest and reinforcements. As Jackson had escaped towards Richmond, though not without losses, we were no longer needed in the valley.

The secession inhabitants of this region will doubtless remember the Yankee shrewdness and strategy of some of our wide-awake boys. While greenbacks were scorned, Confederate scrip was at par in the path of "Stonewall." Some loyal genius had finely counterfeited this rebel paper. Armed with this seductive scrip, our boys generously paid for milk, honey, bread, and whatever lux-

uries were obtainable, sometimes receiving greenbacks and specie in change. Thousands of dollars, first and last, were thus passed in the interests of war; for it was argued that paper was as harmless as steel.

Having orders to recross the mountains, we aligned our guidons, with the exception of Captain Whipple's command,—needing a day's rest—and formed column of march.

June 14th. Passed the mountain ridge and bivouacked at Oak Hall.

June 15th. We reached Haymarket, of course eyeing the beautiful scenery as we passed among the hills.

June 16th. Our headquarters safely and joyfully reached war-scarred Manassas.

Captain Whipple and command left Front Royal June 15th, and, encamping on his march at Hopewell and White Plains, reached Manassas on the 17th. We were worn, weary, reduced, yet spirited and hopeful, because an honored command. George P. Streeter (Troop H) died June 16th.

CHAPTER XI.

RECRUITING AT MANASSAS.

JUNE—JULY, 1862.

WE encamped about three miles north of Manassas Junction, on the west side of Bull Run River, in the vicinity of Blackburn's Ford; at first under a few tents and leafy bowers, and in old buildings. Some other forces, for the purpose of refitting, were near us. All fresh and ready troops were moved on to the southern front of action. At this time large expectations were vested in McClellan, and we were cheered by the victories of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks (May 31st). The capture of Corinth had occurred May 30th.

Our sick and wounded were forwarded to hospitals near Washington. Surgeon Greeley was happy in receiving (June 21st) the support of Assistant Surgeon A. A. Mann. From sickness, death, and resignation, changes had occurred in line as well as in rank. . The detachment left at Centreville, in May, as a guard for Government stores, under Captain Swett, now rejoined us. With canvas and boughs, it being summer, we soon had an orderly arranged and comfortable camp. Religious services were held under a giant oak at the right of our headquarters, or on a grassy slope to the west. Vacant

offices were in part filled; some new men received; some fresh horses secured; regimental drills resumed, and dress parades regularly observed. In one of the general drills of the forces General McDowell was thrown from his horse and somewhat injured. A few of our men received bruises and broken bones from the falling of a barn floor.

June 18th. Receiving from Major Sherman our pay up to April, the sutlers' tents and wagons were liberally patronized; but most of the money was sent home. By sharp military order and surveillance, whisky labored under difficulties; yet sometimes a tent would be animated. Sergeants Peterson and Shurtliff left (June 24th) for Rhode Island on recruiting service.

The armies of Fremont, Banks, and McDowell, numbering, when we were in the valley, about forty thousand, were finally consolidated (June 27th), and called the Army of Virginia, and placed under command of General Pope, who issued an order full of pluck and promise. Fremont resigned and was succeeded by Sigel. Meanwhile, recruiting was vigorously driven. A thousand horses passed our camp for a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment, at Manassas Junction, that had not been mounted. In the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers, near us, half of the captains resigned on account of the severities of their service. Affairs were almost as gloomy in the Ninth New York Volunteers. All needed rest, recuperation, and recruits. General Shields' division moved via Alexandria and the Potomac to assist McClellan.

June 30th. A new and ample camp was laid out on the plain, the officers having Sibley and the men A tents; the horses sheltered by boughs. Again we were mustered for pay, and also inspected by one of General McDowell's aids.

July 1st. We were pleasantly surprised by a visit from Governor Sprague and Major F. W. Miner of his staff, both of whom were received with suitable ceremony, and entertained as best we could dispense hospitalities in the field, making special requisitions upon Mr. May, our regimental sutler. On the following day His Excellency reviewed us, spoke of our services and sacrifices in appreciative terms, promised us recruits, and repeated, what had been before pledged to us, that all promotions in the regiment should be from members of the command. Before leaving us, the next day, he gave to us the following communication:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF RHODE ISLAND,
Camp Rhode Island Cavalry, July 2, 1862.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles will communicate to his command the satisfaction of the Executive of Rhode Island in the opportunity he has had of being with them.

He congratulates officers and men upon their good appearance. Their duties have been most arduous. The brilliant and successful action of the New Hampshire battalion demands the highest praise. Follow up the example thus inaugurated, and the First Regiment Rhode Island Cavalry will stand foremost for efficiency and gallantry of any in the service.

Officers will be made from the most deserving men of the regiment. The recommendations of Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles will be alone recognized.

Captain Lycurgus Sayles is appointed Major of the third battalion.

Captain John L. Thompson is appointed Major of the second battalion.

WILLIAM SPRAGUE.

FRANCIS W. MINER, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

On the same day three prisoners were brought in by our scouts; one a member of General Ewell's body-guard; one a member of the Eighth Virginia Infantry. Spies

were all around us, sometimes playing the role of "Union men" very sharply. War clouds now began to thicken again. The President had called for three hundred thousand more soldiers. This, it will be remembered, followed the seven days' fight before Richmond, ending (July 1st) in the defeat of the Confederates at Malvern Hill—a victory, however, with a dark omen in it, as it looked towards McClellan's failure.

July 4th. The officers, giving five dollars each, made up a fund, and furnished the men in the ranks with a grand dinner of lobster and green peas. The day was celebrated by suspension of routine service, save guard duty, and the men had a fantastical parade and review in the afternoon. Lieutenant James P. Taylor delivered a patriotic oration, and in the evening the men enjoyed a pyrotechnic display by burning the rebel barracks near our camp. On the same day, General McDowell started with Ricketts' division for Catlett Station and Warrenton.

July 6th. Reports reached us that Governor Sprague had appointed as our Colonel the Major of the Harris Light Cavalry, of New York, a battalion then serving as McDowell's body-guard. The name of the appointee was Alfred N. Duffie (Doof-yea). Never was a camp thrown into greater commotion and indignation. This sensation had its spring in our appreciation of Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles, and the Governor's pledges to us. When the report was substantiated by official documents, nearly all the officers handed in their resignations, and well-nigh mutinous purposes broke out in the ranks. Most of our resignations were refused; those of Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles and Major Anthony were finally accepted; a few were conciliated by furloughs. The following letter from the Governor to Captain Farrington may explain his action:

A. M. Duffield Col

WILLARD'S, WASHINGTON, July 5, 1862.

Captain:—I this morning received your note and enclosed of the 28th ultimo. Unavoidable circumstances have necessitated me to appoint Major Duffie Colonel. I trust this action will be satisfactory to the command.

The Department met my request with the much desired promptness.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM SPRAGUE.

This letter, for some reason, was not received until Colonel Duffie had been with us nearly two weeks, and the ill-feeling towards him had given way to admiration.

July 8th. Colonel Duffie assumed command and made a brief address. On the same day, Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles left us after addressing the command in tender, eloquent and appropriate terms. Days elapsed before the murmurs of the camp subsided. We may here appropriately insert a brief paper, prepared about this time by the Chaplain, and we do this because the Colonel was a foreigner, and many hereafter may desire some sketch of his life.

ALFRED NATTIE DUFFIE. He was born of worthy parentage, in the city of Paris, May 1, 1835. From his fifth to his tenth year he was a pupil in the school of St. Barbe, from which he passed to the preparatory Military Academy at Versailles, where he devoted seven years to the languages, *belles-lettres*, and the sciences. In the autumn of 1851, he was a successful candidate for admission to the famous Military College of St. Cyr, at Versailles, and began the curriculum in 1852. His scholarship may be inferred from the fact that of eleven thousand candidates examined, only two hundred and twenty were approved.

Two years were passed at St. Cyr in studies and drill, pertaining to cavalry, infantry and staff service. Completing the appointed course and examinations, he was promptly commissioned a Lieutenant in the French army, and went immediately into active service, first in Algiers, and afterwards in Senegal, in Africa, from whence he brought off a wound for his valor.

On the opening of the Russian war he accompanied his regiment to the Crimea, where he gallantly performed his duty in the battles of Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, Chernaia, Gangel, and Sebastopol, receiving scars on the different fields, and winning promotion as First Lieutenant in the Fifth Huzzar Regiment. Returning from the Crimea in 1856, after the close of that memorable contest, he served at home till the breaking out of the Austrian struggle, when he marched against the new enemy, and behaved bravely till a severe wound compelled him to leave the field for the hospital.

For his accomplishments and heroism he received four distinguished decorations from as many imperial powers; the Cross of the Legion of Honor from his own country; the Sardinian Cross from the Emperor of Sardinia, who decorated him with his own hand as he lay wounded; the Turkish Cross from the Sultan; and the English Cross from Victoria. Twice as numerous as his decorations are his wounds received in battle—the enduring insignia of a tried soldier.

He came to the United States in the autumn of 1860, primarily to visit Saratoga for medical relief. On the outbreaking of the rebellion, by solicitation, he accepted a captaincy in the First New Jersey Cavalry, and shortly after (July, 1861,) was appointed Major of the Harris Light Cavalry, where he won reputation in drill and action. His promotion in this country was due to his

superior knowledge and skill, and to our lack of thorough cavalry men to meet the needs of our armies.

He is of medium stature, erect form, light frame, nervous temperament, dark complexion, full hazel eyes, black hair; athletic in action, humorous in manner, exact in routine, firm in discipline, and thoroughly accomplished in his profession.

July 10th. The Colonel issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
MANASSAS, July 10, 1862.

Officers and Soldiers of the First Rhode Island Cavalry:

In taking command of this regiment as your Colonel, I was pained and grieved to see a disinclination on your part to receive a stranger, manifested in such a manner as to leave no doubts as to your sentiments. If it has pleased your much beloved Governor and the War Department at Washington to make a change in the construction of your executive department, as good soldiers, patriots, and defenders of the one great and holy cause now animating all true American hearts, it is your bounden duty to God and man, to the cause of human liberty throughout the entire world, to every manly impulse, to every hope of peace and happiness for yourselves and your posterity, that you sink all personal considerations in one great holocaust, whose flames shall illumine a world, and whose end shall be Union.

As for myself, I like you. You have all the material for success. I say it not in the poor spirit of mere compliment, nor with the slightest disrespect for your former commander, as circumstances beyond his control may have prevented him from giving to you the benefit of his undoubted military knowledge; but I like you, and here say to you, in my place, that if you will give to me your undivided time and labor for the space of a few weeks, I will add to them my own best endeavors to make you at once the pride and glory of your own gallant States and of the nation.

Soldiers! Do you hear me? Soldiers! Do you answer me? Say, Yes! and fear not the result.

A. N. DUFFIE, Colonel Commanding.

Our commander labored under but one serious disadvantage—his difficulty in the idioms of our language; this, however, he gradually overcame.

July 11th. We received orders to be ready to move at one hour's notice, with ten days' rations; but as our outfit was incomplete, final marching orders were delayed.

July 16th. Governor Sprague again visited us, and with General McDowell reviewed the command at the General's headquarters. On his return to our camp, he made the necessary promotions to fill existing vacancies in the field and line.

July 17th. The officers were assigned their several commands, and vigorous preparations were resumed to be ready for the front. The following was the roster of the regiment at this time:

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel, ALFRED N. DUFFIE.
Lieutenant-Colonel, JOHN L. THOMPSON.
Major, PRESTON M. FARRINGTON.
" EDMUND C. BURT.
" JOHN WHIPPLE, Jr.
Adjutant, CHARLES S. TREAT.
Quartermaster, CHARLES A. LEONARD.
Commissary, LEONARD B. PRATT.
Surgeon, J. B. GREELEY.
Assistant Surgeon, AUGUSTINE A. MANN.
Chaplain, Rev. F. DENISON.

LINE OFFICERS.

TROOP A.—Captain, JOSHUA VOSE; First Lieutenant, JAMES P. VOSE; Second Lieutenant, R. J. BURGESS.

TROOP B.—Captain, A. H. BIXBY; First Lieutenant, H. P. BARKER; Second Lieutenant, C. C. LEONARD.

TROOP C.—Captain, GEORGE N. BLISS; First Lieutenant, CHARLES H. THAYER; Second Lieutenant, JAMES P. TAYLOR.

TROOP D.—Captain, CHARLES N. MANCHESTER; First Lieutenant, FRANK ALLEN; Second Lieutenant, CHARLES A. SAWYER.

TROOP E.—Captain, ALLEN BAKER, Jr.; First Lieutenant, EDWARD E. CHASE; Second Lieutenant, L. B. SHURTLIFF.

TROOP F.—Captain, JOHN ROGERS; First Lieutenant, RICHARD WATERMAN; Second Lieutenant, JAMES M. FALES.

TROOP G.—Captain, JOSEPH J. GOULD; First Lieutenant, C. G. A. PETERSON; Second Lieutenant, OTIS C. WYATT.

TROOP H.—Captain, W. H. TURNER, Jr.; First Lieutenant, RUFUS HIGGINS; Second Lieutenant, J. B. COOK.

TROOP I.—Captain, S. R. SWETT; First Lieutenant, L. D. GOVE; Second Lieutenant, G. H. THOMPSON.

TROOP K.—Captain, ARNOLD WYMAN; First Lieutenant, —— ——; Second Lieutenant, BARNARD ELLIS.

TROOP L.—Captain, W. C. CAPRON; First Lieutenant, GEORGE H. RHODES; Second Lieutenant, —— ——.

TROOP M.—Captain, J. J. PRENTICE; First Lieutenant, J. F. ANDREWS; Second Lieutenant, W. P. PRENTICE.

July 18th. Major Burt, United States Paymaster, to our great cheer, paid us to July 1st.

July 19th. Mr. Allen Baker, of Providence, R. I., arrived in camp to visit his son and bring us welcome news from our friends at home. Some will remember his pleasant face and kind words, and the visit made

with him (July 21st) to Bull Run battle field, and also the visit to McDowell's headquarters, when moved to Warrenton.

July 20th. Allen R. Paine (Troop D) died of fever, in the General Hospital at Alexandria.

July 22d. John Winsor (Troop A) died of injuries received by falling from his horse, and was buried with honors by the regiment, on the right of our camp.

In our funerals, and in all our religious services, the Colonel, though a Catholic, attended, and required the attendance of all not on duty. One might have supposed him to be a genuine Protestant, so liberal was his spirit; and he regarded religious worship as of great importance to his men. On the first Sabbath after taking command, orders were issued for the regiment to attend worship, as a body, and an understanding was had with the officers that all persons applying to be excused should be referred to the Colonel. Before long a case occurred, and the following dialogue ensued:

Soldier. "Colonel, I wish to be excused from service."

Colonel. "Why excused? The Chaplain a good man; he preach nothing bad; he do good."

Soldier. "But, Colonel, I am a Catholic."

Colonel. "Ah! you a Catholic? Very well; I am glad. I am a Catholic, and I attend service. You will attend service. Be ready."

As others besides ourselves may be interested in the mention of our daily regimental exercise and school of arms, we copy the order:

A. M. Reveille, 5 o'clock; breakfast, 5½; regimental drill, 6; recall, 8; sick call, 8; water call and grain feeding, 8; guard mounting, 9; instruction of bugles, 9–11; stable call and hay feeding, 10–10½; officers' call, 10½; dinner, 12. P. M. Fatigue call, 1; water call, 3½;

stable call and grain feeding, 4–4½; dress parade and regimental drill, 5; recall, 7; supper, 7; hay feeding, 7; tattoo, 8½; taps, 9.

July 27th. "Assembly call" brought us into a hollow square on the parade at nine and a half o'clock A. M., to listen to Mr. Lincoln's order relative to the death of Martin Van Buren, after which followed our order of worship: hymn No. 11 of our manual, reading fifth Psalm, prayer, short sermon from John xii., 27, doxology, and benediction. By request the Chaplain then read the following paper:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
MANASSAS, July 27, 1862.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 18.]

Officers and men of the First Rhode Island Regiment of Cavalry:

The proudest satisfaction a commander can feel is mine—that of seeing the proficiency of his command in discipline, in drill, and in soldierly exercises; that of feeling that he has the respect, the esteem, the confidence and affection of his soldier comrades; and, above all, the sure knowledge that he can take into the field a regiment of men who, with able hands and willing hearts, in the thickest of the fray, will let their blows fall fastest when the battle rages hottest; confiding in their honor of right, in their might, and their education—in the great momentum of intelligence, as opposed to mere brute force; men who, in the name of God and our native land, will strike to the earth those enemies of human liberty and human rights, who have applied the agrarian torch to the grandest fabric in human hands—our American Union.

By order:

A. N. DUFFIE, Colonel Commanding.

Hearty cheers followed the reading of this order. The Colonel was delighted with our regiment on account of the character and intelligence in it: so different from what he had seen in European armies.

In our refit the entire command was supplied with

pistols, while many of the old carbines were retained. All our sabres and spurs were in order. The officers assumed close-fitting short jackets of navy blue, with gold lace trimmings, giving us a light and spirited look. Everything was planned with a view to swift and effective action. When Lieutenant Bixby (Troop L) was promoted to the captaincy of Troop B, his old command made him a present (July 30th) of a fifty dollar sabre and belt. The presentation speech and the Captain's reply were of a high and inspiriting order. Our line and ranks could boast of eloquence.

Of course we had hours of mirth and merriment. But the Colonel put his foot upon whisky and gambling. Yet these would slyly creep around the margin of the camp. One day the Colonel, taking a stroll into the forest, discovered a squad of men, in a leafy bower, absorbed with their cards. Silently approaching them, he found they had made up "a pot," and were calling to one another, in the parlance of the game, to "chip in." Springing into the circle, he cried, "You chip in; I take the pot," and, grasping the money, turned back to camp. Coming upon the parade, he met the Chaplain—treasurer of the regimental fund—and said, "Ah! Chaplain, I'm the lucky boy. I have the money. I find money for our band. Now we have more instruments and music. My boys chip in; I take the pot."

Old rye was obtainable by the men only on the ground of sickness, and then only by an order from the Colonel. One of a dry squad volunteered to play the sick, and appeared at headquarters, with canteen in hand, where occurred the following interview:

Soldier. "Colonel, I wish an order for whisky."

Colonel. "You sick? What the matter? Whisky make you sick." Pointing to the canteen, he added,

"That much make you walk bad; make your eye look red. You sick? I give you something to make you well." Giving him a small glass, he added, "You feel better bye and bye. I give no order. When you sick and want whisky, come to me; I see if you are sick. If you not sick, I give you h—l."

General Pope was vigorously organizing the Army of Virginia to make a demonstration against Richmond by the way of Culpepper and Orange Court House, and as yet the whole rebel army was with Lee. So, except light picket duty and occasional excursions in search of guerrillas, our time and attention were devoted to the duties and exercises of our camp, which was a military school, often remarkably interesting and exciting. The drill of squads, with sabres, with carbines, with pistols; the drill of troops and battalions; the variety of movements, by walk, by trot, by gallop; the advanee, the retreat, the charge, the recall, the rally,—all were absorbing to us and to all spectators. There sprung up a splendid *esprit de corps,* and we were justly proud of our order and attainments. And we were often selected to drill in public and at general reviews. This was due both to the skill of Colonel Duffie and the intelligence and noble manhood in the command.

Our camp was a school, indeed; a preparation for march and battle; for dashing over plains, threading mountain passes, fording creeks and rivers; now tracking and now avoiding the foe; videtting forests; charging the enemy's lines; forming battle front; plunging at last beneath the awful war clouds, to leave in gory shrouds some of our loved and heroic brothers.

CHAPTER XII.

ON TO THE RAPIDAN.

AUGUST, 1862.

THE war storm thickened around Richmond. General Pope, to relieve the pressure on McClellan's army,—now smitten and driven back—proposed to draw off some of Lee's forces, by making a feint, or actual attack, on his rear, by advancing upon Gordonsville. Our regiment was to act in his van. His entire army—Army of Virginia—numbered about thirty-eight thousand men, of which about five thousand were cavalry. His front, before moving, extended from Fredericksburg to the gaps of the Blue Ridge. We were in Ricketts' division, of McDowell's corps, but reported directly to McDowell.

August 1st. At ten o'clock A. M. we received orders to march immediately to the ford of the Rappahannock, near the burned bridge of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Up went our cheers, and down went our tents. Blankets and coats were rolled; cantles and pomels were freighted; company and regimental wagons were loaded; haversacks were crowded with rations; our camp furniture and every pet thing was cast aside. Resident

and "contraband" negroes stood ready to pick the camp carcass. By four o'clock P. M. we were in regimental column, with our train attached. Sheds, arbors, and whatever might give aid or comfort to the enemy, were devoted to flames. With an impressive ceremony, peculiar to our regiment, our standard was received to our centre by salutes and music, and the bugles sounded the "forward." How imposing the sight of the long, bright line, headed by the advance guard; followed by the cheery band, playing national airs; then the gay field officers; then each glittering troop with its waving guidon, the men formed by twos; then the full wagon train; lastly the rear-guard; the whole column reaching more than a mile.

Strange emotions came over us as we looked back upon the burning camp, full of so many memories, and then turned our faces towards the field of action that in vision lay before us, for we knew that we were marching to battle. Again we passed through the ruins of Manassas. The young moon gave us a little light for a few hours, when we had the fortune to lose our way in the dense oak forests, compelling a few extra miles of march. Reaching Bristoe as the moon bade us good-night over the mountains, in the groves and on the hill-side we lighted our camp fires, heated our coffee, ate our bread, and wrapped ourselves in our blankets for the sweet oblivion of sleep.

Human nature is many sided; the tragic and comic elements in us lie side by side, as the muscles for weeping and laughing do in the face. Does this explain why there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous? Into our bivouac was brought a spy—a Mr. Randolph, just from Richmond. In consideration of his age, the officers, occupying an old, deserted mansion,

assigned to Mr. Randolph a crazy sofa to help his dreams, while we made proof of the floor. After reporting, with some pride, that he had a son, whom he called Bob, commissioned in the rebel army, he stretched himself upon the rickety sofa, and very sanctimoniously repeated at length his evening prayers, not forgetting to pray for the Confederacy and its armies. On closing, Lieutenant Barker inquired further about his son, and added that we might yet meet him and show him how to "bob." At this, the old secession saint sprung from his sofa to the floor, and favored us with the hottest volley of oaths and anathemas we ever heard. When he slacked his fire, Lieutenant Barker coolly remarked, "Well, my friend, wouldn't it be best now to lie down again, and repeat those prayers?"

August 2d. Greeted by our bugles and the morning light, we accepted soldiers' fare, sprung to our saddles, handsomely received our standard to the centre, and advanced. Through forest, field and intervale, across streams, creeks and runs, we wound our way along the line of the railroad, passing Catlett, Warrenton Junction, Bealton, and Rappahannock Village, and halted at three o'clock P. M. just below the burned bridge, on the margin of the river, having marched, in twenty-four hours, thirty miles, which is a full day's march for cavalry. It was August, remember. Was it warm on that march? Ask the troopers: *sudor fluit undique rivis.* Our halts were few and brief. Then what became of the large, luscious bush blackberries? They seceded. Sometimes our wagons stuck in the lowlands, for the fiery glances of a summer sun were insufficient to compel old Virginia to dry up. We passed the construction corps engaged in rebuilding the railroad, about six miles back from the Rappahannock, with some small bridges yet

unfinished in their rear. Thus again we were beyond the reach of supply trains, and the sacred soil had to furnish us what we did not bring in our wagons. Of course we did all things modestly, quietly and lawfully, under General Pope's severe orders to receipt for what we must take, and to punish plundering. We remember the Colonel's charge to the regiment, given with a twinkle of the eye, "Don't you let me see you when you take anything."

But few inhabitants were found in the regions we passed; all the able-bodied had joined themselves to the Southern side. What blacks had not been pressed south, or escaped towards Washington, stood in their hut doors, or by the wayside, enamored with our loyal music and rejoicing in our advance, for they regarded the war as the long prayed for day of their deliverance.

On the outpost, confronting Culpepper, surrounded by secessionists, and watched by spies calling themselves "Union men," our bivouac was in perfect military order, every man in his place and on the alert. High and proudly the Stars and Stripes were lifted in front of our headquarters. We were on the plantation of Mr. Bowen, a chief land-holder of this region, now in years, whose hospitality some of the officers shared at his mansion, but whose Union sentiments were like Joseph's coat. A smart mulatto boy, who joined us at Bealton, belonged to this lord of the soil, as no one would doubt who saw the two faces. Slavery was a patriarchal institution, with a prodigious tail to it.

Major Swett, who had lately succeeded Major Burt, with his huge Spanish spurs that meant business, from a reconnoissance towards Kelly's Ford, brought into camp two wealthy south-sided citizens, G. G. Kelly and Mr. Clifton, who were required to take the oath of al-

legiance to our Government or become prisoners, but who stuck at the demand. Mr. Clifton, after stoutly swearing against the United States, concluded to wilt, at least verbally, in the direction of loyalty. Cases of this kind were too numerous. It ought to be stated, however, that the majority of the Southern people were strangely and strongly conscientious in their secession scheme, and hence they fought bravely and persistently till the star of their hope went down.

Finding some corn and wheat in this vicinity, our boys took possession of the grist-mill near the railroad crossing, and run it in the interest of the Quartermaster's department. In like manner the mill at Kelly's Ford was conscripted to transform rebel grain into loyal meal. At this latter ford, we found the well known John P. Kelly, then eighty-one years of age, and an invalid, formerly a very wealthy gentleman, now in a pitiable condition: his eighty negroes had escaped; his cattle and produce had been swept off by the war waves; his cloth mills had been robbed of their machinery by the Richmond authorities; and he, with a broken limb, was sick and near his grave, while "John Brown's soul was marching on."

August 4th. The construction corps, with previously prepared timbers, reached the river, and in two days the engineers sprung a new tressel bridge, in thirty-six bents, four hundred feet from bank to bank. On the Culpepper bank the rebels had constructed a strong stockade fort, and, on the bluffs, on both banks, had erected earthworks of considerable pretensions; but these were not their "last ditch."

August 6th. Obedient to orders, early in the morning, we forded the Rappahannock, just below the bridge, organized our column, lifted our guidons, received our standard to the centre, sent our band to the rear with

our train, threw out our skirmishers and advance guard, under Lieutenant Wyatt, detailed our rear-guard, under Lieutenant Thayer, and commenced our march for Culpepper Court House. All our precautions were necessary, as we were on the left front of the army, and during the preceding night a guerrilla party had approached the bridge, alarming the engineers and calling from us a guard. There were no Federal pickets on our front or left.

Some of McDowell's forces were at the same time advancing far off on our right. Something of a warlike sight it was to look upon our skirmishers, with upraised, ready pistols, advancing on our right and left, while the bannered, steel-armed column wound its great length over plains and through forests—the beautiful but almost utterly abandoned plantations. A remnant of the old slave population remained to gaze with wonder and joy upon the banner of the free. It had been said by a wealthy citizen of Culpepper that not one white man in all that country would ever take the oath of allegiance to the United States. On account of the extreme heat, we occasionally halted for water and rest. Over the hot, deserted, silent lands, large, lazy turkey-buzzards were leisurely sailing, as if scenting the prey they were soon to find on the ensanguined field. Heavy grass remained uncut and perishing, and a portion of the wheat crop was standing in shock in the fields.

Reaching Culpepper before noon, we found General McDowell had just arrived and selected his headquarters in the suburbs with Mr. Wallack, the editor of the Washington Star. A few regiments were in and around the town. A few Confederate prisoners were there, captured some days before by our scouts near Madison Court House, among them a major of cavalry named Marshall.

A beautiful little aristocratic city was Culpepper, encompassed by fertile vales and hills, and prior to the rebellion boasted about twelve hundred inhabitants; half of these, the rich and political, had passed within the rebel lines. On the first occupancy of the town by our troops, the proud and traitorous inhabitants, chagrined and angered by our advance, sent a deputation of F. F. V's to protest against the playing of our national airs by our bands. Chivalry, this! Who got up the party? They forgot to forbid our breathing! But we afforded them such music then and afterwards as probably their sensitive ears have never forgotten.

Halting in the skirts of the town for further orders, most of us were refreshed with hard bread, water and green apples; some of the officers having nothing, as the sutlers were far in the rear. Receiving written orders, we moved at five o'clock P. M., with a guide, in a southern direction, over charming hills, down into the notorious Flat Lands, that for many a mile in length and width skirt the northern bank of the Rapidan, and are covered with oak forests, relieved by large plantations. Thus beyond all Federal outposts, ten miles from Culpepper, and about the same from Rapidan Station, we halted and bivouacked within five miles of Raccoon Ford—a river crossing of great importance to forces moving north or south. From this point on the Flat Lands, in front of the ford, we were to hold the country from General Bayard's line near Rapidan Station on our right, by the river front as far to the east as possible—quite a responsibility under the circumstances.

Weary and hungry from our march of eighteen miles in the heat, the cribs of corn, stacks of hay, and other supplies found on the plantations, yielded to our informal requisitions, and prepared us to sleep on the sun-baked

earth. Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, with a squadron and our guide, explored the country for a circuit of miles and learned something of the enemy's force on the southern bank of the river. In due time our wagon train came up and was parked; all of us on our guard, with a sharp lookout. Of course our sleep was mixed with vigilant calculations.

August 7th. We sent out a battalion, under Major Whipple, on scouting service, who thoroughly studied Raccoon Ford, leaving a troop to hold it, and visited Somerville Ford, a few miles farther up the river. We threw pickets along the river for five or six miles, for during the previous night large parties of rebel cavalry had crossed and borne off a number of negroes. Before our arrival, the Confederates had robbed the country of horses, cattle, and the main articles of subsistence. Alarm and fear ruled all around us, since it was believed that a great battle was imminent in that region. In fact, three corps of the Confederate army were moving up to the Rapidan, and three corps of the Union army were moving down upon it.

Mr. Vaugh's plantation afforded berries, green corn, 'possum, and tobacco. However it might have seemed to our boys to appropriate the old man's fatted 'possum from the pen, there was no cash market for his stored tobacco, so they smoked with quiet consciences. Terrified "contrabands" were pressing into our lines, bringing important reports. Firing was now heard up the river, along the line held by General Bayard with his cavalry. The enemy were shelling him from the right bank, and pushing their advance across. General Buford, on the extreme right of our army, was being pushed back. General Sigel with his corps was at Sperryville. General McDowell with most of his corps, and Crawford's brigade

of Banks' corps, were at Culpepper. General Banks was at Hazel River, but hurrying forward to the point where the enemy had commenced the attack. We were on the extreme left of our army front, without any supports, till near midnight (August 7th), when the First Maine Cavalry were ordered down near Raccoon Ford.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

AUGUST, 1862.

AUGUST 8th. From a messenger, sent in hot haste, we had orders to instantly spur to the relief and support of General Bayard, in the vicinity of Cedar Mountain, as the enemy, advancing from Orange Court House, had crossed the Rapidan and attacked him, and was pushing him back. Leaving wagons and every unnecessary thing, we regirt our belts, jumped to our saddles, and were immediately in column and on our hurried march over the plantations. By a route of about eight miles we reached Bayard, holding the enemy at bay on the north of Cedar Mountain. He had been skirmishing with the rebel advance guard for nearly twenty-four hours, and had lost a number of his heroic command. The advancing Confederate forces comprised three corps, viz.: Jackson's, Ewell's, and A. P. Hill's, numbering more than twenty thousand men; and these to be followed by Longstreet's corps, to be held as reserves.

Instantly we were put upon the front as pickets, videttes, and skirmishers, along the base of Cedar Mountain, and westward from it to a dense forest. Here,

confronting the enemy's pickets and videttes, we found he was bringing his forces into position in the forests along the top of the mountain, and on the ridge of highlands stretching westward to the woods and the Orange wagon road. Save a few, who caught "cat naps" on the grass or in the bushes in the rear of the main line, we were in our saddles through the night, watching the movements of the foe. Colonel Duffie and some of his staff caught a brief nap in a cluster of blackberry bushes; certainly they had thorns in their pillows. Affairs looked thorny on all sides. While the enemy's forces were gathering and forming in our front, portions of General Banks' corps were coming up and taking position in the valley in our rear.

We were now in the Second Army Corps with Bayard, under Banks. General Buford, up to the right, was falling back from Madison Court House. Sigel was hurrying forward from Sperryville to our support. General Pope had just reached Culpepper, where McDowell had massed the most of his corps, consisting of eighteen thousand men. Sigel had eleven thousand men; Banks, eight thousand, and the cavalry force numbered five thousand. Unfortunately, the battle was thrown wholly upon Banks' corps of eight thousand. They had to contend with more than twenty thousand of the enemy—a very weighty consideration.

The Confederates too had the better position: Cedar Mountain as their right; heavy forests on their left, with a front of open ground sloping into the valley, through which ran the forked brook called Cedar Run. Our forces had their front wholly in the valley, on both sides of the brook, but also stretched back northeasterly over the rising ground and into the forests in the direction of Culpepper.

The valley consisted of rolling meadows and corn fields, with a plateau or large flat knoll in the centre, on the west side of which was the Crittenden mansion. The rebels faced nearly northeast; we faced nearly southwest. They hoped to draw us on the heights; we chose to remain in open, plain ground; yet we remained under the disadvantage of being exposed to their artillery fire from Cedar Mountain.

August 9th. Crawford's brigade of Banks' corps was on the field during the night, just in our rear, we holding the extreme front. The lines of battle were being formed as rapidly as possible, along a front of about a mile. Musketry fire was heard on our right, in the woods, among the pickets. The enemy were pushing forward, and we were holding them in check. General Banks now came upon the field with the remainder of his corps. In front of us the rebel cavalry, artillery, and infantry were openly taking advantageous positions. General Banks was disposing his force in our rear along the valley. The body of our regiment occupied the knoll north and west of the Crittenden house, just in the rear of our skirmish and picket line, ready to receive or make a charge, as circumstances might direct, for we were constantly within reach of the enemy's fire.

About noon, from a battery on Cedar Mountain, the rebels commenced throwing shell upon our command. Some shots burst amongst us; some passed over us upon the main line. We had, however, but one man unhorsed. The assailing battery was soon silenced by the splendid firing of our artillery, playing over our heads. Other rebel batteries were soon run up to the mountain crest, and the rebel infantry was pushed into the woods nearer to our front. Under cover of trees and heavy bushes, the enemy finally slipped a force into the margin

of the valley, within rifle shot of our skirmish line, which was commanded by Major Farrington. This force, near three o'clock P. M., rose from their concealment and opened fire in earnest upon our men. The hot volley fell upon Major Farrington and his command, who received the shock with utmost coolness, returning the fire with precision and effect, till, having spent their ammunition, they obeyed the "recall," and joined the body of the regiment on the knoll. The firing of the enemy was so high that we lost but one man on the skirmish line—John Kiernan (Troop F), his horse falling dead with him.

Now the battle had fairly opened, and we had all the music we desired, to say nothing of lead and iron that fell like hail around us. Like meteors the shell howled and broke in the air above us. As the artillery of both armies played over us, we were under a magnificent bridge of fire. Shortly, however, we were ordered into a hollow north of the knoll, but still on the extreme front, to repel or execute a charge, as occasion might require.

The two armies were now pressing together. Jackson led his corps against our right; Ewell led his command against our left; both were thrown forward as rapidly as possible. General Banks held his corps handsomely in hand and handled it heroically, being himself often under fire. General Williams commanded our right; General Augur wielded our left. The day was hot—the battle hotter.

Repeatedly the rebels attempted infantry charges in front of us, from the point of the forest, but our artillery, playing over our regiment with grape and canister, cut them down as mowers cut grass. We, however, were severely scarred by the enemy's new pieces on the mountain. Both armies were now in the dread grapple. The

dense war cloud in the valley eclipsed the summer sun. Bullets whistled, cannon bellowed, shell screeched, bugles blew, and carnage reigned. Clouds of dust were raised by rushing horses and battalions. Still we remained exactly between the fires, though sheltered not a little by the hollow we occupied. Our forces nobly met the shock. General Banks reported that he had but five thousand in the real action against twenty-five thousand of the foe.

In this position on the front, we lost J. Mulvey (Troop D), Frank Travers (Troop E), Henry Woodward (Troop L), and eleven horses. Major Whipple's horse was wounded, and Lieutenant Barker's horse was killed under him. The following men were wounded: R. Durden (Troop F), B. Potter (Troop H), A. A. Hall, L. Martin, M. L. Parmenter (Troop K), W. H. Caswell (Troop L). Two men were captured. But for the protection of the knoll we should have been decimated.

Near six o'clock P. M., in the hottest of the action, as we could aid no further, and had been in our saddles twenty-four hours on the front, we were ordered to fall back for rest and refreshment. Coolly we brought our guidons through the wave of fire, smoke and battle dust, and passed through the centre of the army line by the Culpepper road to the Ward plantation and halted, where General Pope with McDowell and his corps passed us, hurrying to Banks' support. On leaving the fiery field, we sent our report to General Banks by Lieutenant J. P. Taylor, who returned with the General's reply: "The Rhode Island Regiment behaved well." With sorrow we record that this was the last service rendered us by this faithful and brave Lieutenant, and the last we ever saw of him.

The battle continued with unabating fury till night.

settled down on the bloody field, and did not cease wholly till near midnight. Jackson gained a portion of the valley after dark, but was finally unable to hold it. It was counted a drawn battle. Our army lost in killed, wounded and captured, about eighteen hundred men. The enemy lost more; and the next day (August 10th) fell back to Cedar Mountain, and on the eleventh retreated across the Rapidan.

For the night of the ninth, we threw our exhausted bodies on the bare earth and were lulled to sleep by the roar of artillery and bursts of musket volleys. In a day of severe battle the human organism is unconsciously run at a high rate of speed, and hence greatly exhausted and worn. Relative to our conduct in this action, our Colonel, no unqualified judge of soldierly behavior, issued to us the following:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY.

[SPECIAL ORDER NO. —.]

Officers and men of the First Rhode Island Cavalry:

You have met the enemy bravely. You had the post of honor in the advance. You received the first shock of the battle of Cedar Mountain. Although no opportunity was offered you for charging upon the enemy's lines, you as calmly and fearlessly awaited the order to charge amidst that terrible tempest of shot and shell as though upon an evening parade, until six o'clock, after having been three hours under fire, you were ordered from the field to other duty. For this I thank you. Your country thanks you in the name of God and liberty.

Three of your comrades fell gloriously upon the field, while three others will carry through life the honorable marks of wounds received that day.

It is here my sad duty to say that Lieutenant J. P. Taylor (Troop C), after having faithfully performed his duty at my side during the day, overcome by the excessive heat, fell a martyr to his zeal. He died the morning after the battle, from the effect of a sunstroke the evening before.

Soldiers! we have yet other work before us. Be ready! Strike hard, and spare not.

A. N. DUFFIE.

Our men that fell on the field were carefully and tearfully laid in the trench graves with the gallant dead of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio: as their lives were one in loyal action, their bodies were one in their rest. As we visited the field after the battle, and moved among the burying parties, what a sight! A space one mile in length, and nearly the same in width, torn, trodden, cannon plowed, bloody; fences and corn fields obliterated; trees splintered and even cut off by shot; dead men, dead horses, fragments of bodies, broken wagons, remnants of arms and equipage. The smell of the field was well-nigh insupportable. By the retreating rebels some of their dead were left unburied, though a flag of truce was granted for their removal. The Crittenden house was riddled by metal and stained by the blood of the wounded.

We may not close this chapter of our experience without adding the following tribute from the pen of Nathaniel G. Stanton, M. D., then our excellent Hospital Steward:

Lieutenant JAMES P. TAYLOR. He was the son of Anthony V. and Martha C. Taylor, and was born in Newport, R. I., January 3, 1822. Soon after he reached the age of manhood his parents removed to the city of Providence, where he learned the art of wood-engraving, which was his occupation at the time of his enlistment.

He was commissioned as Second Lieutenant with us December 24, 1861. His frank, genial manner, his integrity and high-toned character, won him warm friends and secured for him the esteem of all who knew him. In the terrible scenes of the battle of Cedar Mountain, in which he served as an aid to our commander, he earned

a noble record for unwavering courage at the post of duty and danger.

As the battle took place on a day of extreme heat, many were disabled from this cause, and Lieutenant Taylor was among the number. The exhausting labors incident to the gallant part which he took throughout the action proved too much for his endurance, and at the end of the battle he left the field with us, but greatly prostrated.

Conscious that he needed different ministrations from those that could be obtained in a bivouac, he started for the house of Mr. William Flint, about three miles distant, and arrived there too feeble to utter a word. He sank rapidly under the effects of the sunstroke, and died the next morning, Sunday, August 10, 1862.

We add a necessary word. Wrapped in a cloth, kindly furnished from the house of Mr. Flint, then being used as a sort of hospital, our comrade was buried in a single grave, near the left front corner of the house. This mansion is about two and a half miles from Culpepper, on the north side of the road. The Chaplain visited the spot shortly after the burial and learned the particulars here stated. Greatly loved and lamented was our good and brave Lieutenant. His fair record is in our hearts and in the worthy annals of his native State.

Martyr for Liberty! ever thy name
Brightly shall glow on the roll of our fame.

CHAPTER XIV.

RETREATING AND FIGHTING.

AUGUST, 1862.

AUGUST 11th. We were again ordered to the vicinity of Raccoon Ford, to prevent the enemy from crossing. Hastening on, we halted on our former camp ground on the Flat Lands, and sent out two battalions on scout and picket duty, and confronted the pickets of Stuart's cavalry, up the river, near the railroad. We captured Samuel Crossen, of the Twenty-first Mississippi Regiment, and John Thornton, of Orange Court House. Thoroughly wet with a shower, we laid down for sleep on the soft breast of mother earth. We seldom felt our relationship more closely. Though our train finally came up, it remained packed and parked, ready for an emergency. As for days we had done, we subsisted on bread and water; and the summer heat was extreme. During the night a squad of twelve mounted rebels attacked Captain Wyman and his pickets, but were repulsed with better lead than they sent. Our reports were sent to headquarters through the signal station on Poney Mountain, about three miles north of our bivouac; but the next day a signal officer took his station with us on the Flat Lands.

August 14th. The enemy were reported in force on Clark's Mountain. From Mr. Wheaton's plantation we politely detailed a negro, Alexander, a good blacksmith, without his master's consent, to assist us in re-shoeing some of our horses.

August 15th. A brigade of General Burnside's corps reached us and took position on our right, we remaining on the extreme left and front; and General Reno's division passed up to the right of us on the following day. These were reinforcements that had been hurried on from Alexandria. After our religious services (August 17th) we had orders to advance to the right, and immediately moved up to Mitchell's Station, near Cedar Mountain. Here we found General Carroll with a bullet in his shoulder just received from a rebel sharp-shooter on the picket line.

August 18th. Here on the front we were reviewed by General Roberts in the presence of Generals Pope and McDowell, and pronounced the finest appearing and best cavalry regiment in the Army of Virginia. Of course we rubbed up our spurs and sabres, and sat very erect under our guidons, to win such a compliment. That night we were ordered in force on picket duty near the Rapidan, on the Orange Turnpike, relieving the Harris Light Cavalry, who had just lost Captain Walters, shot by rebel pickets. Of our pillows that night, for such as presumed to lie down, we shall leave Captain Manchester to speak privately. The enemy was now again advancing in force to attack us, and constantly exchanging shots with our pickets. Shortly after midnight orders came to fall back to the base of Cedar Mountain; and we could distinctly hear the sounding of the "long roll" in the rebel camps on the opposite bank of the river.

August 19th. Near sunrise we found our forces mov-

ing in retreat. Acting as left skirmishers and flank guard to the army, we gradually fell back to Culpepper, where we waited for Sigel's corps to come in from the right and pass on their way towards the Rappahannock. Near evening, acting as rear-guard to all—one of the posts of honor again—we left Culpepper, shielding the retreat and cleaning the road of abandoned valuables by fire as we passed. The army trains falling back to Rappahannock and Warrenton would have formed a single line near twenty miles in length. Serious, indeed, were the scenes around us; our retreating army on one side of us; the reinforced rebel army pressing closely on the other side; but little chance for sleep or play was here. To give our forces time to cross the river, by bridge and fords, we halted near Brandy Station to hold the enemy at bay.

Here passed us what a motley crowd of fleeing slaves, on foot, on horse or mule, in old broken-down vehicles tied with straps and strings, in all manner of costumes grave and gay, wardrobes old and new borrowed from Massa's and Missis' shelves and trunks, and loaded with needfuls for the time. How anxiously and tearfully they pressed within our lines. The photographer and comic artist ought to have been in our bivouac and on the skirmish line.

We ate what we could pick up by the way. Fortunate were those who found ears of green corn to toast on the points of their sabres. One of our band gobbled a hen and kept her in his note-bag till she laid him an egg; but her owner's hunger brought her neck to the edge of the sabre.

August 20th. With dawn we resumed our retreat. Near us the rebels dashed up and had an unsuccessful brush with the Harris Light Cavalry. Some were killed,

some wounded, and some taken prisoners. But our line was not broken. Of course the enemy picked up a few exhausted men who straggled. Near noon we reached the Rappahannock, where the foe came up and fired on us. Having crossed, our forces held the bridge and made a stand on the eastern bank. Indeed, for a time, we held the stockade fort on the opposite bank. We now stretched our pickets from Ellis' Ford on our left to Sulphur Springs on our right; General Reno on our left; General Sigel on our right; Generals McDowell and Banks in our centre. We usually reported to McDowell.

August 21st–22d. During these days, the enemy, holding the right bank of the river from Kelly's Ford to a point above Sulphur Springs, furnished us a large amount of metal swiftly forwarded; but we made the exchange about equal. As McClellan's army had been withdrawn from Richmond, General Lee brought the main part of his army to act against General Pope, and Lee himself was at Culpepper on the twenty-second. Work evidently was now before us.

On the twenty-first, Surgeon Greeley, on the front with a brigade surgeon, was wounded in his left arm and in his right thigh, and was taken back towards Washington. On the same day, Captain Bixby and his squadron, sent to the assistance of Sigel, returned and reported the capture of Corporal J. S. Brown and Edward Myers (Troop B), W. J. Glancy and Abraham England (Troop C), and John Wilson (Troop G). Men and horses suffered much from hunger and thirst. Wells were scarce, and the few summer streams were muddy from the tramp and rush of troops. Clean water was too valuable to use in washing our faces; we kept it for the sick and wounded, who were constantly being borne back from the front on stretchers and in ambulances.

Also, on the twenty-first, one of our battalions, under Major Swett, was sent to Warrenton Junction on provost duty; and the wagon trains fell back to Catlett Station, where, on the following night, Stuart's cavalry, that had slipped around our right into our rear, made a raid, destroying much property and taking a number of prisoners. With the trains sent back were one hundred recruits, unarmed and unequipped, who had reached the front that day. With the wagon train were our wagons, under Quartermaster Leonard and a number of our men. Of their experiences let G. A. Sargent speak:

"We arrived at the station about dark, thoroughly wet by a thunder-storm, and had scarcely bivouacked in the adjoining forest, about eighty rods from the station, when we were attacked by a heavy raiding force of Stuart's cavalry. Volleys and yells filled the air. We put out our fires and stood with pistols in hand. Being surrounded, we kept still. As we were in the forest, they passed all around us without discovering such as remained in the appointed bivouac. Two of our men were saved by climbing a tree as the raiders passed, and remaining on their roost all night. Some of the teamsters caught a rebel lieutenant in a novel way. They had stretched a rope from the wheel of one wagon to the wheel of another. As the lieutenant, at the head of a squad, came galloping on, his horse tripped and sent him headlong. A few shots scattered his squad, when our men seized the lieutenant, tied his legs and arms, and threw him into a wagon to remain till morning. Our army train near the station was almost wholly destroyed, and a number of our men (not following Lieutenant Leonard's direction) were captured. Thus we lost Captain Capron, wagon-master Tenny, two blacksmiths, and one cook. A few were killed on both sides. The rebels

captured about five hundred mules, and a portion of Pope's headquarters wagons."

On the twenty-second, Major Whipple and a squadron were sent down to Kelly's Ford, and Captain Bixby and a squadron were ordered to Bealton. To our great cheer, Colonel T. Burgess, as a volunteer aid, came on from Washington with a large mail and a quantity of toothsome rations, and heartily joined us. During the whole day we were in line of battle, eating only what we could pick up in abandoned camps and bivouacs, and before night were drenched by a heavy thunder-shower, which was a great blessing to the wounded, though it did not extinguish or even abate the fire of the battle. The enemy were now crossing the river at Sulphur Springs and flanking us on the right.

August 23d. With the break of day, broke upon us the fire from numerous well handled pieces near the railroad bridge. Abandoning the stockade and earthworks, we devoted the bridge and buildings near it to flames, and made arrangements to fall back to Warrenton. We were almost tempted to sympathize with Mr. Bowen, the rich old planter owning most of the land and buildings near Rappahannock Station, when he complained that the soldiers had skinned his lands, even to his garden, and finally had stolen his brass kettle; but we told him the times were brassy.

We were early in battle line, and the rebel shells screamed over us and broke around us. Another copious shower cooled our feverish flesh. A house in our front, formerly a parsonage, into which the Chaplain took the newly arrived mail bags to keep them dry, was struck by a shell and soon reduced to ashes. By evening, since the other forces had fallen back, we were the rear-guard to move, and slowly, wearily and warily we passed on

towards Warrenton, stirring up stragglers, and picking up the wounded and disabled. Colonel Burgess, without a horse, was assigned to an ambulance, not without some jokes; but in the darkness, near midnight, the ambulance made a somersault in a forest slew, and a good laugh relieved the solemn tension of our facial muscles.

August 24th. After reaching within six miles of Warrenton and halting, we were ordered back to watch the enemy's movements. Without rest, rations, or forage, save what we could cull from an army's track—the leanest kind of a bone to pick—we hastened to find that six thousand Georgia troops were pushing up the western bank of the river, who saluted us with their artillery. Near the burned depot we found burned and charred corn, alike acceptable to man and beast. Another shower settled the dust into our coats, though we thought enough was there before. Changes of clothes had been an utter impossibility for weeks; sometimes, as on the Flat Lands, we stripped, and, washing our shirts, waited shirtless for the clean garment to dry in the sun. All baggage vanished from our sight, with the trains, at Cedar Mountain. It was genuine field life and service that we were now sharing. To tell the whole truth, we all, officers and men, had become lousy; and we voted secession a lousy affair. The vermin infested the body, not the head; possibly the Yankees were too headstrong for them. An alarm brought us into line of battle in the evening; and the music of arms was continually in our ears from the right near Sulphur Springs, where, on the twenty-fifth, the splendid hotel was fired by the enemy's shell. What sleep we had we obtained in our saddles.

August 26th. We early moved up to Sulphur Springs to support our forces, struggling to retard the crossing "gray backs." Losing our way, we twice narrowly es-

caped capture, coolly receiving the enemy's metallic despatches sent with great haste. In the evening we fell back to Warrenton, for all our forces had now left the line of the river, and the rebels were turning our right wing. This day's march would have measured twenty-six miles.

August 27th. With the morning song of the birds, we heard the booming of artillery in the direction of Manassas, and all the forces and trains near Warrenton began to move with nervous haste. Our communications by railroad and telegraph with Washington had been cut off. What next might be was the serious question. Our generals were anxious and busy. We could see only hurrying trains, streams of bayonets, batteries of artillery, and lines of sabres. Picturesque scenery was around us, but we were short of time for its study. Clouds of dust rolled up from all the roads. The cars carried what they could to Catlett Station; beyond that the track was in the hands of the rebels, and we knew not but Lee was whistling the tune of "On to Washington" as a chorus to McClellan's "On to Richmond."

At Warrenton Major Swett and his battalion rejoined us. As the city was evacuated, we still served as rear-guard, and shortly were ordered to the extreme right, to New Baltimore, and thence to Georgetown, within three miles of Thoroughfare Gap, in the Bull Run Mountains. Halting on Silas Hunter's plantation (kept by Mr. Swarts), we sent out nearly the whole command on grand picket duty. As the rebel army, like a flood, was pouring through the gap, and we were without support, our position was sufficiently critical for men and horses that had seen no rest at all for four days. After trying Mr. Swarts' fruit and cider, some of us slept a few moments on our arms. Our pickets kept their eyes on the "gray backs." Major

Farrington, while reconnoitering near the gap, captured four rebel stragglers, who reported that Jackson was then near Manassas, with thirty thousand troops, and that Longstreet with his corps was within two miles of us. A heavy force of rebel cavalry passed within sight of our pickets, but we remained undiscovered. Here all will admit that discretion was the better part of valor. But we were only biding our time; the Confederates were destined to hear, in due season, of the "little Frenchman and his Yankees." Be it remembered that it is seldom that a cavalry force can engage in a square fight with their own or any arm; mounted troops are to aid all others, and especially to serve as van-guard, rear-guard, flankers, skirmishers, and scouts,—all posts of honor and of peril.

CHAPTER XV.

BATTLE OF GROVETON.

AUGUST, 1862.

AUGUST 28th. We found ourselves alone on a sort of war peninsula, almost entirely surrounded by heavy rebel forces, flushed with successes and high hopes, all moving under the direct order of General Lee, though he as yet had not passed through the gap. The corps of Jackson and Ewell had passed around the right wing of our army completely in our rear, and were at Bristoe and Manassas, where they had a fight with General Hooker and were checked.

The forces of the Army of Virginia, under Pope, at this time were as follows: Sigel's corps, nine thousand; Banks' corps, five thousand; McDowell's corps, fifteen thousand, five hundred; Reno's corps, seven thousand; the corps of Heintzelman and Fitz-John Porter, eighteen thousand: in all fifty-four thousand, five hundred.

In the morning we left our position of grand picket near the gap, by special orders, to join the main body of the army near Gainesville. Our band played cheerily as we marched along in sight of the foe, for the Star Spangled Banner is irrepressible. At Gainesville we found heavy forces waiting to learn of the whereabouts of the

wily, swift-footed Jackson, who was reported as having left Manassas and having visited even Centreville. Affairs appeared to be fearfully mixed, and excitement ran high. For the last ten days, skirmishing had been constantly going on along the lines, and was now even in our rear: some of these strokes amounted to what, in ordinary circumstances, would have been styled battles. Pushing beyond Gainesville, on the north side of the Warrenton Turnpike, we came in sight of Jackson's front early in the afternoon. Orders came to be ready for action.

As usual in such cases, we directed our band, our hospital force, and the officers' servants with all spare horses, to enter a little forest on our left and rear and remain till called for, as we were to engage in a reconnoissance. Reaching the woody shelter, they immediately, in genuine field fashion, secured their horses to tree trunks and limbs, and, gathering dry sticks, kindled a fire for making coffee. Around their fire they expectantly stood or sat in Turkish attitude, speculating on the times or humorously chatting of their experiences, waiting the boiling of their cups. Up through the trees rose the tell-tale column of smoke; seeing which, the "gray backs" tossed a shell as a feeler, that singularly enough dropped exactly through the smoky column into the centre of their camp fire, and, exploding, lifted brands, cups, ashes and earth, *a la volcano*, high in air, overturning men and frightening horses, scattering all far and wide. Often would the boys recall this episode of service, and enjoy a hearty laugh; though at the time some of them received serious injuries.

After a little skirmishing near us, we suspected that Jackson had selected a position near the turnpike on the north side, a few miles west of the old battle ground of

Bull Run. General Hatch, to whom McDowell had ordered us to report, selected our regiment and a light battery with which to feel for the foe, and marched at our head. Lieutenant Waterman commanded the skirmish line. As we cautiously advanced on a slope of ground wholly exposed, near Groveton, Jackson's forces, from their commanding position on the wooded rolling lands to the north, suddenly opened upon us a cross-fire from eighteen well handled pieces of artillery. Their firing was rapid and splendid; we were a fair target and close at hand. Instantly our skirmishers joined the column, and our artillery sprang into position and replied. No imagination was required to understand the poet's phrase, "bombs bursting in air." We could only stand and endure the shower. Over and among and through us, the shell came like a rain of exploding volcanic stones. Five of our horses were killed in a few minutes. When Lieutenant Gove's horse was shot under him and fell, the Lieutenant coolly unbuckled the saddle and took it upon his shoulder. Captain Manchester received a wound in the face from the fragment of a shell, and soberly remarked that he had fears for his mustache (a juvenile, dew-like adornment he had studiously cultivated). Several men were struck, but not fatally. We could do nothing to resist so heavy an attack from well posted batteries. We had drawn their fire and fully revealed the whereabouts of our enemies. General Hatch at our head allowed that we behaved gallantly. It was reported and believed that we were cut to pieces, as seemed inevitable from the storm that broke upon us. Nothing is more trying to the nerves than to be under heavy fire without orders or power to act upon the offensive or defensive: action is always relief under such circumstances.

The forces in our rear hastened to our support, and the battle opened hotly on both sides near sunset. We by order fell back from the extreme front and took our place with the main line. The brunt of the battle on our side was borne by Gibbon's brigade, handsomely seconded by Doubleday's brigade: both belonging to King's division of McDowell's corps. Our foe was Jackson himself, leading his famous "foot cavalry"—men that marched thirty miles a day. Though the battle was short, lasting little more than an hour, when darkness shut down on the smoky, dusty, gory field, it was fearfully sharp and destructive. It was a tornado of artillery and musketry. Jackson was always a swift, impetuous, persistent fighter. Here he met with equal courage and energy. Multitudes of brave men, thousands we judged, on both sides of the field, fell dead and wounded in the hot encounter. When the shock ceased, after dark, our regiment lay on their arms, holding our horses by the bridles, by the side of the turnpike, on the verge of the bloody field. Infantry forces sank down to rest by our side. In the action we had lost but one man captured, Corporal T. Leary (Troop E).

During the night the enemy, reinforced by Lee, flanked us on the west, and we had orders to fall back towards Manassas Junction. Our regiment was, as usual, designated for rear-guard; hence we were the last to leave the field. All orders were given in whisper, so critical was the situation. It was silent, solemn work turning from that field, soon after midnight. Many of the dead and dying were left, for orders to move admitted of no postponement or delay; yet we took as many as possible with us. How deeply, how unutterably were our hearts pained to turn away from the wounded and dying crying for water and relief. The hot, flowing tears on our cheeks

were the proof of our sympathy; but military orders must be obeyed; life is sunk in the waves of war. We relieved what we could; but in all the canteens of the regiment probably not a pint of water remained at midnight. Such are some of the sufferings, the anguish, the horrors of war; agonies of body and mind indescribable by speech.

August 29th. Reaching Manassas in the morning, on account of our exhaustion, we were permitted to rest till afternoon. The enemy had been driven back from their raid in this vicinity, and portions of McClellan's army were coming up to our support; thousands passed us moving towards the old Bull Run field. The trains of army supplies that escaped the grasp of the rebels at Catlett and Bristoe Stations passed new on their way to Centreville. Our regimental wagons, which we had not seen since we left the Rapidan, passed with the general trains; hence we obtained no supplies, though all suffering severely from hunger. Our efficient Quartermaster, Lieutenant Leonard, knew not of our whereabouts, or he would have relieved us. He brought our train through the raids at Catlett and Bristoe safely, and lost but one wagon, and that in crossing a run.

The battle here and there along the front was still raging, and its heavy roar in our ears prevented us from securing sleep even for a few moments. Before evening we had orders from McDowell to report again in front near the gory field we had left after midnight. Spurring back, we found a heated action going on a little west of the old Bull Run ground, the Confederates being on the north, and the Federals on the south, of the Warrenton Turnpike. Shells and bullets tore the air; rushing troops tore the earth; and every building in the region was a hospital. We reported in the extreme front on a

hill or huge knoll top, ready to strike. The sight of the dead and wounded was appalling to overtaxed nerves. Not being called into action, we at length were suffered to fall back a little and lie down in the field in hope of gaining a little repose. On this day our army lost about eight thousand in killed and wounded. The enemy lost full twice that number. Imagine a field with more than twenty thousand killed and wounded upon it, and you have the scene amidst which we tried to surrender ourselves to sleep, hungry, thirsty, sore and half bewildered.

CHAPTER XVI.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

AUGUST, 1862.

AUGUST 30th. Of the condition of our army on this day, General Pope thus speaks in his report to the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

"On the morning of the 30th, as may be supposed, our troops, who had been so continually marching and fighting for so many days, were in a state of great exhaustion. They had had little to eat for two days previous, and artillery and cavalry horses had been in harness and saddle continuously for ten days, and had had no forage for two days previous."

The Army of Virginia, with all the reinforcements it had received from the Army of the Potomac, now numbered about forty thousand men on the front. The Confederates outnumbered us, and were hourly receiving new troops on their right from Thoroughfare Gap.

When we rose from the earth at daylight, having been without food for two days, the Chaplain, by request of the Colonel, whose aid he always was, started for Centreville in hope to find our Quartermaster and secure rations. On the air line he took, with his servant, John Harris,

when he reached Cub Run he unwittingly crossed the enemy's track and fell in with six armed rebel soldiers procuring water, whom he managed to disarm by ordering them to discharge their rifles, and then led them captive to Centreville, delivering them to the Provost, Captain W. H. Sterling, of the Seventh Ohio Infantry. After finding the Quartermaster, a light wagon, filled with rations, was hurried to the front, reaching the regiment in line of battle near the stone house on the field, just as the heaviest battle wave of the day began to roll in that vicinity. How thankful were our brave men for food. They had been in line of battle from early morning, in different positions.

Before the day's work opened, on account of changes during the night, the Federals held most of the battle ground of the preceding year, while the Confederates held the ground to the north and west. Fighting was going on through the whole day, though it was severest in the afternoon. Terrible was the battle, defying description. We broke their left; they broke our right. The war waves swelled, surged, and dashed furiously. The field was literally strewn with the dead and wounded. It was hard to say which army manifested the greater courage. But our men were less in number, and far more exhausted. Our regiment, while lead and iron went over and around us, seemed to have a charmed life. Only two of our men were captured, Corporal George Curtis and S. Harrington, of Troop A.

After desperate fighting, worthy of all praise, with a superior and flushed foe, our army fell back behind Cub Run, leaving only a small force between that and Bull Run. Again it fell to our lot to act as rear-guard. To keep appearances of a strong force in the eyes of the enemy, the Colonel brought off our sabred column with

battalion evolutions: a maneuvre that elicited great praise. We remained in line of battle on the front during the night, between Bull and Cub Runs. Numerous regiments brought from the field but a moiety of their number. How inexpressibly hard it was to leave the many thousands of dead and wounded on the field in the hands of an exultant enemy. Many of them, however, were rescued the next day under a flag of truce,—a day fortunately cloudy and moist, and quiet, being the Sabbath. One of our sergeants attended the flag of truce. Over our misfortunes there was naturally, in our army, much mortification, heart-sickness, and muttering of dissatisfaction with certain generals. Rumors were hard on Fitz-John Porter.

August 31st. Early in the morning our regiment reconnoitered between the runs, and, after being sharply shelled, retired as a rear-guard across Cub Run, and took position in line of battle about one mile west of Centreville, where we remained till near night. Great numbers of ambulances, protected by flag of truce, were passing to and from the gory field in front of us. In one line we counted near fifty double horse ambulances heavily loaded with the utterly helpless, while on each side of them were close lines of wounded men who could command their feet. Every building in all that region was full of the wounded and exhausted. Surgeons and hospital stores were in the greatest demand, and amputated limbs might be counted by the hundreds.

Regiments and batteries, almost numberless seemingly, lay to the right and left in our rear, with Centreville as their main point. But the Confederates had slyly slipped eastward, and were flanking our army on our right. Before night, therefore, we retired with our forces, and bivouacked in the woods to the southeast of Centreville.

Rest, even for a few hours, was to us an unspeakable blessing, and the kindly lap of mother earth was soft to our weary bones.

Out of due regard to our faithful sergeants and brave men, we should not forget to mention that constantly requisitions were made upon our regiment for orderlies, single men, and squads, to serve the various generals, on the front, along the lines, along the flanks, and in scouts feeling for the foe: all extra hazardous service by day and by night; all particularly responsible, severe, and exhausting. Always our men won from the generals the highest encomiums for intelligence, bravery, and fidelity. In these exposed services some were captured. Some too were long detained from us in the discharge of such general duties; for good and true men, well mounted, were in these days greatly needed. A severer campaign than we were now enduring is hardly found in even the hard annals of war.

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLE OF CHANTILLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

SEPTEMBER 1st. All the trains of army wagons were now groaning on their way back towards Alexandria, and during the night they were attacked by rebel raiders near Fairfax Court House. In fact, we were flanked on the east, hard pressed on our front, and pushed back on our left to Manassas and Fairfax Station. Retreat was our only resort. Our late reinforcements of near forty thousand men were somehow insufficient to effectually check the swollen tide of disaster. A sea of arms surged all around us.

In saddle at three o'clock A. M., our regiment retired to Fairfax Court House and reported to General Hooker, who at once led us out on the Winchester Turnpike, beyond the ruined spot called Germantown, to feel out the Confederate front. We soon fell upon the enemy, who sharply assailed us with artillery, followed by infantry. Here again the metallic shower poured down furiously upon us. It seems that we were usually the favorite command for drawing the enemy's fire, and we always drew it strong. Under this iron shower we had

two men wounded, Sergeant Charles Briggs (Troop L) and Isaac Westcott (Troop F), and lost two horses. When the battle line was formed in our rear, we fell back, and the full action of Chantilly opened.

The battle, like that of Groveton, was short but sharp. In the battle line we greeted the Second Rhode Island Infantry, whom we had not seen since we left them in Washington, in April. This field will ever be memorable, as it was wet with the blood of Generals Stevens and Kearney, men of valor and of fame. The heavy thundershower and tempest in nature, near sunset, was insufficient to quench the flame of battle; thunder and artillery, lightning and volleys of rifles, with wind and rain, swept over hill and valley, field and forest, till deep darkness bade the contest cease.

During the night following the battle, Major Swett's battalion remained on the front near Germantown, along the line of the battle field, on picket duty, and lost but one horse. Captain Gove brought in an important prisoner. Major Whipple's battalion was also out on picket: Captain Manchester's squadron near Fairfax Station, and Captain Bixby's squadron on the right of Fairfax Court House.

September 2d. The morning was comparatively quiet. Our forces were falling back through Fairfax Court House. The Confederates were now on both our right and left, pressing us as closely as possible. Our regiment was put in front of the town to act as a guard till the trains and troops could be put fairly on the road towards the Potomac. In the afternoon the rebels threw a few unavailing shells upon our right. All being ready, we evacuated the town, and as rear-guard moved along the Alexandria road, but were shortly deployed as skirmishers on the north of the road, in the face of the enemy.

After we left the town, the rebels pushed it and advanced upon our rear, passing forward to us a few unusually musical shells as their compliments.

The rear of our army column made a brief halt near Bailey's Cross Roads, during which our sore flesh and bones caught a few moments of rest in the bushes. Soon after midnight, however, the bugles hurried us "to saddle," as the "gray backs" were hard on our heels. We were more dead than alive, but unwilling to go to Richmond by Lee's orders. It was nearly true of us, what Generals Buford and Bayard said of all the cavalry in the Army of Virginia at this time, that "there were not five horses to the company that could be forced into a trot"—a sad picture, indeed. Nor were our men in any condition for a trotting match. Nor was it a pleasant task for weary, hungry men, and shoeless, jaded, wounded, starving horses, to be dodging right and left to urge along half-alive stragglers, many of them so weak that they were well-nigh indifferent to their fate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BIVOUAC AT MINOR'S HILL.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

SEPTEMBER 3d. We were now near Alexandria, and under the reach of the bristling forts that guarded the Potomac and the Capital. For a few hours we found rest and food for men and horses, and stretched ourselves upon the earth, free from fears of an attack—happy respite. But the hours were short. Cannon were heard in the distance. We had orders to report at Bailey's Cross Roads, and springing—rather crawling—to our worn saddles, were off for duty. Losing our way, night overtook us, and we bivouacked in a forest.

September 4th. Early in the morning we reached the Cross Roads and found a large cavalry force. Here our train came up, furnishing some comforts; but before we had time to realize them, orders reached us to push forward beyond Minor's Hill on picket and reconnoissance, while our wagons were to retire near Long Bridge. We reached our destination on the following morning (September 5th), having been misguided and bewildered, and compelled to bivouac in our usual blanketless, supperless style. Romantic as it may now seem, it was serious at the time to see officers and men sit around a short-lived

camp fire till they nodded and rolled backward or sideways upon the wet, chilly earth, to slumber and dream of far off homes, waiting for the bugles to soon call them "to horse." Our poor horses too demanded something of our sympathy.

On the previous day the line of our pickets had been the scene of a smart skirmish, and our men found six dead soldiers, to whom they gave sepulture. Soon after stationing our pickets, William F. Peck (Troop F) received a shot from a rebel picket in his left hand, and we lost one horse. From that time, the line in the direction of Fairfax and Leesburg became quiet; but more or less fighting was going on up the river. The enemy had an eye on Maryland.

Remaining here in front (west side) of Minor's Hill for several days in the woods, without tents, canopied only by the friendly trees and the changing heavens—often prodigal of showers and high winds—we had some opportunity to glance back over the strange paths we had trodden. Even now we can see the Chaplain sitting on the earth by a cracker box, writing up his "Notes by the Wayside." For weeks we had not heard from home.

Some idea may be gained of our hardships during the previous weeks, when we state that at one time our horses were not unsaddled for one hundred and four hours; were without food sixty-four hours; without water thirty-seven hours; and the command was under fire for twenty-one consecutive days. Many of the men too were without money, hence unable to procure food from sutlers or occasional venders of refreshments. Some officers were in a like dilemma. Truly these were hard times, and it is a wonder how we endured them; but hope always keeps the heart whole, and we were at work for Uncle Sam and the Union.

Our experiences, so strange, so tragic, so thrilling, seemed more like a wild dream than a sober reality. Since we entered Virginia we had lost in killed, wounded and captured, about sixty men, and about one hundred and fifty horses. From the battle of Cedar Mountain to that of Chantilly, our army, in killed, wounded and captured, had lost about thirty thousand men, and the Confederates had lost about fifteen thousand men. When duly weighed, these are grave figures. What fatigues, and privations, and pains of body and mind had we not suffered?

For more than twenty days we had not started our coats from our shoulders. It was not our fault that we all were grimed with dirt and covered with body lice. One lieutenant, besides hot water, soap, and towels, sacrificed two new suits of clothes before obtaining his freedom from the attacking vermin. We had served in three different corps, and reported to fifteen different generals. Ragged, tanned, lean, weather-beaten, war-scarred, we had learned to sing:

> "Man wants but little here below,"
> But wants that little strong.

Yet even the little was usually denied us. Thus mused we under the shadow of Minor's Hill, for several days, while we tried to wash Virginia dirt from our persons and clothes, and obtain a supply of food. At last we heard from home, and received, by express, some boxes of home comforts, for which tears of gratitude ran down our cheeks; we could think, if we could not sing, "Sweet, sweet home."

Of the sick we had sent from the front, we learned that Charles Kane (Troop L) died August 3d, and was buried in the National Cemetery, Alexandria.

We reported our picket service to General Porter, with whom Colonel Duffie at one time had a live question of military propriety. The trees, though large and beautiful, were a poor protection against the autumnal rains, and some of us were quite sick, not excepting our Surgeon, Dr. Mann.

September 11th. Lieutenant Waterman was thrown from his horse and had his shoulder dislocated. Affairs were now in a very unpleasant state up the river, as Lee was pressing his forces towards Maryland, and finally crossed at Point of Rocks and entered Frederick, hoping that his dear Maryland would rise up to embrace him. We were only waiting orders. Having traversed, more or less, six counties of Virginia, we were soon to try the eastern banks of the Potomac. Since our organization, in direct marches and movements, we had borne our headquarters and standard more than twelve hundred miles, without reckoning unmeasured distances marked by our guidons on scout, picket, and incidental service.

One of our wagoners (H. B.), sometimes called "the baby" on account of his size and weight—which was among the hundreds—was a born wag, as well as a good soldier. Coming up on one occasion from the base of supplies with a load of bread, the quartermaster-sergeants crowded around him to obtain their quotas for their troops, each one solicitous to secure the newest boxes and freshest bread. By the way, these sergeants, wise in reading the latest and best brands, often joked the wagoner about bread baked during the war of 1812, and during the Revolution, and hard-tack that came over in the Mayflower. Fortunately, the wagoner had some boxes of a novel brand, bearing among other marks the capitals B. C. On these boxes the sergeants fixing their eyes, inquired eagerly after the freshness of their con-

tents and the meaning of the letters. The wagoner answered: "Don't you understand that brand? Can't you read? You fools, don't you know that B. C. stands for Before Christ." This ended the question of the age of hard-tack.

On another occasion, when some of his freight proved wormy, he explained that he innocently made a mistake in selecting it, supposing that the extra holes in it were made by the baker's fork to indicate its superior quality. And for bringing in a light load, he explained that the worms threw off a part of his load, and but for their detection by him while walking up a hill, he would have lost his entire load. Thus wit and war often went hand in hand.

We had now closed the campaign of the Army of Virginia—a memorable chapter in the civil strife. The part taken in it by our regiment was arduous, responsible, and honorable. We performed our service to the complete satisfaction of the generals under whom we acted. At each of the battles of Cedar Mountain, Groveton, Bull Run, and Chantilly—the four great battles of General Pope's campaign—the first shots on the Federal side were fired by our command, and upon us the Confederates opened their first guns. But the cavalry of our army had as yet attracted but little attention from the country, or from our leading generals, having been almost exclusively used in small detachments for scouting, picketing, feeling for the enemy, and van and rear-guard duty, and never in such bodies as to make its influence felt in a general engagement. This order was to be changed before the close of the great struggle.

CHAPTER XIX.

RECRUITING AT POOLEVILLE.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER, 1862.

SEPTEMBER 12th. Soon after midnight, in obedience to orders, "Boots and Saddles" summoned us from our wet blankets and leaf beds into line, and forward we moved towards the Potomac. Halting at Fort Corcoran to give direction to our wagon train there parked, we were happily surprised to find above thirty recruits lately sent to us—good and true men, but without horses. Their fair, fresh faces from our homes were a blessing to us, and we played them Yankee Doodle and Hail Columbia as a welcome.

Passing through Georgetown and the northern margin of Washington, we marched to Brookville, Md., in all a distance of thirty miles, and reported to General McClellan. All along our march the people came out to look upon us and listen to the stirring music of our splendid band; and most enthusiastically did they cheer our standard, which was now, from its fiery experiences, but a handful of glorious shreds streaming from the staff. And all our guidons had been worn out by the battle storms, till only the bare staves were left; these, however, we proudly bore. Looking on the cosy, quiet

homes that we passed, from which many of the ladies waved to us Union flags, how our thoughts would fly away northward to the dear cottages and mansions we had left on New England hills, and how anxious we were for the war tempest to pass.

September 13th. The roar of battle from the north was almost constantly in our ears, and it seemed strange to us not to be on the front. Moving to Rockville, a very romantic little place, we bivouacked in a forest.

September 14th. Near noon we reached Pooleville, a semi-secession village of two hundred and fifty inhabitants. Immediately, eleven of our troops were sent out on picket service along the left bank of the Potomac, from Seneca Creek on the south to the mouth of the Monocacy on the north—a line of about twenty miles.

September 15th. Captain Vose (Troop A), while across the ford on scout duty, seized and sent in two rebel soldiers. On the same day, one of our detachments, acting as skirmishers for an advancing infantry force, meeting the enemy's cavalry, had five men captured—Corporal Benoni Parkinson, John Hammel, James Grimsley, Jr., (Troop F), Sergeant I. Wakefield, Patrick Parker, (Troop G).

September 16th. Major Farrington captured the Assistant Surgeon of the Tenth Alabama Infantry, a soldier of the Seventh Louisiana Infantry, and a cavalry man. So we were busy along the line, losing and gaining. Since entering the service our regiment had captured about one hundred and thirty of the foe.

Sixteen rebels fell in the suburbs of Pooleville when the raiders were pushed back on the tenth. Harper's Ferry, that succumbed to Jackson on the fifteenth, was soon wrenched from his grasp. The battle of South Mountain occurred on the fourteenth; and the over-

whelming defeat of Lee at Antietam occurred on the seventeenth. The deep thunder of these actions rolled on our anxious, excited ears. Lee's army of invasion numbered about sixty thousand, and he had the sympathy of nearly all the country through which he passed. McClellan's force to meet the enemy counted about ninety thousand. Lee surpassed McClellan in agility and dash, but the grit and grip of our troops were too much for him. The Confederate loss, in killed, wounded and captured, amounted to about seventeen thousand. The Federal loss, excluding the Harper's Ferry garrison, amounted to about fifteen thousand. Sad records these. Reno fell at South Mountain; Mansfield, Richardson and Rodman fell at Antietam. The significant success of Antietam induced President Lincoln to issue (September 22d) his premonitory proclamation of emancipation—the great strategic measure that put the plow of war deep into the subsoil of secession.

September 18th. We began to report to General Stoneman, who, now that the great battle wave had passed, took steps to have our command refitted with clothes, arms, and horses. Of our life at this time, we will read from Sargent's record:

"We now had good and abundant rations: beef, pork, potatoes, dried apples, beans, soft bread, coffee, and sugar. Occasionally we had the favorite Yankee dish—baked beans, furnished after the following recipe: Dig a hole in the ground; build a fire in it; accumulate coals; parboil the beans; take part of the coals from the hole; put the kettle in the hole; scatter coals around it; cover it with tin or sheet-iron; fill the hole with sod and soil; let all remain over night; take out the smoking beans for breakfast.

"We suffered from scarcity of fuel, there being no

woods at hand; but there were rail fences, and the way these disappeared after dark was amazing, especially to the old gentleman who moused around our sentinel line in the day-time to solve the mystery. While here, the postal currency first made its appearance, and soft tricks were played on the uninitiated darkies and peddlers, who accepted for corn, labels of pain killer bottles, of matches, and other trade-marks. Old postage stamps were as good as new. The boys obtained goodies, and the venders cut their eye-teeth. Shortly, however, on account of a wholesome lecture from the Colonel, the game played out.

"Fruit abounded, especially peaches and apples, the former at seventy-five cents per bushel. One orchard owner gave us permission to gather the windfalls; so daily we filled ourselves and our haversacks, and enjoyed *sauce* in camp. One of the citizens made a quantity of cider, and was wise enough to let the boys have it on credit, having the impression that we were to be paid off in a few days; but pay-day was some months distant. We wonder if the boys ever settled that bill? But the people were half secesh. Our band kindly serenaded the Union portion of the population."

September 19th. We removed from the south edge of Pooleville to the northeast of the village, on the road to Conrad's Ferry. Only five troops now remained on picket duty. Again Colonel Burgess reached us to cheer us with his presence and liberality, though he was still suffering from the wound he received in the Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula.

September 20th. We learned that the following members of our regiment, captured and carried to Richmond, had been paroled and were in Camp Parole at Annapolis: M. A. Tenney, J. S. Brown, E. Myers, J. Williams, A.

England, A. T. Hicks, E. L. Briggs, J. Mulvey, H. Newell, D. R. Durrden, J. Crasson, W. A. Caldwell, O. H. Bagley, J. Greene, C. P. Smith. Captain Capron was still in Richmond.

September 22d. With the band, a sergeant, and six men, the Chaplain solemnized, in the Methodist Church in the village, the funeral of Joseph J. Hall, Orderly Sergeant of the First Maryland Cavalry, who, on the second instant, at Leesburg, received a ball in his hip, a thrust in his back, and two sabre cuts on the head, which induced fever, resulting in his death at Edwards' Ferry on the twentieth. Only five members of his regiment were present, two of them his brothers. We all were his brothers in a sacred cause. How tenderly we laid in the grave the young martyr—age twenty-five—and over him fired the funeral volley.

Our camp was laid out in order, and conducted with military regularity. Seven troops were in camp, and five on picket. Only seven men were in the regimental hospital. Usually our religious services were held in a fine oak grove; but on the twenty-eighth, agreeably to arrangements made by the Chaplain with the Baptist, Episcopal, and Methodist churches in Pooleville, the regiment, in three detachments, according to the preferences of officers and men, entered the village churches and shared and augmented the devotions of the people; it being the first instance of worship in a church since we left the good land of New England. Sweet associations and memories thronged upon us under those sacred roofs. For seven months we had worshipped alone in the great unpillared temple, where our songs blended with the chanting winds, and our confessions, thanksgivings, and petitions rose unobstructed to the throne above.

Lieutenant R. Burgess and five men captured three "gray backs" across the Potomac, and Captain Vose added another.

September 29th. Lieutenant Peterson gladdened us by his arrival with forty-two recruits, twenty-seven of them being from New Hampshire. Captain Capron, having been paroled, was now in Annapolis.

October 1st. Having moved our camp to the south-western border of Pooleville, we had not set it in order when, on this day, a messenger reached General Stoneman's headquarters calling for an additional force near Conrad's Ferry. Colonel Duffie despatched four troops, under Major Swett, to render the needed assistance. The next morning (October 2d) all our available force was called to saddle and hurried to the front under our scarred standard, with artillery accompanying us. Before night an artillery discussion took place near the mouth of the Monocacy. Bivouacking, we watched for the morning, and at eleven A. M. (October 3d), supported by a regiment of infantry, crossed the Potomac, finding it waist deep, and dashed upon Leesburg. Troop L was ordered to charge through the city, and on entering found the rebels had evacuated it about an hour before. Taking a few prisoners, we returned by Conrad's Ferry, our troops resuming their stations on picket, save four that returned to Pooleville. Lieutenant Shurtliff reached camp in our absence (October 2d) with more than a hundred recruits. We were also now being refitted with clothes and arms.

October 5th. "Boots and Saddles" early brought us into line to dash across the Potomac to checkmate an attack of rebel cavalry in the vicinity of Leesburg. But soon the "recall" suffered us to rest. After our Sabbath worship we received from the Government one hundred

and seventy-five fresh horses to supply our recruits and fill the gaps made by rebel shot and shell. Thus we once more began to look and feel like ourselves.

Colonel Duffie had a very happy way of occasionally addressing the regiment and encouraging the men, by brief papers designated Special Orders, two of which we may here copy:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
POOLEVILLE, Maryland, September 27, 1862.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. —.]

Officers and men of the First Rhode Island Cavalry:

Your commander finds unbounded pleasure in congratulating the regiment upon the high state of order and discipline observable in every part of the camp.

As the character of a nation always depends upon the individual virtues of her citizens, and not upon the splendor of her court, or her wealth, so the efficiency of her army depends entirely upon the individual virtue of its soldiers, and their constant attention to the minutiæ and drill of daily and hourly life, and not upon the splendor of its appointments, or its numbers.

The zeal manifested in the performance of your daily duties; the assiduity with which you have prosecuted your studies; the efficiency of your drill, especially in the sabre exercise, in which you have been more particularly engaged during the past few days; the general cleanliness of the men; their arms, equipments and tents; the company streets, the horses and their equipments, all show soldierly pride and a laudable ambition to be worthy of the great and holy mission to which you are called—that of defending your country and the integrity of her constitution in this hour of her extreme peril. For this I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Persevere, and continue to be worthy of your country's gratitude.

A. N. DUFFIE, Colonel.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
POOLEVILLE, Maryland, October 5, 1862.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. —.]

Calling the attention of the regiment to the late campaign from

the Potomac to the Rapidan and back, your commander wishes to assure you of the high encomiums which have been passed by officers high in rank and military attainments, upon the admirable manner in which you performed your part of that ever memorable retreat from the Rapidan to the Potomac. The last Federal soldiers to leave the Rapidan; the last to leave the Rappahannock; the last to leave Warrenton and its vicinity; in several of the severest battles; under fire many times; at all other times on outpost or other hazardous duty; and in almost every march, the rear-guard of the Grand Army of Virginia, or to a main column—you never faltered; you never even hurried, but, steady and in good order, as upon a parade ground, you retired, when obliged reluctantly to turn from the superior numbers of the foe.

Upon the 30th of August, at Bull Run, it is especially true that, when thousands around in direst confusion were escaping as fast and best as they might, your evolutions were more steadily and perfectly performed than I have ever seen them at any other time. That is so true, that you here, by your beautiful appearance, attracted the confidence of your brothers without command, and soon behind your rank were eight hundred seeming to implore your protection.

Generals of divisions have been anxious for our services, and many applications were made for them. You endured fatigue and privations without murmuring. You are known and appreciated in the proper quarters. Soldiers! your record is a proud one. See that it be not blotted.

A. N. DUFFIE, Colonel.

A pleasant episode occurred in camp at the presentation, to Lieutenant L. D. Gove, one of our truest, worthiest officers, of a beautiful army sabre and belt—a gift from his friends in New Hampshire.

Our camp at this time, southwest of the village, on a flat knoll, with an area of sixteen hundred by eight hundred feet, commanded a view of the Sugar Loaf Mountain on the northeast, the Ketoctan and Blue Ridge on the northwest, and the wood-crowned eminences that looked down on the winding Potomac. Our troops had position in two lines, with squadron and battalion inter-

vals; the picket ropes for horses running parallel with the shelter tents of the men. On the officers' parade, from a lofty hickory staff, floated the post guidon. In front of the headquarters, to the right and left of which were the officers' tents, the band was often invited to play, and, occasionally, in the evening, the "contrabands" were invited to sing and dance *a la* plantation style.

October 8th. Orders came to be in readiness to march at a moment's warning. In the afternoon thirty men of Troop A, under Sergeant Nicoli, accompanied General Halleck's scout to Leesburg. In the evening forty men of Troops B and C, under Captain Bixby, as independent scouts, followed to the same place. Some returned on the ninth, some on the tenth, when two troops were sent up to Conrad's Ferry. The rebels were lingering in some force in the central portions of Loudon County.

Joseph Shard (Troop D) died in hospital on the ninth, and was buried in military order on the tenth. The coffin was placed in front of the headquarters; the escort at the head, and the pall-bearers at the foot; the regiment in line; the band on the right; the Colonel, field and staff officers near the pall-bearers. The services were—hymn, Scripture reading, address, prayer. With deep dirge and solemn step we bore our comrade to the Methodist Church yard, and laid him by the side of other departed soldiers.

October 11th. A report reached us that the rebels had thrown four thousand cavalry across the Potomac, some above and some below us. We were the only regiment in the vicinity of Pooleville. We pushed a detachment, under Lieutenant Higgins, to Seneca Creek, and a squadron, under Captain Bixby, above Conrad's Ferry, on reconnoissance.

October 12th. At two o'clock A. M. a telegram ordered us to dash up the river to meet the invaders near the mouth of the Monocacy; but the wires being cut, the despatch did not reach us till nine A. M. It should have been sent by mounted couriers. Stuart and his raiders came within three and half miles of Pooleville, and, had they known our condition, might have smitten our camp, though not without emptied saddles. We dashed away at double-quick on the Monocacy road. Alas! the hour of fortune had passed. Stuart had stolen some hundreds of horses and turned back for the Potomac, and was plunging across at White's Ford. Our column of sabres, pressing on his heels, reached the eastern shore as the foe was emerging from the stream on the right bank. By way of bravado, Stuart's artillery halted and sent a few shell over our column, but without effect. Leaving Captain Bixby and his sabres near the Monocacy, we spurred back to camp, chagrined that the delayed despatch had not given us an opportunity to cross sabres with Stuart. On the preceding day, O. P. Smith (Troop M) died in our hospital—the old brick school-house in the village.

Forces of various kinds were now pressing up to Pooleville, and before night the place presented quite the appearance of a cantonment.

October 13th. Captain Bixby reported several hundred of Stuart's command still on the east of the river. Again our regiment spurred in hot haste to have a stroke at the raiders, but found them dispersed in the forests and secret places of the hills. In the evening, Lieutenant Peterson reached us with about fifty new men. By him, on his return to Rhode Island, we sent home to Governor Sprague, for sacred keeping, our dear old standard—torn and shattered by the battles of the val-

ley, of Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock, Groveton, Bull Run, Chantilly, White's Ford, and numberless skirmishes. We felt a tender regret at parting with the sacred symbol of loyalty and liberty, under which we had so often rallied for our heroic work. We had received it to our centre of column and to our hearts. We had now no standard to cheer us, and were about to move again to fields of action. The Government, however, had supplied us with new guidons to fill the places of those worn out in the hotly contested fields. Occasionally our scouting parties picked up a few of the "gray backs." Lieutenant Higgins brought in eight—two of them cavalry men.

October 18th–19th. The first frosts of the season.

October 21st. Levi Ordway (Troop L) died in our regimental hospital.

General McClellan, having refitted his army, was now commencing his forward movement up the Shenandoah and along the eastern slopes of the mountains.

CHAPTER XX.

OVER THE KETOCTAN.

OCTOBER—NOVEMBER, 1862.

OCTOBER 25th. After being reviewed by General Stoneman, we were inspected by a colonel of General Burnside's staff, who pronounced us the best drilled cavalry regiment he had ever seen.

October 26th. After receiving orders to be ready to march, a tremendous storm of wind and rain smote us, prostrating our tents and drenching us so thoroughly that we sighed for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," as preferable to our naked post on a knoll.

October 27th. The final order came to move.

October 28th. In the cold morning air the bugles summoned us from moist blankets to wet and frozen saddles, for the earth was crusted with frost. By daylight the guidons were in line, the band at the head of the column; three wagons, with three days' rations, and one ambulance, as our train; all else left with the Quartermaster, to be brought forward in a few days. Our sick were left in good hands in the hospital.

We forded the swollen Potomac, now about four feet deep, at Conrad's Ferry. Troop H, under Captain Turner, on detached service with General Robinson, led

the advance across White's Ford, and scoured the country around in true cavalier style, making straight the paths of the infantry. Reaching the suburbs of Leesburg, we were instantly sent out in detachments on picket to Waterford on the right and Aldie on the left—a line of about twenty miles. The rebels being in force on our front, our service was again arduous and critical; but it continued only four days, as the enemy was falling back and the Grand Army of the Potomac was advancing.

October 30th. Our supply train, leaving Pooleville, crossing the river at White's Ford, halted with General Stoneman for the night, and on the next day with the General joined the headquarters at Leesburg. On the morning of the thirtieth, Lieutenant Ellis (Troop K), with three men of Troop M, captured, about one mile north of Aldie, in his own house,—former residence of President Monroe—Major John W. Fairfax, of General Longstreet's staff, as the Major had ventured home on a flying visit. By the way, he was a leading man in Loudon County, and in every way a gentleman.

October 31st. The brigades that had come up advanced through Leesburg, and, in passing, all the bands poured forth to the disloyal ears of the city the purest of our national airs. When they played "We are marching along," all the regiments caught the air, adding the words, and rolled the music like a wave of loyal fervor over the city and out on the hills. The buildings bore the marks of the shell with which the rebels had been driven from the place. On the evening of this day, Lieutenant Pratt reached us to act as regimental commissary, for our able Quartermaster had long needed an assistant, on account of the peculiar duties of our command.

But the thirty-first of October was made a mournfully historic date to our command, though the news of our

loss did not reach us till the day following. Troops I, L, and M were on picket along the front, from Aldie northward, where they were confronted by portions of Stuart's cavalry. Soon after noon, not aware of the movements of the foe, they were suddenly attacked by a heavy force—the most of a regiment—breaking through the picket line and dashing upon the picket headquarters at Mountville, about five miles above Aldie on the Snicker's Gap Turnpike. Against such a heavy, well planned, sudden stroke our men vainly attempted to form and make resistance. In the brave effort to make a stand, our noble and honored Lieutenant L. D. Gove—who, since July, had been acting Captain—received a mortal wound in the spine, near the small of the back, which instantly paralyzed the lower extremities, and from which he died on the following morning (November 1st) at the house of James Mount, from whom, we are assured, he received kind attention, and by whom he was buried in a suitable coffin, in the family burying-ground.

Lieutenant (acting Captain) LORENZO D. GOVE. He was an efficient and brave officer, and his loss was deeply felt in our command, as well as at his home in Hanover, New Hampshire. His widow lost a kind and affectionate husband; his seven children mourned a fond and brave father; and his fellow townsmen wept a true and valuable citizen. He raised himself, by noble efforts, from a humble position in life to places of trust and honor, acting as Deputy Sheriff and Captain in the State Militia. By all who had known him his death was received with sorrow and regret, as though they had suffered personal loss. Words may not express the feelings of his comrades in arms.

The hills of New Hampshire his requiem sound,
But the blood of our martyrs makes holy our ground.

In repelling the attack, Lieutenant Andrews and his men killed one rebel captain and severely wounded a number of the rebel soldiers. Of our men the following were captured: (from Troop I) Corporal J. S. Cilly, Corporal J. A. Warren, Corporal S. Davis, G. W. Brown, W. H. Allard, D. B. Boswell, W. O'Brien, J. B. Carr, A. L. Cilly, P. Dorman, W. H. Everett, F. P. Elkins, W. H. Eaton, C. G. Huntoon, J. Hunt, D. E. Rand, D. S. Mooney, O. F. Merrell, J. W. Sanders, J. M. Pressey, C. D. Dimmick; (from Troop L) Sergeant G. W. White, Corporal E. F. Moore, Corporal C. W. Lovejoy, Corporal W. W. Tuttle, T. C. Cressey, A. Gove, T. W. Harrington, J. V. Herrick, A. P. O'Donnell, E. L. Pardee, A. Pray, L. Taylor, M. Trodan, W. H. Chase, J. W. Sheppard; (from Troop M) Lieutenant J. F. Andrews, Sergeant S. B. Weston, Sergeant N. P. Kidder, J. S. Boswell, W. J. Bradwick, C. B. Sheldon, H. H. Newton, B. J. Lawrence, H. Stearnes, E. J. Collins, G. H. Smith, W. J. Perkins, J. Hobbs, F. Hobbs: in all, fifty-one.

Our captured men, deprived of their horses, stripped of their overcoats and boots, were hurried on foot within the enemy's lines. Hearing of the disaster, our regiment at once dashed out to the front, in hope of returning the blow and recovering at least the body of our lamented Lieutenant; but our effort was in vain. In the fray, E. E. Patrick (Troop L) escaped with his left arm broken. The rebels also attacked Generals Bayard and Pleasanton.

November 1st. The battle raged sharply all day near Snicker's Gap, on our right, and the Confederates were severely handled and pushed back.

November 2d. With General Stoneman's division we moved on, by the Winchester Turnpike, through the foot-hills and up the Ketoctan Mountains, reaching the Mountain House, on Mount Gilead, at eleven o'clock at

night. On our march the scenery was delightful; the views broad and grand. Forests, valleys, hills, and mountains were sublime in their autumnal robes; but a cold squall, followed by a frosty night, distracted our attention from the charms of nature; moreover, the battle was still raging in full view from Mount Gilead—the flashes of the guns seen in the gap at our right.

By the way, in our march, in Loudon County, a little west of Ball's Bluff, at the foot of one of the spurs of the Ketoctan, we passed the Big Spring—a giant of its kind—issuing from a rocky recess like a small river, in crystal beauty, purity, and power, alone carrying the wheels of a large flouring mill. Near by this we passed a field of three hundred acres of beautiful ungarnered corn. And here, for variety, we add a word about trees. In Virginia we counted about twenty species of the genus oak: more thrifty but less firm than the quercus family of New England. In the mountains, in one instance, we found great quantities of black walnuts. The forests of the Old Dominion would supply the navies of the world. We frequently met with persimmon trees, but woe to the mouth that touched the fruit that had not been kissed by the frost.

November 3d. Our headquarters remaining on Mount Gilead, our men were on picket and scout. This day the enemy fell back from Mountville, and we were privileged to visit the grave of Lieutenant Gove, on which we could not look with dry eyes.

At our headquarters in the Mountain House, some officers will recollect how Captain Manchester, after succeeding, by the point of his sabre, in prying open a mysterious closet door, lifted his arms and exclaimed, "*et jam satis,*" as his eyes took in the shelves laden with jellies and preserves. The stress of his classical utter-

ance fell where shortly fell our lips—on the *jam.* Visiting a plantation house near by, formerly the seat of wealth, we found the inmates, in the evening, using for lamps saucers of fat in which were lighted bits of rags.

November 4th. Advancing, we bivouacked near Union Village. Meanwhile, some of the troops were reconnoitering to Thoroughfare Gap, Middleburg, and other localities, feeling for the foe and spurring him on his retreat. Still more or less cannonading was going on at our right in the passes of the Blue Ridge.

November 5th. While some of our troops videtted our front and scouted to the left, we advanced through Middleburg and White Plains to Salem, our train following, but reaching only to White Plains, by reason of the hard mountain roads. In Middleburg we were met by frowns, scowls, supercilious flings and bitter maledictions from the proud, secession-hearted inhabitants. A passionate woman cried out, "If you kill our men, then the women will fight; and we will burn the houses over our heads before we will again live under your old gridiron"—alluding to our national flag. This reminds us of the speech of a rebel mother in Centreville, who said, "I would kill every one of my children, and then fight till I died, before I would consent to have niggers made equal to white folks." Such speeches revealed the animus of the rebellion. In Middleburg we saw an aged slave woman, whose ten children had been sold away south by her master, and who herself had been at last turned from her master's mansion, to live in the log cabin of a colored friend.

The night of November 5th at Salem is well remembered, not only because we were obliged to lie down on the cold earth in our wet clothes,—as it had rained—but this too after we had pulled up and eaten the roots of

cabbages—the heads having been captured by others—and been obliged even to sacrifice the doves in their cozy quarters. At the same time we looked out upon the mountains, on our right and front, and saw the innumerable camp fires of the great host gleaming on the cold night air. The whole host, of which we were the left wing, numbered more than one hundred and forty-three thousand. The fires of such an army on the mountains may not be forgotten.

November 6th. Shortly after midnight, couriers, from the way of Thoroughfare Gap, passed us on their way to the headquarters of General McClellan, then at Rectortown, to notify him that he was to be relieved of his command and to be succeeded by General Burnside. Perhaps McClellan had been too cautious and slow in his movements. The body of Lee's army had slipped up the Shenandoah Valley, through the gaps of the Blue Ridge, and was now moving towards Culpepper and the Rapidan: a slow retreat, marked by constant skirmishes and a number of battles, conducted mainly by artillery. Our army was now about to turn southward between the Bull Run and Blue Ridge Mountains.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON TO FREDERICKSBURG.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1862.

NOVEMBER 6th. We were now on the beautiful hills at the head of the romantic valley of the north fork of the Rappahannock. After our train reached us from White Plains, we moved out of Salem, by horribly rough roads, and on over hills and through ravines to a locality known as Clover Hill; and, while the cold wind pierced us, bivouacked in a little valley, on the estate of the notorious John A. Washington, the man who sold the Mount Vernon estate to the ladies, and with the avails bought and fitted this plantation among the hills. His residence was splendid throughout, but was now vacant, as he had fallen in the Confederate service and his family had departed.

It is thought to be an art to keep a hotel: it is most certainly a science to successfully put into bivouac a tentless, weary, chilly, hungry, supperless regiment of horse among the mountains on a raw, storm-threatening November night. That science was possessed by Colonel Duffie; not but what we shivered a little after all. The manner of our bivouacking is worthy of mention. Colonel Duffie ordered details of men to secure a large num-

ber of short forked stakes, and drive them, some ten feet apart, in a line across the little valley through which the cold wind was sweeping. Rails were then ordered to be laid on the tops of the stakes in the forks, making a continuous line across the valley. Then the soldiers were directed to bring great quantities of the corn, standing in shock near by, and place the bundles like a slant roof on the windward side of the line of rails, thus making a long, low, but quite close shed, under which our men, after caring for their horses in the lees of the forest, and supping on hard-tack and coffee, wrapped themselves in their blankets and prayed for rest. This was a new method of extemporizing a camp. The ears on the corn were a comfort to the horses, and were even relished a little by the men. Colonel Duffie's tact in field life, providing for men and beasts, and handling his command, was admirable and inimitable.

November 7th. General Burnside took command of the Grand Army of the Potomac. The morning revealed thick ice and an approaching storm, and shortly it began to snow. Illy were we prepared in clothing for such piercing weather. By by-ways, vales, forests, and hills, while wind and snow beat upon us, we pushed towards Waterloo, six miles west of Warrenton, and near one of the forks of the Rappahannock. In the afternoon, cold, wet, hungry and weary, we, with an artillery company and a body of infantry, halted on a large and not wholly peeled plantation: but the final peeling soon took place. In less than thirty minutes after the bugles blew the "halt" for us and our associate forces, three stacks of hay disappeared, a flock of sheep disappeared, certain swine had fought their last battle, certain fowls met with foul play, and bee hives were contributing to the toothsomeness of hard-tack.

Captain Baker tells a story of Colonel Duffie: That once, while giving orders to the officers not to allow the men to forage on swine, and not to let him hear the squealing, a loud squeal came from the rear of the Colonel's tent, occasioned by the Colonel's darkey, Ferris, who was practicing the foraging art on a fine porker. The Colonel thrust both hands to his ears and exclaimed, "I no hear him squeal."

When Lieutenant Pratt at last came up to our halting ground with his augmented cattle train, he soberly protested that "the rebel cattle straggled like the devil." Of course they naturally joined his herd for loyal protection. Finally we pushed on near to Waterloo and bivouacked, with the snow three inches deep, and still falling. Our only shelter was the forest. The rebels were in our front on the Rappahannock. Federal forces were near us on our right, shivering like ourselves, and making the best possible use of large camp fires, to induce the visitation of sleep, while for music we had the boom of cannonading and the crack of rifles in the not remote distance.

A solemn and awful grandeur belonged to this march of more than a hundred and forty thousand men, moving with steady, mighty tread along the mountains, in the stormy days of autumn, pursuing a great and determined army, and drawing nigh to some fiery, gory field. The future was hidden; we only knew the thrilling experiences of each day as they came. And who but those who have experienced them can understand the trials, anxieties, solicitudes, responsibilities, sufferings, sorrows, and sacrifices belonging to great armies in actual and fierce war? The throes of a nation of forty million souls are not small pains.

Our forces were sweeping down the mountain slopes

into the valley of the Rappahannock. Commands of every arm of the service were earnestly surging southward to overtake the foe. Supplies, hitherto a little scant, were being hurried forward from Washington. Our regiment was kept on scout or picket, on van or flank service. Mounted troops were in great demand, and our command was especially prized for speed, tact and efficiency.

November 9th. We moved about three miles to the southeast.

November 10th. Our supply reached us, having narrowly escaped the rebel cavalry in the mountain roads. We now reported to General Stoneman, and two squadrons were sent across the Rappahannock, while two troops were retained for the special service of the General. Our train bivouacked near Carter Run meeting-house. Here General Burnside passed us, moving to the front; right heartily we cheered him. Many of our forces were now across the river in Culpepper County.

November 11th. Near Hazee Run occurred a smart skirmish—a battle, indeed—in which our squadrons participated, Colonel Duffie, with carbine in hand, leading our men, and himself emptying a rebel saddle. We had two horses wounded, but no men; and we rolled the enemy back to Culpepper Court House. We ought also to mention the coolness, bravery, and executive skill often exhibited by Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson. In fact, our officers, as a body, had not only the confidence of our command, but the praise of all general officers of the army.

Warrenton, now captured by us for the third time, was our depot for supplies, and between it and Washington heavy trains were constantly swiftly flying. From this as a base, for the time, immense trains of army wagons,

with arms, ammunition, and provisions, were streaming out over the hills to the army front. Here we found some of the rebel wounded in the basement of the Episcopal Church, used as a hospital. The rebel inhabitants could illy suppress their hatred of the Yankees, and their contempt for our Government. A young lady (hic!) passing along the street and seeing a miniature Federal flag in the head-band of one of the lead horses of an army wagon, darted like a fury from the sidewalk, snatched the flag and dashed it to the ground, exclaiming, "Don't disgrace the poor brute with such a vile thing as that."

Horses have ailments as well as men. Ours were attacked with the hoof rot, caused by the muddy, miry, cold earth; often the entire hoof coming off. On the fifteenth, we exchanged these afflicted beasts for fresh ones, near Warrenton, and were ready on the sixteenth to advance down the valley. In this vicinity it was some cheer to us, as at times it had been in our mountain marches, to meet the Rhode Island batteries and the Fourth and Seventh Rhode Island Infantry. Our New Hampshire men were alike happy in meeting regiments from the Granite State. Ships hail each other at sea—so soldiers hail each other on the rolling billows of war.

In reference to the action of November 11th, near Hazee Run, the Colonel issued the following:

[SPECIAL ORDER No. —.]

Officers and men of the First Battalion and Captain Manchester's Squadron:

Your Colonel has great pride in thanking you for gallant conduct on the 11th instant. Your charge up the hill, in the face of the enemy outnumbering you many to one, was an act of courage and heroism seldom seen, and in its results never excelled. With their ranks completely broken, they were driven more than three

miles in the utmost confusion; and when, in their insolence, they afterwards returned, you again attacked and dispersed them, thus freeing that part of our lines from annoyance.

The cavalry service is, in the main, a thankless one; the duties hazardous and severe, both for men and horses; and it is only by a manly, self-sacrificing spirit that we are able to bring about results, so important in themselves, and which seldom appear on the surface. Our reward is not in the blazing encomiums of army correspondents, but in the consciousness of having done our duty; that our blows have been sharp and decisive; that we have done our work at the right time and in the right way: in a word, that we have done the work laid out for us, and done it effectually; and, depend upon it, that in military circles, whence praise falls so gratefully upon the ear, we are, and we shall continue to be appreciated.

This regiment is both my joy and my pride. I shall continue to give to it my constant care; and, sure of your coöperation in all that shall raise it to the highest standard of excellence and effectiveness, we may each of us indulge in the fond belief that, in after years, we shall be proud to say, "I belonged to the First Rhode Island Cavalry."

I am happy that I can thank Major Farrington, Captain Manchester, Lieutenants Allen and Chase.

A. N. DUFFIE, Colonel Commanding.

The Colonel was too modest, of course, to allude to the cool, heroic part acted by himself in the encounter. But the regiment, after listening to the order, gave him three cheers that made the oak forests ring again.

We would here record a touching and instructive incident, illustrative of the Divine declaration, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally to all men, and upbraideth not." One of our battalions, under Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, had been ordered, on a very dark night, to make a reconnoissance to the enemy's front, through forests where the paths to us were unknown; our guide being a negro named Ike, raised in that region, now one of our servants.

Pushing into the forests and deep darkness, and coming to a fork in the road, Ike was brought into doubt as to which road was the proper one. Dismounting and feeling in vain for decisive marks, he at last fell upon his knees in the muddy road and offered this child-like prayer: "O, Lord Jesus, I's lost; I's forgot de right road. Lord, which is de right way?" Springing to his feet, he said, "Dis is de right way," and mounting, guided the column safely. Guess whether all eyes were dry after that prayer. The opposite path would have thrown us into the enemy's hands.

November 16th. At an early hour we were selected to serve as skirmishers and flankers on the extreme right of the army, now moving down the valley.

November 17th. We bivouacked at night near Liberty.

November 18th. We moved to Rappahannock Station, halting from ten A. M. to two P. M.; then moved, by Wheatley Post-office, to Pineview Post-office, where, at ten P. M., the bugles blew "halt" for bivouac.

November 19th. Our march was but a few miles, and an effort was made, of necessity, as we were beyond trains, to obtain forage.

November 20th. After further exertion in securing forage, a short march brought us to Hartwood Church, where we bivouacked beneath the grateful shelter of a dense pine forest. Blessed be pines when men have no tents. This day of November will be distinctly remembered on account of the pouring rain of the afternoon and night. With flimsy shelters, soaked clothes and blankets, we were in a sad and depressing plight; still all bore the lot quite cheerfully: some jocosely remarking, "Rather dusty, this!" "This for the Union!" Our gay-hearted band, electing their best notes, made the

forest resound with music—a balm and solace to overtaxed nerves. After serenading the Colonel, the band received from the regiment the ringing cheers they deserved. We were now within about twelve miles of Fredericksburg, and seemingly unnumbered forces were hovering down on the left bank of the river, though not as yet in sight of the stream or city.

November 22d. From our cheerless forest bivouac, along distressingly muddy roads, we found our way to within half a mile of Falmouth, where, at sunset, the bugles spoke the "halt" for the night.

November 23d. Moving four miles down the river, we encamped in a handsome pine wood by the side of the Fredericksburg and Acquia Creek Railroad, at a place known afterwards by the army as "Stoneman's Switch." Here we remained for several days in comparative quiet.

November 27th. Thanksgiving Day—full of memories, but turkeyless to us.

December 1st. Aroused by the call of all calls—"the general"—and prepared to move, having been assigned to General Averill's brigade of General Hooker's centre grand division, we again changed camp to near Potomac Creek, in the vicinity of Averill's headquarters, and pitched our little shelter tents and what canvas we could boast, in a beautiful forest of pine, spruce, and hemlock. Generously we fed our camp fires, and inhaled sufficient smoke if we did not realize sufficient heat. Ah! here again, after a long and painful interval, we were blessed with letters, papers, and some treasure-laden boxes, by mail and express from our dear homes. Imagine the eager eyes, the throbbing hearts, and the grateful utterances pervading our camp.

Troops I, K, L, M were detached to act as guards,

scouts, and orderlies for the various generals of the Third Corps of the great army. Equipping and refitting as best we could, we were put to picket duty in rain and snow and severe cold; compelled to stand on outpost duty, in our turns, for three successive days at a time—men and horses suffering what pen may not describe. Our brigade consisted of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, Third and Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and our own regiment. The attack on Fredericksburg was unfortunately delayed by the non-arrival of the promised ponton bridges. While the army waited for their coming, the delay put the advantage of action into Lee's hands.

December 10th. Orders came to be ready to move at a moment's notice, with three days' rations in haversacks, seven in company wagons, and three in brigade trains. At midnight came orders to be in line at eight in the morning.

December 11th. At five and a half A. M., as our reveille sounded, our artillery on the banks of the river opened on the enemy's lines on the opposite shore, and afforded protection to our forces in laying the pontons. The "dogs of war" kept up their hot and awful baying while our army pushed across the bridges. Two days passed before all things were ready for the decisive battle.

December 13th. The awful strokes were struck. Desperate, heroic efforts were made to carry the fortified heights; but all in vain. Lee, forewarned, had braced himself immovably.

December 15th. After about fourteen thousand had fallen on our side, and five thousand on the side of the enemy, our forces recrossed the river, leaving the rebels masters of the field: a fearfully sad affair, but not the fault of General Burnside. Only a part of our regiment was engaged in the battle: two troops, K and M, as es-

corts for generals; K with Generals Stoneman and Birney, M with General Sickles. They were in and over the whole field, sometimes on the front in the blaze of the action, yet they had but two horses killed. Captain Manchester's squadron, Troops A and D, were on duty at an important and perilous post on the left bank of the river.

On the eleventh, the entire regiment stood ready for orders, one mile from Falmouth, opposite the city, and there spent the night. The next day (12th), hearing of rebel raiders in our rear, most of the command was ordered to dash on to Dumfries to overhaul the guerrillas. With utmost speed, over hills, creeks, runs, fields, and valleys, we spurred till dark, when we halted only for the moon to lift her lamp, and then, again in saddle, dashed on to Stafford Court House; and at ten o'clock A. M. next day (13th), when within two miles of Dumfries, learned that the "gray backs" had fled, and at the same time met a portion of Sigel's command pressing on to reinforce General Burnside.

With only two hours of rest, we turned our guidons and spurred back to the Rappahannock, stopping on the way only to feed our horses from "secesh" haystacks and to catch a nap in our old bivouac, reporting finally to our brigade headquarters at the river on the fourteenth, after the disastrous battle in and around the city.

December 16th. Returned to our camp near Potomac Creek. The battle of Fredericksburg cannot be forgotten. The thunder of guns, the roar of mortars, the screech of shells, the rattle of infantry volleys, the yell of charges, the whistling of bullets, the rush of troops, the clouds of smoke,—all these live distinctly, fearfully, in the memory. Speak not to soldiers of thrilling scenes: they have been burned into our minds and well-nigh branded upon our bones.

CHAPTER XXII.

CAMP NEAR POTOMAC CREEK.

DECEMBER, 1862—JANUARY, 1863.

DURING the battle of Fredericksburg (December 13th) Samuel Salisbury (Troop A) died of typhoid fever in the brigade hospital.

On the sixteenth, Dr. W. H. Wilbur and Colonel T. Burgess reached our camp: the former to fill the place of Surgeon Greeley; the latter to cheer us with his presence and present to us a new and beautiful standard, the tasteful and costly gift of the generous and patriotic ladies of Providence, R. I.

December 19th. The ceremony of receiving the new standard was as follows: After dress parade, conducted as usual in the open field on the north of the camp, the regiment was formed in a hollow square, the centre occupied by the Colonel and his staff. Colonel Burgess then made his appearance from the forest, bearing the present, and, advancing within the handsome sabred square, addressed our commander and our command in fitting phrase of respect and compliment, and read to us the accompanying letter:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
PROVIDENCE, R. I., December 5, 1862.

Colonel:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt from you of the old flag of the First Rhode Island Cavalry. You are the representative of the men alike from New Hampshire and Rhode Island, who compose your command. Allow me to say to you and to them, that the memories of your valor and the stories of your deeds will endure through this and coming generations. As the recipient of this sacred relic, borne so proudly and heroically through many trials, in camp and upon the field of battle, let me thank the men of New Hampshire and Rhode Island for the entire discharge of their duty to their country, to their States, and to themselves.

The ladies of Providence, emulating the chivalrous spirit and acts of their sisters of old, give to the victors the crown which accompanies this,—emblem of your States and nation.

Guard it; honor it as nobly as you have guarded and honored the torn and tattered relic you have sent me. The ladies, who present this new flag to you, ask this of you, and they can ask nothing more. Remember, when you strike, that you strike in their defense; that it is for wives, for children, for a country, and the dearest privileges of mankind.

That God may preserve and honor you, and reward you for every soldierly deed, is the oft-repeated prayer of one who watches your career with the deepest pride.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM SPRAGUE,
Governor State of Rhode Island.

To Colonel A. N. DUFFIE,
Commanding First Rhode Island Cavalry.

Colonel Burgess then gracefully and tenderly presented the colors, and Colonel Duffie appropriately responded, and presented the subjoined paper:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
NEAR FALMOUTH, Va., December 19, 1862.

To His Excellency, Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island:

Sir:—It is with deep emotion, and with sentiments of grateful

pride, that I receive from your hands this beautiful emblem of our common country, the United States of America. At the same time citizens and soldiers, accustomed from childhood to love and cherish the Stars and Stripes; as soldiers urged by every manly impulse, by everything we hold near and dear, by our bounden duty to God and man,—we are here to uphold that flag against all comers, in whatever form or guise its enemies may appear, whether by the insidious approach of political strategy or the open enmity of armed legions.

Rhode Island and New Hampshire, in common sisterhood, pledge their sons as its guard of honor; and trust me, sir, while it is in their keeping it shall suffer no wrong; for I have known them well on many a hotly contested field.

For the kindly sentiments so gracefully conveyed by yourself, I thank you. I trust that, though unable to express myself as happily, I still fully appreciate the time and occasion.

For myself and my command, I accept the high trust reposed in this presentation; and, with life and honor, we promise to be its faithful, and, we hope, worthy defenders.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
A. N. DUFFIE,
Colonel Commanding First Rhode Island Cavalry.

At the conclusion of the addresses, the brave cavaliers gave three round and rousing cheers for the new flag, and as many, with peculiar zest, for the fair donors. The standard was then given into the hands of Troop I—the color troop—by whom, preceded by the band playing their most inspiring national airs, it was borne to the headquarters of the command.

These colors were of regulation size, dark blue silk, trimmed with a heavy yellow fringe—cavalry color—and bore, on one side, the coat of arms of Rhode Island, and on the other the coat of arms of New Hampshire, both richly wrought in silk.

We had a custom in our regiment, which, so far as we know, was never observed in this country till introduced

into our command. Colonel Duffie brought it from the European service, particularly from the cavalry arm of his native country. We refer to the ceremony of receiving our standard to the centre of the column whenever we came into line for a regular march or into line of battle. It was after this manner:

The troops were drawn out in line, with the regimental band at the head, all facing to the left, the officers in front of their battalions and troops, the staff on the right of the line, the Colonel in front of all, opposite the color company, in the centre of the line. All being in readiness, the color guard, a portion of the color company, in the centre of their troop (I, with us), fell back, and, passing around by the left to the headquarters, took the standard and returned near their place in the line; halting a few steps from the line, they dressed carefully, and then handsomely advanced into line, where, on halting, the color-sergeant gracefully waved the flag in salutation to the commander and the field and line officers, while the whole column presented arms. At the same instant, the Colonel and all the officers, with raised caps returned the salutation, and the full band struck and played a most thrilling salutatory strain.

So beautifully, gracefully, solemnly, grandly was this always done, that it made every heart throb and every eye moist, though performed for the hundredth time. And all who ever witnessed this ceremony of ours were charmed and thrilled by it. Herein, by the way, was one of the many secrets of the spirit, unity, zeal, and indomitable devotion of our command in the trying hours of battle. Our flag was to us sacred—the emblem of deepest thoughts and grandest principles, the symbol of ideas unutterable and inviolate. Around it, beneath it, for it, we rallied, and stood, and fought with an uncon-

querable will. Alluding to the want of this or a similar ceremony in other commands, Colonel Duffie often said, "You Americans do not know how to use your flag."

Colonel Duffie believed in the power and charm of symbols. On Christmas Day a lofty flag-staff was raised in front of the headquarters, and, with due ceremony, the large camp guidon—the old standard of Camp Arnold—red and white, bearing our Christian name—"New England Cavalry"—the pledge of our hearts, was flung to the breeze of Virginia, in the face of our country's foe. As it was run up and opened to the wind, our full and spirited band gave it appropriate salute and discoursed their best airs. In the evening a select choir of our cavalier singers gave an excellent concert of both vocal and instrumental music in front of the headquarters, complimentary to the commander and his staff. We only missed the comforts, gifts, and "Merry Christmas" salutations of our New England homes.

Our camp was on the eastern slope of a beautiful pine-clad hill, on the south side of the railroad and Potomac Creek, about a third of a mile from Potomac Creek Depot, commanding a charming view of the valley running easterly, and looking out afar upon the waters of Belle Plain Creek. General Burnside's headquarters were a little beyond us, in view of the Rappahannock. We were in Averill's brigade of cavalry, and counted by him and all the generals as a superior regiment; Colonel Duffie, for a time, acting as Brigadier-General.

Nor was there a neater or more tasteful camp than ours: wall tents for most of the officers; for the rank and file, shelter tents or log huts, protected by boards and earth; some quarters under-built with logs or excavated in the hill-sides. Sheds of pine boughs screened our

horses and supplies. Of the particular living of the men we will let Sargent speak:

"Our huts, 12 by 15, for four men each, were of logs notched together and filled with mud; roofs of small poles covered with shelter tents or sods, and steep enough to turn all rains; fire-place in one end, chimney outside, of stones topped by a barrel; inside, two bunks for two men each, poles covered with hay; door made of hard-tack boxes, hinges of old boot legs, latch string out, with cake of hard-tack for handle. Stock of furniture small at first; ditto of cooking utensils; increased by Yankee ingenuity from foraging tact and sutler's booth; fingers taking precedence of forks. Took turns cooking; had dishes not found in the cook books: fried pork—boiled pork—broiled pork (on a stick)—hard-tack—fried whole, broken up, soaked in water, pounded fine, made into new forms, shape of doughnuts—pork and hard-tack *a la fricasse.* Camp being established, rations were better: soft bread and fresh beef two or three times a week; but such beef! animals had travelled Virginia roads from the opening of the war and been fatted on hard-tack."

Our chief bugler, who was also leader of our band, having left us, his place as band leader was supplied by a superior bugler, William R. Kay, from Westerly, R. I.

December 24th. D. Pettee (Troop D) died in hospital.

December 30th. A portion of the regiment started on a reconnoissance and proceeded to Hartwood Church, where they remained for several days awaiting an expected attack on our picket line by Stuart's cavalry.

1863. January 1st. The Grand Army of the Potomac was settling into winter quarters. Only raids were to be expected. With very changeable weather, rain and snow making the roads knee deep with mud, hence impassable for troops and wagon trains, unless corduroyed, only

picket and reconnoissance remained for us. The subjoined figures show the strength of the regiment at the opening of the new year: Present for duty, 556; extra or daily duty, 78; sick, 37: total, 671; absent on detached service and with leave, 62; sick, 113: total, 175; aggregate, present and absent, 846.

January 1, 1863, was made historic, to the joy of the army and all the loyal in the land, by President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation—the God-chosen war spear that unjointed the war harness of the Confederates. From that day the tide of battle rolled mightily in favor of the Union forces, though occasional eddies of disaster occurred in some quarters. The question of impartial liberty was the determining principle of the gigantic national struggle.

January 8th. Corporal J. Murphy (Troop E) was captured on picket. On the same day, Peter Laveren (Troop D) died of pneumonia. His funeral was on the tenth, with impressive solemnities, and his remains were buried under a lofty pine, green as his memory.

Gifts from home, procured by the Chaplain, were timely and valuable: socks, stockings, knit caps, mittens, comforters, hymn books, Testaments, and papers. On account of impaired health from the severities of the service in Virginia, the Chaplain accepted Governor Sprague's proposition of a transfer into the Department of the South, to the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, in South Carolina. About the same time, Captain Manchester accepted a promotion to the rank of Major in the Second Regiment of Rhode Island Cavalry, commanded by our able and beloved former Lieutenant-Colonel Sayles. On the departure of the Chaplain, the post fund was turned over to Major Farrington, and the duties of postmaster and general correspondent were

assigned to J. A. Chedell (afterwards Lieutenant Chedell).

The presents received by the regiment called from the Colonel a characteristic paper that we here reproduce:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
NEAR FALMOUTH, Va., January 10, 1863.

Editors of the Press:

To the ladies of Rhode Island who have so kindly sent the very best of presents possible to the regiment, which it is at once my pride and pleasure to command, allow me, sirs, through your columns, to say, I thank you. Nothing could have been so full of real and lasting value as the woolen gloves, contributed on the moment at the mere suggestion of our most worthy and excellent Chaplain, Rev. Frederic Denison. Nestling themselves away on little slips of paper, in the fingers of the gloves, unobtrusive as woman's love, quiet as her affection, real as her sympathy, we find these sentiments: "To the future possessor of these gloves, much love"; Nelly sends, "kindly greetings"; Jenny says, "be of good cheer"; Alice "hopes these gloves will keep your fingers as warm as your heart is in the good cause"; Lucy says, "be merciful"; Mary says, "be good, and God bless you"; Sally says, "let these gloves hold the reins of no coward's horse."

Sirs, my men are wild with joy, cheered by the smiles which give their roseate hue to the more substantial gift. They will do and dare what men may do or dare; and be assured, sirs, that the fair daughters of Rhode Island and New Hampshire shall never have cause to blush for their sons in the field.

A. N. DUFFIE.

January 15th. The command was reviewed by General Averill, who, at the conclusion, said, "This is the best regiment in my brigade."

The proficiency of the command in all duties again prompted the Colonel to issue a special communication:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, Va., January 16, 1863.

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 23.]

Fellow-Soldiers:—Again it is my proud privilege to congratu-

late you upon your admirable appearance, drill and discipline, as a regiment. It has been granted me before, in all truth, to applaud the efforts you have made to become the first among the cavalry in the service.

General Roberts, Chief of Cavalry on General Pope's staff, on the 18th of last August, said: "While I have no hesitancy in saying yours is the best regiment I have inspected so far, there is still much to be done." Since that time, unqualified praise from high military sources has been repeatedly accorded to you; and now, to crown the whole, our most distinguished, most esteemed general, commanding this brigade, after the inspection of the 15th instant, says, "It is the best regiment in my brigade."

Sharing equally alike the glorious possession of such a prestige, we must all see to it, with jealous care, that we hold the position assigned us against all comers.

Let no mark or blot mar the fair page; and I hope soon, across the river which intercepts us from our foe, you will finish your brilliant achievements.

A. N. DUFFIE,
Colonel Commanding First Rhode Island Cavalry.

The men responded with loud and hearty cheers.

January 15th–23d. We were in readiness to move at a moment's warning; but, on account of storms and muddy roads, the general movements of the army were abandoned.

January 20th. Richard E. King (Troop H) died in hospital in Washington.

January 24th. A. L. Wilson (Troop L), having died of typhoid fever, was buried with military honors.

January 28th. Major Burt, our Paymaster, paid us from July 1, 1862, to January 1, 1863, a period of six months: a happy day for us, for the sutlers, and for our families in New England.

Several recruits had been received,—procured in some measure by bounties—and since they had joined us some of our old soldiers had missed their pistols. Our Colonel was satisfied that the pistols had been stolen by some of

the recruits and sold to infantry men near us. Hence, at dress parade, he thus addressed the regiment: "Some new recruit go steal from his comrade! He takes one pistol! He go sell to one infantry man! Ah! He think no one see him! Ah! God see him! God give you hell!" No more pistols were missed.

While the regiment thus lay in winter quarters, engaged only in scout and picket, Colonel Duffie, by invitation, made a visit north, especially to Providence, R. I., where he was welcomed with great enthusiasm by the city and by the Legislature of the State, then in session. His full-length portrait, with uniform and decorations, soon graced an art gallery on Westminster street. He left the camp to the care of Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson January 30th, but returned February 13th.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CORPORAL BROWN'S CAPTIVITY.

AUGUST—SEPTEMBER, 1862.

A JUST record of the services of our regiment should embrace some chapters of the experiences of our men while prisoners of war. These narratives, moreover, will give us some desired information relative to the inner life of the Confederacy and the spirit of the war on the part of the South.

In the order of our history we stated that on the 20th of August, 1862, Corporal J. Brown and four others were detailed as guards to General Sigel's scouts on the upper banks of the Rappahannock, and while examining the fords and scouting along the enemy's lines on the afternoon of August 21st, were surprised, pursued, and captured by a force of rebel cavalry, as their horses had been under the saddle for two days, with but little to eat, and were unable to escape the fresh pursuers.

Corporal Brown tells the following story of the capture, and the experiences of the squad while prisoners:

Edward Myers received a gash over the eye from the fall of his horse. James Williams' horse gave out from exhaustion. The Corporal turned in his saddle and tried

upon his pursuers the virtue of his revolver, and was finally brought to a halt only because his horse received a wound in the head. He threw his pistol into a mud-hole, and surrendered simply his sabre. One of his captors said, "Kill the damned Yank." Brown replied, "I had rather be shot than go to Richmond and be starved to death." An officer answered, "The Yank is good grit; we will let him see Richmond."

They were at once marched across the river, and, without being allowed to empty the water out of their boots, pushed forward on the dusty road twelve miles to Stevensburg. All they received for the night was a little water.

August 22d. They were marched about thirty miles to the line of the railroad, and put into an old depot, where utter exhaustion insured a little feverish sleep.

Says the Corporal, "On our way the guard would go to the houses on the road and get their haversacks filled with bread and meat, and then come along showing their food and asking us if we did not want some. It was hard to endure this. Some cried, and asked for a mouthful. The reply was, 'No; you can live sometime yet without food.'"

From Orange Court House they were taken in cars to Richmond and put into Libby Prison. Of the guard the Corporal says, "I cannot call them men. They were dressed in citizens' clothes, and had several kinds of guns—shot guns, old flint-locks, and such like. Before going into prison we were searched. They even took Myers' pocket-knife. That night they gave us a quarter of a loaf of bread—loaves much smaller than our army loaves—and a small piece of meat.

"In a few days we were sent over to Belle Island, where we met several thousand of our comrades, and where we were told we had received our death-warrant,

for they would starve us to death. Here we had half a loaf of bread a day, and a small piece of meat twice a week, and sometimes pea soup—enough to kill one if he ate much—fresh, and of a strange kind of peas and river water—water of a yellowish hue. Six or eight died on the island every day. For more than a week we laid out on the ground with nothing to cover us but God's starry blanket. Almost always the guards were laughing at and taunting us. The vermin were so plenty that the boys said they had regimental drills. I was fairly sore all over where they had eaten into me."

These men were paroled on the fourteenth of September, and on the following day were marched twelve miles to Aiken's Landing, where they were received by the Federal authorities. The Corporal remarks, "Although we were nearly starved, we marched at almost double-quick, and, when arriving in sight of the flag of truce, we all started at utmost speed, and, I will own, acted more like crazy men than we did like soldiers."

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUTPOST SERVICE AND BATTLE.

FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1863.

THOUGH in winter quarters, there was no real rest for our army. In front of a great, vigilant, resolute foe, life was secure only by ceaseless watchfulness and the repelling of occasional attacks. In the absence of Colonel Duffie, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson wisely administered our affairs and kept his eagle eye always on the front.

February 4th. We had orders to "be ready, with all available men, in light marching order, with three days' cooked rations, to move the next morning."

February 5th. Says Lieutenant Chedell: "Early our brigade, with its battery of flying artillery, and General Carr's division of infantry and two batteries of light artillery, started on an expedition, under General Carr, to destroy the railroad bridge crossing the Rappahannock, at Rappahannock Station, by which the enemy could hurry over his forces, should he wish at any time to mass his forces north of the river. The morning was cold, the snow falling thick and fast, the wind sharp and cutting; in afternoon, snow changed to sleet; bivouacking at night, we suffered from ice and rain.

February 6th. "Moving on through rain, at Deep Run we left the infantry, save one brigade as a reserve, and reached Grove Church, from which point a part of the cavalry and flying artillery dashed on to do the work of destroying the bridge, while the remaining forces should watch the fords below. Though under a hot fire from the rebels on the right bank of the river, the bridge was burned with the loss of only one killed and a number wounded. The rebels lost the most blood. The bridge in ashes, as also a small one east of it, and the railroad track torn up for a distance, our force fell back, and reached the old camps on the evening of the seventh, weary and worn."

General Hooker succeeded General Burnside in the command of the Army of the Potomac on the twenty-sixth of January, and knew our regiment by experience, and our men reciprocated the high esteem in which they were held. Of course our caps went up for "Fighting Joe," though we regretted the absence of our beloved Burnside. The cavalry forces were consolidated into a corps of three divisions, under General Stoneman, by whom we were well known, having served with him in the late campaigns. The division commanders were Pleasanton, Averill, and Gregg. The extreme front of outpost duty devolved of course upon the cavalry arm. This duty is thus described by Lieutenant Chedell:

"Our line of pickets extends from Acquia Creek to the north fork of the Rappahannock—a distance of about twenty miles. We are supported in the rear, the whole distance, by infantry. The cavalry pickets are changed every three days, allowing half a day for going out and the same for returning, making four days out.

"Each brigade is ordered to guard a given section of the line, to do which, proportional details are made from

the different regiments. The pickets are divided into small bodies for reliefs and reserves, and have the reserve headquarters in deep wooded hollows or other concealed places, where fires are allowed, the men remaining dismounted, with the privilege of keeping themselves as comfortable as possible, but always keeping themselves girded for an attack. The horses are kept saddled and bridled, hitched to the nearest trees, that the men may instantly spring to the defensive should the men on their posts give an alarm, or be driven in.

"The posts are relieved every two hours. The men on post always remain in their saddles, their horses' heads in the direction of the enemy. Their instructions are to be vigilant, to keep their revolvers or carbines always in hand, prepared to fire instantly should it be required. When any one approaches, they command, 'Halt! Who comes there?' If answered, 'Friends!' the command is given, 'Advance one! and give the countersign.' Should more than one attempt to advance, the picket fires, thus giving the alarm. If it is in the night, and those approaching are mounted, the command is, 'Dismount, and advance one!' etc., never allowing but one to approach, either by day or by night, unless accompanied by the corporal of the relief.

"The officers of the pickets visit their line of posts frequently by day and by night, for the purpose of inspecting and encouraging the pickets, and satisfying themselves that all is right. A corporal's relief, or patrol, passes up and down the line every hour. Everything is so systematically arranged that, in case of an attack, we could give the rebels a warm reception, holding any force at bay until we could be reinforced from the main army. To use the words of General Duryea, in an address to his brigade, in the summer of 1862—

'Our pickets are the eyes of the army.' If they sleep, or are negligent of duty, the whole army is in danger. The neglect of a single duty on picket is liable to the severest punishment. The officers in command of the pickets hold most important and responsible positions, having, as it were, the keys to the gates which separate the two contending armies."

February 22d. A foot of snow on the ground, and a blinding storm through most of the day, yet at noon a national salute, in honor of General Washington, was pronounced by our artillery. Evenings are variously passed in camp. One of our glee clubs, procuring songs, became very proficient in cheerful music. Sometimes, at the close of their performances, the hat was passed to raise funds for new songs, or, to vary the appeal humorously, "to be applied to the support of broken-down politicians and widows of deceased quartermasters, since such persons were always honest, and therefore poor."

February 25th. We were startled by the sounding of "Boots and Saddles," and learned that the pickets had been driven in and the whole line threatened by Stuart's cavalry. In line as quickly as possible, the brigade proceeded to Hartwood Church. The circumstances of the sudden and heavy attack were substantially as follows:

Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson had just assumed command of the picket line. The pickets that had been relieved had not returned to camp. So Stuart found, unexpectedly, double the ordinary number of Federal sabres confronting him; a circumstance that saved us from a fearful loss, though our loss at last was not light in prisoners. By our commander's cool and brave conduct, Stuart was finally foiled and turned back, leaving some dead for us to bury and some prisoners to care for, as an offset for our captured men.

We condense the record of the encounter from the narratives of Captains E. E. Chase and George N. Bliss, both prominent actors in the conflict.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, with six hundred men —two hundred from the Sixteenth Pennsylvania, and one hundred from each of the following: Third and Fourth Pennsylvania, Fourth New York and First Rhode Island—of Averill's cavalry brigade, was near Hartwood Church relieving Lieutenant-Colonel Jones (of Third Pennsylvania) and his like body of men on picket. He reached the grand reserve at eleven o'clock A. M., and his details were being told off for the several small reserves, the men remaining mounted, when rapid firing was heard in the direction of Hartwood Church, about one mile in front of the reserve. Shortly Lieutenant-Colonel Jones returned from the front and reported that his line of videttes had been attacked and driven in, and that the enemy in large force were coming down towards us, on both roads leading from Hartwood to Falmouth—the Ridge and Telegraph roads—on the former of which Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson was then resting.

Immediately the squadron of the Third Pennsylvania was ordered forward to the assistance of Lieutenant-Colonel Jones on the Ridge road, by Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, who, with the remaining squadrons, moved due west, through a by-road, about half a mile to the Telegraph road, where he rapidly formed in line, in the following order: First Rhode Island on the right, Fourth Pennsylvania, Fourth New York and Sixteenth Pennsylvania on the left, resting on the Telegraph road, and awaited the approach of the enemy.

Scarcely had the squadrons been aligned when the rebels were heard charging, with loud yells, down the Ridge road, going in the direction of Falmouth. Lieutenant-

Colonel Jones had been unable to check them, and was being driven back on the infantry pickets. Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, seeing his rear threatened, directed Captain Chase to move rapidly to the rear, with his own and the squadron of the Fourth Pennsylvania, to a point opposite where the fighting was going on between the rebels and Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, and to attack the enemy in the flank.

The two squadrons had wheeled by platoons into column, and were advancing at a trot in the direction ordered, when the enemy came dashing down the Telegraph road upon the three squadrons left with Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson. Two of the squadrons had never before been under fire; the other had been, but had not been known to stay long under such circumstances; and the present occasion did not seem to be one upon which to vary the rule. Accordingly, with the greatest alacrity, they broke by individuals to run to the rear. The other two squadrons, after firing a few shots from their carbines, instead of obeying Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson's order to charge, followed the example of the departed squadron, and, considering the condition of the roads, made very good time to the rear.

Meantime, the squadrons under Captain Chase were pushing to their point, when, to their surprise, the clatter of cavalry feet was heard in their rear, and, to their great anger and mortification, in an instant almost, they were inextricably mixed up with the three retreating squadrons from Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson's line. As soon as possible, however, a stand was made and the line was reformed. Lieutenant-Colonel Jones had succeeded in stopping the enemy on the Ridge road, and was ready to move forward in conjunction with Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson and drive the enemy back.

Our squadron, under Captain Chase, was placed in skirmishing order across the Telegraph road, the squadron of the Fourth New York, in column of platoons, as a support, followed, about two hundred yards distant, by the balance of the command, headed by the Fourth Pennsylvania. No trouble was experienced in regaining, in a very short time, all the ground which had been lost, the enemy slowly falling back, exchanging bullets with our skirmishers.

The rebels finally made a stand at a cluster of log huts, about half a mile from Hartwood, and considerable skirmishing ensued. Coptain Chase's squadron, becoming tired of merely exchanging shots, gave a cheer for charge, and away they went for the enemy, and, in less time than it takes to describe the stroke, had possession of the buildings. A charge was then made by a squadron of the enemy, which put to flight the squadron supporting our skirmishers; our skirmishers, however, giving the rebels a volley from their carbines as they passed our line. The rebels soon encountered the squadron of the Fourth Pennsylvania, and immediately retreated, closely followed by our carbines.

During the charge Captain Chase's horse fell, and the rebel squadron charged over him while lying on the ground. For about three minutes he was a prisoner, but was released by reason of the persuasive arguments of a few bullets from his men, who came to the rescue. Night had now come on, under the cover of which and from the last charge, the enemy fell back in full retreat towards Kelly's Ford, leading to their camps.

We now turn to the account, given by Captain Bliss, of the attack on his section of the picket line, where our greatest loss occurred. Captain Bliss was in charge of a line about eight miles in length, and to the left of where

the attack was made as described above. About nine and a half o'clock A. M., four mounted rebels, seen near one of the picket posts, were fired upon and immediately retreated. Notice was instantly given to Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of this appearance of the enemy.

About one o'clock P. M., Captain Bliss heard the yells of the enemy as they charged, and knew that he was cut off from the main body. He had orders to fight his posts, and not abandon them till forced to do so, and, therefore, against his judgment, held his position. About half an hour after the enemy's charge, the Captain heard sounds satisfying him that a column of the enemy was approaching him from his rear. Quickly he formed all the men he had at that point—twelve in number—in single rank across the road on top of a hill facing towards the rear and the coming foe: a stroke of strategy better than the Captain himself at first thought.

Scarcely had the Captain taken this position when the head of the rebel column made its appearance, and at once halted, whereupon the following parley ensued:

Rebel. "What regiment is that?"

Captain. "Advance one!"

Rebel. "What regiment is that?"

Captain. "What regiment is *that?*"

Rebel. "I ask *you* that question."

Captain. "Advance one!"

Rebel. "Are you rebels or Union?"

Captain. "Union!" And this last answer was given with a shout.

At once the rebel column fell back, and three men of our brigade, just before taken prisoners, managed in the confusion to escape to Captain Bliss' command, and gave him full information as to the situation of affairs. The Captain then felt justified in calling in his pickets so as

to concentrate his force at a point nearer the Rappahannock river, and sent a corporal to call in his pickets on the right. It was too late, however, to save them all. While bravely obeying the order to hold their posts to the last, the following men were captured: Lieutenant L. B. Shurtliff, Sergeant W. H. Tallman, H. B. Borden, C. H. Batchelor, N. Egan, J. W. Millington, A. H. Herrick, A. Gould,—all of Troop A; Corporal Alvah Eaton, Corporal A. N. Jacobs, P. Shehan, J. S. Brown, J. Berar, B. Hawkins, J. S. Webb,—all of Troop C; and T. Brannon, J. L. Dodge, J. S. Healey, G. Wallen, of Troop F, and W. F. Dougherty, of Troop G: total, one officer and nineteen men.

Captain Bliss fell back just in time to escape capture, and the enemy was twice repulsed by him, and his pickets re-established after his change of position. At seven P. M. an officer from the main reserve notified him that the enemy had retreated. He then restored his picket line and held it till relieved at two P. M. February 26th, a rebel surgeon, left behind to care for the wounded, informed him that the column halted by him was one hundred and fifty strong, and that the officer in command reported that it was impossible to advance on that road, as it was held by a full regiment of Yankee cavalry: the twelve men having been so formed as to present the appearance of the head of a regiment to the view of the rebel officer. Thus terminated a real battle on the picket line near Hartwood Church. Stuart was signally foiled.

General Averill, with a large body of cavalry, arrived on the ground at nine in the evening, and was soon joined by General Stoneman and General Buford, commanding the Regular brigade; but they were too late—the enemy was then safe from pursuit.

February 26th. At daylight the cavalry commenced

the pursuit, and went as far as Morrisville, and spent the day reconnoitering between Hartwood Church and Kelly's Ford, and returned to their camps on the 27th.

This was the last attack made on the pickets during the time the army remained at Falmouth. Stuart, however, was to have his full pay for this at a later date.

March 1st. General Averill, owing to his skill and bravery, now widely known in the army, had his cavalry forces augmented by the addition of three regiments, and the whole divided into two brigades, together composing the Second Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac. Colonel Duffie, although not the senior Colonel, was appointed to the command of the first brigade, composed of the First Rhode Island, First Massachusetts, Fourth New York—formerly Mounted Rifles—and the Sixth Ohio Cavalry. The second brigade, commanded by Colonel J. B. McIntosh, was composed of the Third, Fourth, and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. The Regulars were a brigade of themselves, called the Cavalry Reserve Brigade, under command of General Buford. Of this brigade we shall have occasion hereafter to relate the actions.

Orders were now issued indicating that the cavalry arm would be called upon to perform a different kind of duty from what had been their wont—to act more independently, and not be attached to the infantry; that the duties would be of that dashing nature peculiar to their own arm of the service. In fact, the whole tactics and maneuvering of cavalry were changed; large regimental wagon trains were abolished, and pack mules were substituted. These mules, by the way, occasioned no little merriment, as the men, attempting to ride them, were thrown and tumbled, or defeated of a ride by stubbornness, *a la* circus; yet they found the spurs of our

boys quite too much for them. But finally this pack train, from its constitutional stubbornness and the number of men required to fill it, was abolished in May following.

During our encampment at Potomac Creek we were visited by several gentlemen from Rhode Island. Mr. I. S. Battey came with extra and excellent provisions for us, contributed by the people of Rhode Island, by whom we were never forgotten. Mr. Allen Baker again kindly visited us, and remained two weeks. And the regiment was happily honored by the presence of His Excellency, Governor Berry, of New Hampshire, who was kindly caring for the troops of the Granite State.

March 13th. At dress parade Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson presented to the command Rev. Ethan Ray Clarke, the new Chaplain, who made a brief address. We had just received orders to be in readiness to march, at ten minutes' notice, with three days' rations; and on the fourteenth were inspected by Major Chamberlain, the Inspector-General of the division.

March 15th. Chaplain Clarke held his first service, at nine o'clock A. M., in front of Colonel Duffie's brigade headquarters. In the afternoon the brigade was reviewed by General Averill,—a beautiful sight—after which, the officers of the brigade repaired to the General's headquarters, where they received instruction to be ready and start on a raid at eight o'clock the next morning, with three days' rations and one day's forage. Knowing that work was before us, our sabres and spurs were in order.

CHAPTER XXV.

BATTLE OF KELLY'S FORD.

MARCH—APRIL, 1863.

OUR record of this remarkable battle may be given by the pen of Captain George N. Bliss.

March 16th. The First Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Colonel Duffie, with the second, commanded by Colonel McIntosh, and four hundred of the First with four hundred of the Fifth Regulars, and one battery, moved off in fine style at eight o'clock A. M., with four days' rations and one day's forage. Arriving at Morrisville, sixteen miles from camp, about dark, we bivouacked for the night.

March 17th. At four o'clock A. M., the column, excepting the First Massachusetts, left on picket, moved on towards Kelly's Ford, and arrived near there about daylight, halting whilst the advanced guard, consisting of forty men of the Fourth New York and one platoon of the First Rhode Island, under Major Chamberlain, of the First Massachusetts (chief of General Averill's staff), moved directly upon the ford. The ford was found obstructed on both sides by abattis of trees felled across the road, and the opposite bank was occupied by a large number of dismounted rebel cavalry, acting as

sharp-shooters, strongly protected by rifle-pits, from which they poured a brisk fire upon our men. The obstructions were so great that but one horse could leap them at a time, and that with extreme difficulty. Our carbineers, therefore, were dismounted and thrown into a mill race, where they opened a smart fire upon the enemy. But the foe being too strongly lodged to be pushed out in this way, a charge was the only alternative.

The advance guard was ordered to this bold work, led by Major Chamberlain, First Massachusetts, Lieutenant Brown, of our command, and an officer (name not recalled) of the Fourth Regulars, closely followed by the Rhode Island boys. Before reaching the river, Major Chamberlain received a severe wound in the face and fell, while the officers and men of the Fourth United States turned and fled, leaving Lieutenant Brown and the boys of Troop G alone. The Lieutenant was the first to leap his horse over the abattis, and gallantly did his command follow; but such was the severity of the rebel fire that only three men reached the opposite shore with the Lieutenant. Colonel Duffie, seeing the situation, ordered the First Rhode Island across. The main body, headed by Major Farrington, promptly moved, the Major, Captain Thayer, and Lieutenants Fales and Chedell being the first to reach the opposite bank. Many horses were shot down in the water, and many a brave rider was wounded. At once the rebels abandoned their rifle-pits and fled towards the woods, but our men swiftly charged upon them, capturing twenty-five men, with their horses and arms. As the river at the ford was about four feet deep and the current very swift, and the resistance of the enemy was very determined, great credit should be awarded to the officers and men who effected the crossing and dislodged the foe. Colonel Duffie's horse was

hit by a bullet and threw his rider in the river, considerably bruising one of his legs. Lieutenant Rhodes' horse was shot dead. Lieutenant Brown's horse received two bullets, and three passed through the Lieutenant's clothing.

About two hours were occupied in removing the obstructions and getting our troops across the river. About ten o'clock A. M., we took up our line of march towards Culpepper Court House, fourteen miles distant. A platoon of the First Rhode Island, under Lieutenant Vaughan, with a squadron of the Sixth Ohio, formed the advance guard, supported by the First Rhode Island. Near one and a half miles from the ford the Confederate cavalry were discovered advancing to the attack. They came on boldly, yelling like demons, and apparently confident of victory. Major Farrington moved quickly to the front, and was shortly wounded by a pistol shot cutting his neck. Captain Gould took command, directed by Colonel Duffie, and, leading our command, charged upon the rebels, who turned and fled before our men were near enough to reach them with their sabres. Hotly our men pursued the flying foe, taking many prisoners, among them Major Breckinridge, cousin to the traitor Vice-President.

In the excitement of victory, some of our men failed to notice another force of rebels charging in a direction which would cut them off from our troops. In consequence of this oversight, about eighteen of our men were captured, among them Captain Thayer and Lieutenant Darling. The belief is that Captain Thayer was wounded, but not mortally. In this charge Lieutenant Nathaniel Bowditch, First Massachusetts (Assistant Adjutant-General on Colonel Duffie's staff), fell mortally wounded, after having cut down three of his assailants. All honor

to his memory; a braver soldier never drew sabre. Major Breckinridge was captured by Lieutenant James M. Fales, of our regiment.

A few moments later, the First Rhode Island, with a squadron of the Fifth Regulars, led by Colonel Duffie, charged upon another regiment of the enemy that was advancing at a charge. Here was hot work again, that pen may not depict. It is a wild and thrilling scene when two cavalry commands fiercely charge upon each other. We smote the bold enemy so sharply as to roll them back, routing them so effectually that they retreated a mile before their officers could rally them.

A new line of battle was immediately formed by our forces one mile in advance of our first position. Our battery was brought to the front. Our right was held by the Third Pennsylvania and Fifth Regulars; our left by the First Rhode Island and a squadron of the Sixth Ohio, under Major Farrington. The enemy now re-appeared, evidently reinforced, and led by the famous Stuart himself, and charged in two columns, one on the right, the other on the left of our battery, apparently with the intention of capturing our guns. Stuart led his Fourth Virginia Cavalry—seven hundred strong—against our left; this brought him face to face with the First Rhode Island sabres. Yelling and firing their pistols, the rebels came on, in good order, for square work. The men of the First Rhode Island and Sixth Ohio sat quietly in their saddles, with drawn sabres, till the enemy had approached within a hundred yards, when the swelling order "Charge!" was given. Now came the work. *Hoc labor!* The whirlwinds met. Led by the gallant officers—Major Farrington and Captain Rogers—our boys sprang upon the foe. The two forces came together at full speed—horse to horse—man to man—sabre to

sabre. What a fight! The conflict was short, determined, deadly. The enemy—the famed Stuart and his boasted Virginia Cavalry—was broken, rolled back, utterly repulsed, with very severe loss. Suitable exultation ran through our ranks; and this charge was pronounced by the general commanding to be one of the most splendid ever made. Indeed, nothing more thrilling could be pictured by the imagination.

At the same time the rebels were repulsed on our right. So the victory was complete. Quickly our lines were reformed. The enemy took refuge behind their battery—Stuart's Horse Artillery—which opened upon us a heavy fire, to which our battery could not respond, as our ammunition was expended.

In this charge, Sergeant Fitzgerald (Troop G) fell dead by a shot through the heart. Lieutenant Nicolai and private J. W. Gardner were killed by solid shot. Captain Baker and others were wounded by fragments of shells. But of our particular losses we will speak presently. Near sunset the enemy retired; the day had been too much for their chivalry. We, having accomplished our object of severely punishing the foe, quietly recrossed the river and returned to Morrisville, where we spent the night. The field of battle was an open one, favorable for cavalry maneuvers; and this is believed to be the first instance in the war when any considerable cavalry force met sabre to sabre in an open field fight.

To this record by Captain Bliss we add a few words from Confederate authorities. The sharp-shooters—Second Virginia Cavalry—at the ford were under Breckinridge. The first force met after crossing was under Fitz Lee. The first charge made on us was by the Third Virginia Cavalry, under Owen; another by the Fifth Virginia, under Rosser. The Fourth Virginia was led by

Stuart; the First Virginia was led by Drake. Pelham and Puller fell. Said the Richmond Whig: "There were men in our lines who were engaged at Malvern Hill, at Gaines' Mills, in many of Jackson's battles, and with one accord they say that they never passed through such a fearful fire as thinned our ranks in that charge." They had five regiments engaged in the action, and Stuart's Horse Artillery, which must have given them a force of about three thousand effective men. Moreover, they were acting on the defensive. The opposing forces in number were nearly equal.

Some of the points of this severe and splendid battle are thus summed up by Lieutenant Chedell: "The First Rhode Island Regiment brought off the honors of the fight—the first real, and perhaps the most brilliant, cavalry fight of the whole war. It was the first to cross the river; the first up the bank; the first in every charge; in most it was alone; in fact, it was at the head of every movement, and bore the heat of the battle. The whole loss of our brigade, I believe, was sixty-five in killed, wounded, and missing, and forty-two of that number were from our regiment. The loss of the rebels was more than four times that number; they own one hundred killed, and must have had nearly as many wounded. We took nearly one hundred prisoners."

Colonel Duffie (acting Brigadier) again proved his undaunted courage and superior skill. It would be useless to specify each particular case of bravery and merit, where all officers and men nobly performed their duty, gaining great credit both for themselves and for their regiments. We justly feel proud of our triumph. For our lost comrades we sincerely mourn, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to their bereaved families and friends. They fell heroically at the post of duty.

Killed. Lieutenant E. S. Nicolai (M), instantly killed by shell; body not recovered, but buried on the field by M. Brown; Sergeant J. Fitzgerald (G), by carbine shot while charging; Joseph Gardiner (E), instantly, by solid shot.

Wounded. Major P. M. Farrington, pistol shot in neck; Captain Allen Baker, Jr., (E) two joints of forefinger; Lieutenant G. E. Thompson (K), slightly; Lieutenant G. W. Easterbrook (I), flesh-wound in thigh; Corporal Joseph W. Vincent (A), mortally, thigh broken by carbine shot; died six days after; Sergeant J. E. Bennett (B), slightly in foot; W. W. Hendricks (B), flesh-wound in thigh; Bernard Mannin (D), slightly; George E. Snow (D), slightly; John Swindley (D), slightly; Corporal John Kiernan (D), mortally; Henry F. Addison (F), slightly; Miron W. Short (G), right arm broken; Henry P. Jordan (G), flesh-wound in leg; Corporal Jesse A. Warren (I), severely in leg; Frank P. Elkins (I), flesh-wound in leg; Franklin Tilton (I), slightly in hand; Corporal High Mills (K), slightly; L. F. Porter (K), dangerously; left in a house on the other side of the river; Corporal George W. Sleeper (L), severely in arm.

Missing. Captain Charles H. Thayer (B), wounded, and supposed taken prisoner; Lieutenant George W. Darling (B), supposed taken prisoner; William H. Cook (A).

Taken Prisoners. Of Troop B, Sergeant S. H. Pickering, Corporal E. G. Lawton, William H. Hendrick, wounded; of Troop C, Corporal William P. Lovett, wounded, William H. Barney; of Troop D, Sergeant Albert L. Phillips, Corporal Algernon Riches, William H. Bennett, Allen W. Towne; of Troop F, Patrick Coughlan, Allen G. Abbott; of Troop K, Sergeant Calvin Rog-

ers, Corporal J. C. Gage; of Troop M, Lyman Wilder, James F. Hobbs.

Total, forty-two.

The regiment reached its old camp near Falmouth March 18th. After his custom, Colonel Duffie soon prepared the annexed official paper:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY BRIGADE,
March 21, 1863.

[GENERAL ORDERS No. 8.]

Again we have met the enemy and beaten him at all points. He was strongly intrenched in rifle-pits at the ford; the road leading into and out of the river barricaded with fallen trees. After an unsuccessful attempt of the Fourth New York Cavalry to cross, two squadrons of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, with the Sixth Ohio, forced their way over the obstacles and across the river in the face of a most murderous fire, surrounding and capturing every rebel in the trenches. Immediately after, the enemy appeared in force, with their boasted Fourth Virginia Cavalry in advance at a charge, supported in their flank and rear by three full regiments. Here was an opportunity—so long sought for—of meeting the rebel cavalry in a fair and square fight in an open field.

The Rhode Island squadron dashed at their column, broke the head of it in a moment, and sent the whole body back to their reserves, capturing nearly all the charging regiment with its commander. Again the enemy came thundering down, and these squadrons, nobly supported by the Sixth Ohio, again showed the chivalrous sons of the "sacred soil" that on an open field they were no match for the hated Yankees. Although they were five to our one, a third time the lines were formed, and this time by their famous Stuart, who had determined, if possible, to retrieve his evil fortune. On they came. And then took place that terrific hand to hand fight—man to man—horse to horse—sabre to sabre—which ended in their utter defeat, and our most glorious victory.

The cavalry fight at Kelly's Ford will become famous, not so much as to the magnitude of its results—though their loss was

three times that of ours—but as a demonstration, beyond a doubt, that in an open fight the rebel cavalry cannot stand Yankee sabres.

The conduct of both officers and men, during the whole day, was beyond all praise; and had the First Massachusetts Cavalry been with us, we should have captured the whole famous regiments that were opposed to us. Let us hope for another meeting with the rebels, and all together we shall share our success.

While the conduct of all was meritorious, it is difficult to signalize any; but to the lamented Bowditch, A. A. A. G. on my staff, mortally wounded fighting at the front; to Major Farrington, commanding the First Rhode Island Cavalry, who was shot in the neck during the first charge, but who remained at his post during the entire day; to the memory of Lieutenant Nicolai (First Rhode Island), who fell at the head of his troop; to Lieutenant Brown (First Rhode Island), who was the first to dash into the river, and the first to mount the parapet on the other side, whose clothes were shot through, and whose horse was shot three times; to Captain Barrett, who was in command of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry,—especial mention is due; while to each and all, my most grateful thanks are most cheerfully given.

By command:

Colonel A. N. DUFFIE,
Commanding Brigade.

A. S. CHILDS, Lieutenant and A. A. A. G.

We should add here the appropriate paper prepared for us by the kindly pen of Nathaniel G. Stanton, M. D.:

Lieutenant HENRY L. NICOLAI. He was born in Newport, R. I., April 29, 1841, and was naturally inclined to military affairs, and, at the commencement of the war, was a member of the Newport Artillery Company. He enlisted in the First Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, and held the position of fourth corporal at the first battle of Bull Run. On the return of this three months regiment he enlisted in the First Rhode Island Cavalry, as First Sergeant of Troop A. On the second day of November, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Second

Lieutenant. On the 17th of March, 1863, in the severe cavalry fight at Kelly's Ford, he led his men to the charge three several times, and was killed by a solid shot just as victory had crowned the arms of the Union. He was a brave and promising officer, and his loss was keenly felt by his comrades in arms. These, at the time of his death, paid a grateful and tender tribute to his memory. From that paper, signed by Colonel Duffie and the officers of our command, we make the following extracts:

"The officers of the First Rhode Island Cavalry wish to pay an appropriate tribute to the memory of a gallant officer, and to soften the affliction of those who mourn his loss. A sense of duty to God and his native land, impelled him to take up arms, and his promotions were won step by step by a constant display of zeal for our cause and an able and manly discharge of his duties as a soldier. Three times on the day of his death he had led his men to victory.

"For a soldier there can be no prouder epitaph than, 'Dead upon the field of honor.' On many a weary march, in many a scene of danger, we had learned to admire and respect him. 'We shall meet him often in memory's halls; his portrait will hang on memory's walls.' We shall never find a braver soldier or a truer man."

Who for his country gives his blood
Attests the broadest brotherhood.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SCOUT DUTY AND BATTLE.

APRIL—MAY, 1863.

AS winter was decamping, the military movements of the year were begun. The armies were astir; the great war waves were again rising. Having received orders to be in readiness for a forward movement, our sick and wounded were sent to a hospital established for the division at Acquia Creek. Dismounted men—from killed horses—and those with unserviceable beasts, together with the band, and like detachments from the other regiments of the division, were sent to Dumfries. All this indicated serious work.

April 13th. Now opened the spring campaign. Breaking winter camp, joining the cavalry corps, forward we moved, at night bivouacking at Elkton, and the next day (14th) moved to Bealton, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. A cavalry force saddled and packed for a march is a peculiar sight, especially when starting out from settled quarters on a campaign, when all are anxious to take what comforts they can with them. As it is one of our objects in our record to exhibit the inner life of a cavalry regiment, we will let Sargent describe us as we broke camp at this time:

"Just imagine your house, your bed, your cooking utensils, your rations, and the feed for your horse, all on the horse's back; the things carried, and the manner of carrying, being much as follows: On each saddle there are three straps in front and three behind; on front is strapped the overcoat, two pieces of shelter tent, and a rubber talma; behind is carried the nose-bag and saddle-bags, containing curry-comb and brush, extra ammunition, knife, fork, and spoon; over these hangs the haversack, containing rations; shirt and stockings extra are rolled in the shelter tent; the blanket is put under the saddle on top of the saddle blanket; the carbine is slung from the left shoulder and hangs on the right side; the revolver, in a holster attached to the belt, is on the right hip; the sabre hangs by the left side; each man has a quart cup for making coffee, and a tin plate; perhaps each fourth man carries a little fry pan.

"A few days after taking the field, the men begin to dispose of one and another of these superfluous articles, till finally they move in what is called light marching order; and as soon as warm weather sets in, many fling away their overcoats, reserving only one shelter tent. In rear of the column moves the pack train—and a motley column it is; horses, packed with officers' baggage, led by servants, some white, some black: and some officers are allowed an extra horse. This train we call the caravan. Behind all is the rear-guard to keep up the column and prevent capture by guerrillas."

April 15th. We reached the north fork of the Rappahannock. Here for a week we moved up and down the river banks as videttes, with our eyes open to all hostile movements. Only our generals knew where we were to serve and what was impending. We feigned a crossing at different fords, perplexing and bewildering

the enemy. Strategy is the acknowledged philosophy of war.

On taking the front at this time, Colonel Duffie, still suffering from an injury he had received, was placed in command of the detachments of the division left in camp. Captain Baker was left in charge of the detachment of our regiment: he still disabled by his wound received in the late battle. Colonel H. B. Sargent, First Massachusetts Cavalry, had command of the brigade, in the absence of Colonel Duffie.

The dismounted detachments were formed into a provisional division, that, on the fifteenth, in a severe rain storm, started for Dumfries, to form a remount camp. The rain was so severe that, in crossing the streams, so swollen that the ambulances and wagons were detained, some of the horses were drowned in fording. On the morning of the seventeenth all had arrived at Dumfries, a small town on the Quantico Creek, about four miles from the Potomac, once a flourishing place, but now about a hundred years behind the times. The detachments were stationed in different parts of the town, to be able to defend the garrison. Here we were happy to meet the Sixth Maine Battery, our old friends, who did such splendid service at Cedar Mountain. Of the people here we bought shad, at twenty-five cents each, and herrings for a cent apiece; and looked on the ruins of the court-house where Patrick Henry made his celebrated speeches.

Colonel Duffie, receiving fourteen days' leave of absence, was relieved by Colonel J. Irwin Gregg, Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. These detachments had the double duty of a remount camp and a guard for our line of communication, relieving General Geary's brigade to join the army on the front. Exposed to attacks from guerrilla bands, the position of the camp was critical.

The movements briefly mentioned in this chapter will be understood if it be borne in mind that General Hooker was about to advance the front of the Army of the Potomac; and, preparatory to this weighty step, sent out his cavalry forces to feel of the enemy's lines, and to make feints of attack in different places. General Stoneman was sent to break the enemy's line and strike in his rear. General Averill was commanded to keep Stuart busy and distracted on the line of the Rapidan.

April 22d. Copious rains having swollen the river (Rappahannock), alike rendering roads and fords impassable, for a few days we went into partial camp near Warrenton Junction.

April 28th. At nine o'clock P. M., receiving unexpected mandates, we sprung to our saddles, and, advancing in the darkness through deep forests, reached Rappahannock Station at two o'clock at night, there halting for further orders.

April 29th. Soon after daylight, spurring on to Kelly's Ford, we found a ponton-bridge thrown across, and two corps of infantry with artillery already over. As the pontons were fully monopolized by others, we cavaliers, as often we had done before, defied the flood and rose to the opposite bank. Here we separated from the other forces. The infantry and artillery moved towards Germania. General Stoneman, with Gregg's division and the brigade of Regulars, moved onward for Raccoon Ford. General Averill, with his division and one brigade from Pleasanton's, pushed up the Culpepper road. Our regiment was a part of Averill's command.

As we approached the battle field of March 17th, we again met a force of the enemy. Brisk skirmishing immediately ensued. The fight had almost the dignity of a battle. The guns of our battery handsomely handed

the rebels our solid sentiments; they warmly returned the compliments. We drove them from their covert of woods. They formed in line of battle on the open field. We quickly moved up and formed an opposing line. The dispute was short. They retired to their old position of March 17th, not caring to meet again, as on that sorely remembered day, the charge and steel of the Yankees. At dark we bivouacked in the woods, leaving a strong line of pickets on our front. During the day we had but one horse wounded, but we lost three men by capture—B. F. Hiscox, G. D. Potter, and I. Westcott, of Troop F.

April 30th. The enemy showed no pickets. Finding the grave of Lieutenant Nicolai near the centre of the battle field, a stone marked N was placed at the head of it. Cautiously we moved forward by Brandy Station to Culpepper Court House. As our skirmishers entered the town, we saw the rear of the retreating foe dashing over the hill beyond. Pressing forward, we crossed the gory battle field of Cedar Mountain, gazed tenderly on the patriot graves, passed round the mountain, and halted at night by the Rapidan, over which retreating Stuart had just passed.

May 1st. With the river between us, we found the Confederates ready to give us battle. Cannonading and carbine discussions commenced early and lasted all the day. Our battery, under Major Zedball, of the First United States Artillery, made much sport by firing upon and balking a locomotive with which the "gray backs" were trying to get off a train. Captain Chase (Troop H) started with a force to burn the bridge, but the rebels, anticipating his errand, were kind enough to burn it for him. The firing ceased with the day. Lieutenant Phillips, First Massachusetts, was wounded in the neck.

Sergeant Earl (Troop F) received a flesh-wound in the arm. The house of the rebel General A. H. Taliaferro was struck by a shell.

May 2d. With good roads, but a hot day, we pushed on through Stephensburg, and by night reached Ellis' Ford, on the right of General Hooker's line. The next day, crossing the ford, we passed through the earthworks and bivouacked with the Army of the Potomac, now up and girded for terrible action.

May 4th. The great battle of Chancellorsville was raging. The enemy opened fire at an early hour. General Reynolds called for a cavalry force to make a reconnoissance, and Major Farrington with one squadron of our regiment and one of the Sixth Ohio—well known and fast friends—were ordered for the service. Passing out of the earthworks on the right, our men moved as ordered towards Ellis' Ford again, and found the enemy had crossed since we left the day before. Commencing by skirmish, we found the foe as infantry or dismounted cavalry. Having only five carbines, as we used sabres and pistols, we were not in order for such opponents, whose shots whistled briskly around our ears. Having orders to go to the ford if possible, Major Farrington bravely pushed on with his little command. Two men of the Sixth Ohio were wounded, and a number of horses were killed. As we advanced, the enemy on the left drove in our skirmishers, and, coming up in our rear, gave us a volley. But we reached the river, three miles from all support, and, placing pickets at the ford, formed in line with drawn sabres, and stood ready for defense.

Thus we were in the lines of the enemy, they being in our rear, on our left, and in our front. General Robertson, with two regiments of infantry and two pieces of artillery, started out to support us, but, when only a mile

outside the pickets, was driven back with five wounded. We held our isolated position for two and a half hours, the rebel sharp-shooters doing their best to discomfit us. Finally the enemy opened with artillery, and commenced to move upon our left. Now our condition was truly desperate. After consulting the officers, Major Farrington resolved to fight his way out rather than to return home by the way of Richmond. We had two prisoners with us. Taking one of these, who was familiar with the country, we informed him that he could have his choice—accept the contents of a pistol or guide us out of our dilemma by a forest path on our right of which he had spoken. He led us, and we escaped the foe, safely reaching again General Hooker's earthworks. Had the rebels known the smallness of our force they would have crushed us. It was reported that we were lost. To the coolness and bravery of Major Farrington great praise is due.

At night General Reynolds desired us to make another reconnoissance—evidently counting upon our nerve. Passing beyond the pickets where we had entered the line, we scouted through the thick woods to the road on which we passed out in the morning. Returning to our army line on the left of where we went out, we came so unexpectedly upon the line of abattis that General Paul's brigade, taking us to be foes, gave us a terrible volley from the earthworks. Happily we were below the crest of a hill, so that the bullets passed over our heads. Had not our messenger reported promptly, we should have next received grape and canister that would have swept our whole column. Passing within the earthworks, we thankfully rested for the night. The next day we returned to our headquarters in camp, a short distance from our old winter quarters near Potomac Creek Station.

It will be noticed that we were acting only as scouts and feelers for the Army of the Potomac, on the edge of the great and sad battle field of Chancellorsville. Hooker had an army of more than a hundred thousand to act against Lee, who had perhaps sixty thousand. But Lee had every advantage of position and lines. He paid no attention to General Stoneman, who struck him in the rear, nor to General Sedgwick, who smote him on his right, till he had dealt a stunning blow upon Hooker's main column at Chancellorsville; then he attended to the minor forces. Hooker lost seventeen thousand men. Lee lost over twelve thousand; among these was the famous "Stonewall" Jackson. The battle opened May second and lasted three days. After such a battle, by necessity both armies desire rest.

May 15th. Making ready, we moved to a delightful spot, about one mile from Potomac Creek Station, and half a mile from the creek, in a beautiful oak wood on a hill overhanging a deep, romantic glen, in which was a clear, cold fountain called "Isinglass Spring." This we called "Camp Delightful." But the dark shades of the battle were still around us; near by were three large groups of hospital tents filled with our wounded from the field of Chancellorsville, and for a number of days long trains of ambulances were engaged bringing over the river those left in the enemy's hands, but now paroled.

General Averill having been relieved from duty with the Army of the Potomac, Colonel Duffie was called to take command of the division. And now the remount camp was transferred from Dumfries to Potomac Creek, on the 27th of May, from which point our regiment received all its supplies.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PICKET SERVICE AND FIGHT.

MAY—JUNE, 1863.

MAY 19th. The regiment went out for three days' service on picket near Banks' Ford. On the twenty-fifth, at an early hour, we left "Camp Delightful" for service on the front to the northwest, and moved on towards Bealton Station, bivouacking for the night at Grove Church, and reached our station the next day, where we were joined by some of our men from Dumfries. Our command was now engaged in picket duty from the north fork of the Rappahannock to Alexandria. At Bealton we laid out a camp and resumed some regularity of field life, though the location had the disadvantage of scarcity of good, clear water.

May 27th. General Gregg's headquarters were beyond ours at Rappahannock Station. In the evening it was rumored that the Confederate cavalry were concentrating in large force in Culpepper and vicinity, with the design of crossing the river at Sulphur Springs. Horses were saddled, and men slept on their arms, waiting for the bugles to bid us on to face the foe. About midnight we were aroused. The enemy had commenced to cross at

the Springs; indeed, their van had reached Warrenton and driven in our pickets. Our second and third battalions sprung to their saddles and were off to the front with ready sabres; but, finding the foe indulging only in a reconnoitering movement and not ready for close work, sent back to report the situation. Still the enemy lingered in some scattered force this side of the river.

May 28th. During the day the enemy fell back to the south side, and at night our troops, except Captain Wyman's squadron (K and L), returned to our camp. Captain Wyman remained near the ford till daylight of the 29th, then crossed the stream and reconnoitered, and finally safely returned to camp. These inconspicuous services, so constantly required of cavalry, were always laborious and hazardous. A portion of the rebel cavalry were still in Fauquier County harassing our front and lines of communication.

May 29th. We received intelligence that a train of fourteen cars, loaded with forage and rations, containing also a four days' mail, had been attacked and destroyed the day before by the ubiquitous and wily Mosby and his guerrillas. Preceded by Gregg's division, that hurried to Cedar Run and Catlett Station, we, on the morning of the thirtieth, moved from Bealton to within about two miles of Warrenton Junction, where in a forest of oak we encamped, though the spot was illy supplied with water. Here we were miles outside of the main army, connected with it only by videttes and patrols, occupying an isolated and exposed position. As we faced northwest, Hooker lay in our rear, the Confederates on our left and in our front. The special work of our division was to watch and guard the fords of the Rappahannock. Besides a picket reserve at the different fords, and a grand reserve of pickets, one regiment was kept constantly sad-

dled, ready to spring to the relief of any attacked party. The different regiments of the division served their turn each of twenty-four hours.

Thus we were prepared at a moment's notice to meet and repel an assault. Should the foe come in large force we could hold them at bay till our reserves could be brought up. Mosby's guerrillas now infested the country from Fairfax on the east to the forks of the Rappahannock on the west; but they adroitly managed to keep well out of the reach of loyal sabres, their policy being to attack where there was no doubt of success—such as single horsemen, small scouting parties, and unprotected wagon trains. Despite their arts, and ambushes and dashes, our patrols and scouting parties dashed up and down the country.

The pretenses and strategy of these guerrillas were well understood. Now they would appear mounted and armed, ready for fight and plunder; anon, when hard pushed, they would vanish, and might be found in humblest dress, wielding the hoe or other peaceful instruments. Now they were car burners and plunderers; now they were poor oppressed farmers, bewailing their sad fate, perhaps stoutly averring that they were Union men. Such was the proud chivalry of Virginia: to-day, swearing marauders; to-morrow, whining sufferers. Not that this was true of all Virginians, but only of too many. We honored the open, earnest, heroic Jackson, who met us like a soldier; we could only despise the skulking Mosby.

June 3d. The enemy, under Stuart, succeeded in driving back our videttes and crossing in considerable force at Sulphur Springs. They were held in check by Lieutenant-Colonel Curtis with the main portion of his gallant First Massachusetts Cavalry, until Colonel Duffie

at the head of his old brigade (now under Colonel Cesnolia) went out to his assistance. Quickly the foe fell back across the river, and we returned to camp about midnight.

General Stoneman being absent on account of ill health, General Pleasanton commanded the corps. Colonel Duffie was at the head of our division. Our brigade was under Colonel Leighton, but as he was away on leave of absence, we were commanded by Colonel Cesnolia, of the Fourth New York Cavalry.

From the constant wear and tear and strokes of war, that is, sickness, exhaustion, wounds, deaths, and captures, and the special details made from our ranks for orderlies and remote service, only about two-thirds of the regiment were now on the front to answer the bugle calls for regular action. The wear of a cavalry regiment is very great, on account of the number, variety and responsibility of its services.

At this point in our record we must regretfully part with the gifted pen of Lieutenant Chedell, upon which for many months we have largely depended. The noble officer is soon to fall for his country.

June 8th. Broke camp again and marched until midnight. Rumors reached us that the rebel cavalry were at Culpepper.

June 9th. At two and a half A. M. resumed our march and approached the Rappahannock shortly after daylight, and found our cavalry guarding the fords and bridges. With the rest of our division, under Colonel Duffie, we crossed at Kelly's Ford, and skirmished with the enemy's cavalry across the plains of the old Kelly's Ford fight as far as Stephensburg, holding that town till three o'clock in the afternoon, when a despatch was received to join General Pleasanton at Beverly Ford, by

way of Brandy Station. With promptness Colonel Duffie obeyed the order and moved to Brandy Station, skirmishing all the way. Though at arm's length, the blows were often sharp and telling. On reaching General Pleasanton at Beverly Ford, we found that the rebels had retired. In the disputes of the day our losses were—killed, J. Hammell and Patrick Hughes, Troop F; captured, Sergeant William H. Durfee, F. Decker and A. Chamoise, Troop H.

Commenting on this day's action, the Richmond Examiner said:

"The more the circumstances of the late affair at Brandy Station are considered, the less pleasant do they appear. If this was an isolated case it might be excused under the convenient head of accident or chance; but this much puffed cavalry of Northern Virginia has been twice, if not three times, surprised since the battles of December, and such repeated accidents can be regarded as nothing but the necessary consequences of negligence and bad management. If the war was a tournament invented and supported for the pleasure and profit of a few vain and weak-headed officers, these disasters might be dismissed with compassion. But the country pays dearly for the blunders which encourage the enemy to overrun and devastate the land with a cavalry which is daily learning to despise the mounted troops of the Confederacy. It is high time that this branch of the service should be reformed."

June 10th. With victorious guidons, we leisurely marched back to our camp at Warrenton Junction.

June 11th. General Stoneman having been placed at the head of the Cavalry Bureau at Washington, General Pleasanton was announced as the commander of the cavalry corps, and he reviewed our regiment.

June 12th. We lost three men by capture: R. W. Bixby and John Murin, of Troop C, and C. B. Hilchey, Troop G.

June 13th. The last of our army left Falmouth, pushing northerly. The remount detachment of our regiment left Potomac Creek at midnight, after setting fire to all the property that could not be removed, amounting to nearly half a million of dollars in value. The Potomac Creek bridge was mined and blown up. War is not checked by trifles. Our detachment, marching to Acquia Creek, took steamer to Alexandria, where they arrived June 14th, and formed a camp on the point near the light-house, to the southeast of the town, and where, in a few days, the regiment, fearfully scarred in battle, reported, as we shall state in our next chapter.

Early in this month (June) the Confederates commenced their second attempt to invade the loyal States. The war within their own bounds was becoming intolerable; their hope was in a counter irritation. Lee had laid his plot coolly and deeply, and with a reinforced and somewhat flushed army started on that grand movement which so profoundly excited both the North and the South, and which culminated in the awfully bloody battle of Gettysburg. While pushing his main army down the Shenandoah Valley, capturing Winchester and Martinsburg, he employed Stuart and his Virginia cavalry on the east of the Blue Ridge to check as far as possible the movements of Hooker's army. Instantly the Army of the Potomac began to push northward to strike Lee in his rear and cut him off. As always in battle movements, our cavalry force was employed in the van and on the exposed flanks of the army. The heavy skirmishing, often amounting to severe battles, occurred along the slopes of the Blue Ridge and Bull Run Mountains, till Lee had entered Maryland and Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BATTLE OF MIDDLEBURG.

JUNE, 1863.

WHEN the Army of the Potomac commenced its northward movement to overtake Lee, our brigade was ordered towards Bull Run River, near Union Mills, where General Pleasanton then held his headquarters. All movements were quick; all pulses beat high.

June 17th. Early the following order was received from the second brigade, Second Cavalry Division:

Colonel A. N. Duffie, First Rhode Island Cavalry:

You will proceed with your regiment from Manassas Junction, by way of Thoroughfare Gap, to Middleburg; there you will camp for the night, and communicate with the headquarters of the Second Cavalry Brigade. From Middleburg you will proceed to Union; thence to Snickersville; from Snickersville to Percyville; thence to Wheatland, and, passing through Waterford, to Nolan's Ferry, where you will join your brigade.

Of our action under this order and the battle that ensued, we may copy from a paper prepared by Captain George N. Bliss:

"On the morning of June 17th our regiment left

Manassas Junction and passed to the left towards Thoroughfare Gap, while the remainder of our cavalry took the road to the right leading towards Aldie. At Thoroughfare Gap we found a force of rebel cavalry, reported to be a brigade. Major Farrington states that he saw about five hundred, while more might have been concealed in the woods. After a smart skirmish, in which we had three horses killed and a few wounded, the rebels fell back. We then took the road to Middleburg, and, two miles out of the place, again encountered the rebel cavalry. At once driving them back, we charged upon the town and took possession of it. But as soon as we stopped pursuit, the rebels also halted and commenced skirmishing with our pickets.

"Quickly we barricaded the roads leading out of the town, located our main reserve in a favorable position, and took a sharp view of the situation. In our rear were the Bull Run Mountains. Thoroughfare Gap was in possession of the foe. In the direction of Aldie, from whence alone we could expect help, was a large force of the enemy's cavalry. In our front was a heavy cavalry force, with artillery and infantry. Ours was a desperate position to hold; but our orders were to hold it. At this time Captain Allen was sent to communicate with General Kilpatrick, and, though halted and hotly fired upon, succeeded in running the rebel lines and reached Aldie. After sunset the rebels charged upon the barricade beyond the town, and were repulsed; but as soon as they discovered the nature of the obstructions, they deployed their column and came on with a long line of battle through the fields. Then of course the pickets fell back upon our main reserve, our carbineers were dismounted and posted behind a stone-wall running along one side of the road, and we waited for the attack. Nor had we

long to wait. Down the road dashed the rebel column—men riding four abreast—yelling and firing like demons. When the road was full in front of our line of carbineers, the order was given, "Fire!" and eighty carbines hurled death into the rebel ranks.

"When we state that this occurred in the darkness of the night, and that the enemy, ignorant of our position, were in such order that every carbine discharged was within six feet of a rebel soldier, you can form some estimate of the fatal effect of our fire. Rider and horse went down in one confused mass; and those who were unhurt rushed wildly away from the scene of slaughter.

"Again they charged; again they were repulsed. A third time they made an effort, but with diminished zeal, and recoiled from our fire. Then we heard the rebel officers give the order, 'Cease firing! Dismount! and go into these woods.'

"For us to struggle longer against overwhelming numbers was impossible, and we were commanded to fall back. The larger part of the regiment retired in good order, moving to the rear at a walk. But the rebels were so near us that Captain Chase, with many of his men, in the darkness, formed into a rebel column, supposing them to be a part of our regiment. Major Farrington, with two of his officers and twenty-three men, was at this time cut off from the remainder of the command, and was within the rebel lines twenty-four hours, but succeeded at last in bringing his party safely into our lines. He and his men were obliged to stand by their horses' heads to prevent them from whinnowing, while rebel columns were passing most of the time within twenty rods of them, they being hid from view by a small hillock—a very anxious twenty-four hours to them. Sergeant Palmer also was cut off from the regiment with

twelve men, and brought them safely through the rebel lines. The adventures of these two parties were exciting, but we have not space here to present them.

"These losses left Colonel Duffie less than two hundred men. With these he fell back two miles from Middleburg and waited for daylight, anxiously listening for the roar of Kilpatrick's guns. But the succor we hoped for came not. And at daybreak (18th) the enemy were upon us. Our column was quickly placed in the road, and we were about to charge upon the rebels in our front when we discovered a rebel column coming down at a charge upon our rear. This forced us to leap our horses over a stone-wall into a wheat field, which necessarily threw us into confusion. But we quickly rallied, and while forming the line a rebel officer shouted, 'Give them a sabre charge!' to which Captain Bliss replied, 'That is just what we want.' After quickly forming the line, we charged and drove every rebel out of the field. The road was then clear in the direction in which we wished to move, and we took it in column of fours, in good order, determined to cut our way through whatever opposed our passage; but the rebels charged upon our rear before we had gone two miles.

"This blow upon us occurred in a deeply gullied mountain road, with stone fences on top of the banks on each side, so that we could only retreat, and this we therefore did. The rebels pursued us about six miles, constantly firing into our rear, and shouting, 'Halt! Surrender! It's no use!' But, to the honor of our men be it told, not a man yielded himself a prisoner voluntarily; but, turning in their saddles, our soldiers returned the fire, and some of our pursuers were seen to fall beneath the deadly aim of our boys. The hard service our horses had seen told against us, and large numbers

were surrounded and taken from this cause. Some, however, took advantage of the dust that obscured everything, and, dashing into the woods, escaped by footing it through the rebel lines over Bull Run Mountains. Among this number was your correspondent."

Colonel Duffie finally succeeded in escaping through Hopewell Gap, with four officers and twenty-seven men, and when he looked around and saw how few remained, the tears ran down his cheeks, expressing what words may not utter. Bruised, exhausted, and grieved, he and his little band reached Centreville at noon.

The Color-Sergeant, G. A. Robbins (Troop I), finding that capture was inevitable, stripped the regimental standard from the staff, broke the staff and threw it into the forest, and, opening his bosom, wrapped the colors about his body, and so concealed them. He was captured, but on his way to Richmond, after a number of days, escaped and found his way back into our lines. Finding at length the headquarters of the broken but brave and honored regiment, he reported for duty, and then drew from his breast the loved and precious colors—an act that drew tears of gratitude and admiration from all beholders, and shouts of applause from his brave comrades, and won instantly for him a Lieutenant's commission.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson and eighteen men cut their way through, and finally reported to General Pleasanton, and, taking the men detailed at cavalry corps headquarters, reported to the Colonel, at Alexandria, with eighty men. Lieutenant Brown and a squad remained in the forest, after vainly attempting to cut a path out, till noon of the eighteenth, when a Federal force reached him. One of our captured men states that the rebels had sixteen stretchers in use upon the field,

removing their wounded to town. Evidently our carbines did fearful execution. The rebels admitted a heavy loss, and spoke of our regiment in high terms of praise, and were unwilling to believe that our two hundred and seventy-five men were not a brigade.

While we were thus fighting at Middleburg, the brigade to which we belonged was engaged at Aldie, in the Bull Run Mountains, and the enemy were between them and us. So we were beyond help from our forces till we cut our way back to them. All the details of adventure and conflict in this battle of Middleburg would make a record too lengthy for our pages. Our casualties were as follows:

Killed. Lieutenant J. A. Chedell (C), Corporal T. Burton (F), S. Wilcox (D), J. H. Elkins (M), Charles Fairbanks (M), B. G. Lawrence (M).

Wounded. Captain A. H. Bixby (D), Lieutenant B. Ellis (L), Lieutenant S. Brown (G), Sergeant G. H. Steele (K), Corporal G. W. Gorton (D), Corporal G. S. Bennett (D), Corporal L. Cronan (C), O. F. Merrill (I), George C. Eustiss (M).

Missing. Captain E. E. Chase (H), Adjutant E. B. Parker, Surgeon A. A. Mann, Lieutenant C. G. A. Peterson (D), Lieutenant H. P. Barker (B), Lieutenant J. M. Fales (F); (Troop A) Sergeant J. R. Umfreville, Sergeant J. F. Scott, Sergeant J. W. Pratt, Sergeant P. W. Wilkie, Corporal F. L. Fuller, Corporal T. Linerhan, J. Adams, C. H. Bachelor, C. E. Gould, A. H. Herrick, M. Lynch, G. H. Martin, E. F. Oatley, E. B. Pendleton, W. F. Peck, J. Rathbone, J. S. Ripley, S. F. Slocum, H. West, I. York, H. B. Borden; (Troop B) Corporal G. S. Northup, Corporal E. B. Meyers, Corporal H. Wellman, C. Brown, B. Church, A. Draper, G. Hawkins, W. A. Johnson, J. Leedham, G. W. Meyers, H. T.

Nichols, J. W. Rothwell, W. H. Sutton, W. H. Tourjee; (Troop C) Sergeant N. Atwood, Sergeant C. Hubart, Corporal W. H. Latham, A. T. Hicks, E. S. Carter, J. Dimond, J. Dyer, J. Burke, W. B. Ford, S. R. Greene, H. E. Kindred, C. H. Shultz, H. Sutherland, J. Cavanagh, C. H. Colburn, J. Bevar; (Troop D) Sergeant R. A. Phillips, Corporal G. T. Reynolds, Corporal H. H. Pierce, J. A. Joslin, J. Beckton, E. F. Colwell, S. Cantello, A. Durfee, A. A. Greene, P. Hock, W. H. Lawton, S. Minor, R. McDonald, A. P. Palmer, G. W. Stearns, W. A. Wellman, G. Ashworth, J. Barnes, W. Hackley; (Troop E) Sergeant A. Walker, Sergeant E. P. Abbott, Sergeant G. A. Kempton, Sergeant A. Hurdis, Corporal L. C. Stevens, Corporal J. Murphy, A. Doherty, H. Mulholland, G. F. Stone, W. H. Remington, M. Farrell, J. Fletcher; (Troop F) Sergeant W. Gardner, Corporal M. Crane, Corporal C. W. Bowen, Corporal D. A. Mathewson, Corporal G. B. Bennett, J. Bennett, J. Grimley, Jr., J. Knight, R. J. Lillibridge, J. Straight, J. Tebo; (Troop G) Sergeant E. C. Martin, Corporal C. R. Cross, Corporal D. S. Cook, Bugler F. Coburn, J. W. Bidmead, W. Butman, W. Comstock, J. Conlin, J. Crossen, J. A. Hall, C. Hall, P. Mullin, P. J. Rounds, J. Sheridan, W. R. Spink, G. P. Thurber, J. Brown; (Troop H) Sergeant H. A. Carder, Sergeant C. T. Lee, Corporal H. Duxbury. Corporal T. Pinkerton, Corporal F. B. Tefft, Corporal N. Hopkins, Jr., Corporal N. Servatius, T. B. Gould, W. Carney, P. Harrigan, W. Jenkins, G. Kettle, L. Mitchell, J. Nichols, J. J. Spencer, J. A. Caldwell, F. Buckley; (Troop I) Sergeant F. P. Stone, Sergeant M. B. Davis, Sergeant G. A. Robbins, Sergeant J. S. Cilley, Corporal G. A. Webster, Corporal S. W. Laighton, Corporal S. Davis, Corporal W. H. Everett, C. D. Dimmick, A. L. Cilley, H. Fortier, J. Hunt, S.

Lamprey, D. S. Mooney, H. H. Morrison, I. L. Stockbridge, W. Woods, H. Taylor, T. H. Shepard, H. Webster, W. Jackson; (Troop K) Sergeant C. Rogers, Sergeant J. D. Gage, Bugler A. P. Tasker, A. Cochran, J. M. Crystal, E. Davis, D. W. Furbur, C. A. Glidden, A. A. Hall, W. H. Hart, F. H. Phillips, M. Quimby, N. Reynolds, S. J. Sawyer, R. C. Smith, H. Wilson; (Troop L) Sergeant G. W. White, Sergeant L. V. Thom, Corporal B. F. Locke, Corporal W. W. Tuttle, Corporal W. W. Lovejoy, Corporal C. C. Clark, N. Reynolds, W. H. Chase, M. V. B. Davis, A. Burbank, C. W. Corey, J. B. Hill, J. V. Herrick, W. R. Marden, J. Marshall, G. P. Rowe, J. P. Wheeler, J. M. Southwick; (Troop M) Sergeant S. B. Weston, Sergeant N. P. Kidder, Sergeant R. B. Shapley, Sergeant H. Leavitt, Corporal J. H. Shapley, Corporal C. B. Sheldon, Corparal E. Leavitt, Corporal A. Smith, Corporal B. L. Carr, Bugler W. H. J. Thompson, J. Avery, C. L. Bowen, G. Y. Terrell, J. C. Greene, H. P. Hubbard, C. S. Kidder, W. H. Lovering, J. W. Warren, W. S. Bradwick, R. A. Brown, Chief Bugler J. W. Day, Hospital Steward E. D. White.

Summary: Killed, 6; wounded, 20; missing, 210.

Of the twenty wounded, some were among the captured. It is only marvelous that any of the command escaped death and capture. We were literally thrown into the jaws of war. Of the two hundred and ten missing, only about one hundred and seventy were carried to Richmond; the rest adroitly managed to escape the foe, and finally reached our lines.

From Colonel Duffie's official report of this terrible action, made at Centreville June 18th, we make appropriate extracts:

* * * * * * * I left camp on the morning of the 17th instant, with my regiment, two hundred and eighty strong,

and proceeded to Thoroughfare Gap. At this place the enemy was met in force, and being much stronger than my command, I was obliged, in order to pass my regiment on to the Middleburg road unseen, to make a demonstration on my left flank. This maneuver was successful,—the enemy retired, and I was enabled to gain the Middleburg road. Nevertheless, they followed in my rear, but at a considerable distance, causing me no uneasiness. It was then nine and a half o'clock A. M. At eleven o'clock their skirmishers disappeared, and I proceeded unmolested until four o'clock P. M., when approaching Middleburg, my skirmishers again met and engaged the enemy, capturing his first picket in the road. I ordered Captain Allen, commanding the advanced squadron, to charge through the town. By this movement the rear-guard of General Stuart was cut off, and then a brisk cavalry fight ensued between his rear and my advance guard. This engagement lasted half an hour, when the enemy was completely routed, and forced to retreat in the greatest disorder and confusion, scattering in every direction.

Learning that Stuart, with two thousand cavalry and four pieces of artillery, had left town but half an hour before my arrival, and proceeded towards Aldie, I ordered that the different roads leading into the town be barricaded and strongly picketed, and instructed the officers commanding the outposts to hold the place at all hazards, hoping that after effecting communication with the brigade, which I supposed to be at Aldie, I should receive reinforcements. Captain Allen was selected to carry a despatch to General Kilpatrick, and directed to avoid as much as possible all main roads.

The town was held by my command from four and a half to seven o'clock P. M., during which time the skirmishers had been constantly engaged. At seven I learned that the enemy was approaching in force from Union, Aldie, and Upperville. Determined to hold the place if possible, I dismounted one-half of the regiment, placing them behind stone-walls and barricades. The enemy surrounded the town, and stormed the barricades, but were gallantly repulsed by my men, with great slaughter.

They did not desist, but, confident of success, again advanced to the attack, and made three successive charges. I was compelled to retire on the road by which I came, that being the only one open to retreat, and with all that was left of my command I

crossed Little River, northeast of Middleburg, and bivouacked for the night, establishing strong pickets on the river.

At ten P. M., having heard nothing from the despatch sent to General Kilpatrick, at Aldie, I sent twenty men, under an officer, to carry a second despatch. I have since learned that Captain Allen succeeded in making his way through the enemy's lines to Aldie; the party bearing the second despatch was probably captured.

At three and a half o'clock the next morning, the 18th instant, I was informed by scouts, whom I had previously sent out, that the roads in every direction were full of the enemy's cavalry, and that the road to Aldie was held by a brigade with four pieces of artillery. Under these circumstances, I abandoned the project of going to Union, but made up my mind not to surrender in any event. I directed the head of my column on the road to Aldie, when an engagement commenced at once, the enemy opening on both flanks with heavy volleys, yelling to us to surrender. I at once directed Captain Bixby, the officer commanding the advance guard, to charge any force in his front, and follow the Aldie road to that point where it connects with the road to White Plains. This order was executed most admirably. Captain Bixby's horse was shot and he himself wounded.

We were then in an extremely hazardous position, the enemy being in front, rear, and on both flanks, and were intermixed with us for more than an hour, till we reached the road leading to Hopeville Gap. I must freely praise the gallant conduct of the brave officers and men who were fighting side by side with overwhelming numbers of the enemy, with the most determined valor, preferring rather to die than to surrender.

A. N. DUFFIE,
Colonel Commanding Regiment.

It is proper to add the report from Captain Allen:

CAMP FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
ALEXANDRIA, Va., June 22, 1863.

Colonel A. N. Duffie:

Sir:—I have the honor to report, that about five o'clock P. M., on the evening of the 17th instant, I was sent from Middleburg, where the regiment was then engaged with the enemy, to carry a

despatch to General Kilpatrick at Aldie, accompanied by two men. I first attempted to proceed by the main road, but was halted and fired upon by a body of the enemy, who said they were the Fourth Virginia Cavalry. I then returned towards Middleburg, and leaving the road attempted to make my way across the country. I found the fields and woods in every direction full of bodies of the enemy; by exercising the greatest care, I succeeded in making my way through them to Little River. Here I encountered five of the enemy and forced them to give me passage. Following the river down, I struck the main road about one mile from Aldie, and by inquiry learned that our pickets were on that road.

I reached Aldie and delivered my despatch to General Kilpatrick at nine P. M. General Kilpatrick informed me that his brigade was so worn out that he could not send any reinforcements to Middleburg, but that he would report the situation of our regiment to General Gregg. Returning, he said that General Gregg had gone to state the facts to General Pleasanton, and directed me to remain at Aldie until he heard from General Pleasanton. I remained, but received no further orders.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK ALLEN,

Captain First Rhode Island Cavalry.

In another communication from Colonel Duffie we find the following language: "I could certainly have saved my regiment in the night, but my duty as a soldier and as Colonel obliged me to be faithful to my orders. During those moments of reflection, and knowing that my regiment was being sacrificed, contemplating all this through more than five hours, my heart was bleeding in seeing the lives of those men, whom I had led so many times, sacrificed through the neglect and utter forgetfulness of my superior officers; but in the midst of my grief I found some consolation, beholding the manner in which the Rhode Island boys fought."

Affection forbids that we should close this tragic and painful chapter of our history without some special and

honorable mention of the Christian man and gallant officer who fell in the sanguinary scene; and the more do we owe him a record from the fact that he ably represented the regiment by his pen as well as by his sabre.

Lieutenant JOSEPH A. CHEDELL. He was a native of Barrington, R. I., and at the opening of the war was a student of medicine in the office of Dr. Newell, of Providence, R. I., with whom he enlisted in our regiment, filling the position of Hospital Steward. He was mustered into the service December 14, 1861. Faithful at his post, and evincing talent and ambition for service in the line, he received, January 14, 1863, a commission as Second Lieutenant. Capable and beloved, he was honored by all with whom he associated. Bravely he filled his position in numerous scouts and skirmishes, and especially in the battles of Kelly's Ford, Chancellorsville, Brandy Station, and Middleburg, in which last he fell at the post of duty. He was buried on a farm near the battle field, but the body was subsequently exhumed by his comrades, when the fortunes of war brought them back to the scene of disaster, placed in a coffin and reburied with tenderness, and was afterwards taken to Washington by the Government, and from thence brought by relatives to Providence, R. I.

Few young men have a purer, brighter record than Lieutenant Chedell. To live uprightly, to do one's whole duty, and finally to crown a loving, spotless life with a martyr's death, are characteristics which seldom unite in one so young. In short, he lived and died a patriot, a soldier, and a Christian.

His body having reached Providence, R. I., on Sunday, December 9, 1866, funeral honors were observed in the Bethel Church, led by Rev. John Taylor, who spoke from the words, "I have fought a good fight; I have

finished my course," etc. Major Farrington, Surgeon Newell, Captains Baker, Bliss and Darling, and many of the rank and file of our regiment were present, some acting as pall-bearers—all true mourners. At the conclusion of the services, the Providence Horse Guards, acting as escort, saluted the hearse, and, moving at the head of the procession, passed through Benefit street to the North Burying Ground. The coffin, decorated with the American flag, was handled by cavalry men, and saluted by all in military form and spirit. Over the grave were fired the three honorary volleys, and the remains were left to repose among the ashes of kin and friends. But the memory of the young hero is with us and with his country.

Brave brother, our tribute we render to thee;
On the mountains of battle you fell for the free.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTIVITY OF CAPTAIN EDWARD E. CHASE.

JUNE, 1863—FEBRUARY, 1865.

WE give another inside view of the Confederacy, following the pen of the brave and beloved Captain whose name always stood high upon our roll, and whose bitter experiences among our enemies should have a place in our patriot history:

"The prisoners captured by the enemy at Middleburg, Va., on the night of June 17, 1863, and the day following, were marched, during seven days, by way of Upperville, Winchester (where we tarried under guard two days), and the Shenandoah Valley, to Staunton—a distance of about one hundred and forty miles, where we arrived on the evening of June 24th. On the 25th, we were placed on the cars, and arrived at Libby Prison, Richmond, in the evening. The reports that had previously reached us of the treatment which we might expect to receive at the hands of the rebels having charge of the prison were more than fully justified. When we were placed in line and underwent the usual examination, watch, money, and other valuables were taken from us, and any protesting on the part of the unlucky Yan-

kees was sure to bring forth remarks from the prison officials more forcible than elegant. All of us that were officers were assigned to quarters on the two upper floors of the building, when we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit.

"On the 6th of July, news reached Richmond of the battle of Gettysburg, and the first reports represented the result of that conflict as highly favorable to the rebels. Forty thousand prisoners, among other little matters, had been captured and were *en route* to the Confederate capital. What would they do with them? And how could they feed so many? were the questions soberly asked in the morning papers of that day. Now was surely the proper time for taking the first step towards raising the black flag and ending the war in a blaze of glory.

"At half past ten in the forenoon, a sleepy looking individual, known as Sergeant George, of the C. S. A., made his appearance in the prison and announced that all the captains were wanted down stairs. The roll was called, and the officers designated descended to the lower middle room of the building, where we were formed in a hollow square. A number of chaplains held as prisoners were then brought in, and at once the belief was expressed that these proceedings were preliminary to an exchange of prisoners, and immediately the spirits of the party went up.

"Major Thomas P. Turner, commandant of the prison, then appeared, and, taking from his pocket an official document, proceeded to read in substance that Major Turner would select from the Federal officers, of the rank of captain, two for execution, in retaliation for a like number of officers, of the same rank, executed by order of General Burnside in Kentucky, unjustly charged

as having been spies. The change that came over the spirits of the officers may be imagined. A dead silence ensued, which was broken, after a few seconds which seemed like hours, by Major Turner, who informed his hearers that the two officers required for execution would be selected by lot. Each captain's name, together with the regiment to which he belonged, was written upon a separate piece of paper, which was folded and placed in a small round box, the officer answering to his name as it was dropped in. The box, after being covered, was well shaken.

"It was agreed that one of the Federal chaplains, who consented, after much arguing, to do so, should draw from the box two of the folded papers, and that the names written upon them should be those of the two victims. The two papers were drawn out amidst a most awful silence, and laid upon the table, the old chaplain's face streaming the while with tears. Turner took up the papers and read, 'Captain Flynn, Ohio Volunteers; Captain Sawyer, First New Jersey Cavalry.'

"For full two minutes after the result of the drawing was known we were unable to articulate a word. With sorrowful hearts we were marched back to our quarters, leaving behind us the two unfortunate officers condemned to suffer for some supposed wrong committed by another. Captains Flynn and Sawyer were confined in the cells situated in the cellar of the building for some weeks, when they were allowed to remain with the other prisoners. In the meantime the Federal Government had been notified of the intended execution of these officers through General B. F. Butler, commanding the department having charge of the exchange of prisoners of war. General Butler's action was quite in keeping with his reputation previously acquired at New Orleans, as a man ready

at all times to assume responsibility; and there is every reason to suppose that he would have been as good as his word in carrying out his avowed intention. General Butler had in confinement as prisoners of war General William H. F. Lee, son of General Robert E. Lee, and Captain Winder, son of General Winder, Provost Marshal at Richmond. These two officers he placed under guard in the casemates of Fortress Monroe, and gave an order to the commandant of the fortress to hang them immediately and without further orders upon receiving official information that Captains Flynn and Sawyer had been executed. Colonel Ould, Confederate commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, was duly notified what would be done should the rebel government commence retaliation, and the result was that the first lot of prisoners that went down the James River contained Captains Flynn and Sawyer; and, for the balance of the time the war continued, no further attempts were made to hang prisoners. Other retaliating measures, however, were carried out, and seemed to fall rather heavily upon the officers of the First Rhode Island Cavalry.

"I was sent to Salisbury, N. C., together with two other officers of the same rank, who were drawn by lot, to be confined at hard labor during the war, in retaliation for a like number of officers of the rebel navy, who were captured on the Chesapeake, engaged in burning shipping, and sentenced to hard labor at the Alton (Illinois) Penitentiary, during the time that the war might last.

"Prison life at Salisbury was a great improvement on that at Libby; better food was provided, and plenty of room to sleep in. True, the small-pox prevailed to a large extent among the inmates of the prison, who consisted of about three hundred Union men from Tennes-

see and Virginia, and some four hundred belonging to the Confederate army, who were serving out sentences of court-martial. But the prisoners became used to it, only a few cases of varioloid taking place among the officers confined there. As to the hard labor, that was almost a figure of speech, and would have been wholly so but that one day Captain Kendall, First Massachusetts Volunteers, and Captain Litchfield, Fourth Maine Infantry, and myself were ordered to carry stones with which to fill up a discovered tunnel dug by the prisoners. The officers politely refused to do the work, and were allowed to retire. The officer of the day called upon us and explained that they were merely carrying out old Winder's orders, and that they reckoned nothing more need be said about the matter.

"The hostages remained at Salisbury till the middle of May, 1864, when we were sent, with other prisoners from Richmond, to Macon, Georgia. The journey to that point was a trying one; the weather was hot, and the cars, which were the ordinary freight cars, were crowded, sixty men, besides the guard, being placed in each. Some fifteen hundred officers were confined in the stockade at Macon, where we spent the months of June and July. From Macon we were transferred to Charleston, S. C., and nominally placed under the fire of the Federal guns mounted on Morris Island. During the time we remained in Charleston only one officer was wounded by shells, and that one slightly. The yellow fever breaking out in the city, about October 1st, caused a removal of the prisoners to Columbia; but not until some thirty of our number had been stricken down with the disease, a few only of whom survived.

"The prisoners, with the exception of those who managed to escape, remained at Columbia until a general

exchange of prisoners took place in March, 1865, many of us having been confined from eighteen months to two years. At Columbia the prisoners were placed in an open field, and were surrounded by a thin line of sentinels only. To get outside the guard was a simple matter; but the great difficulty was how to get through the rebel country to the Federal lines. The nearest point at which United States troops were stationed was Knoxville, Tennessee, a distance of over three hundred miles in a straight line from Columbia.

"Two of us determined to try our luck, however, in an attempt to reach it. Lieutenant Fales and myself ran the guard line on the morning of November 4, 1864, and succeeded in reaching a point two hundred and fifty miles distant before being recaptured. Our sufferings during the time we were thus striving to reach home were something terrible. We were captured at last, in the Smoky Hill Mountains, dividing North Carolina from Tennessee, on the 26th of November, after having been without food for three entire days. After being recaptured we were marched on foot to Morgantown, N. C., one hundred and fifty miles, where we were placed on cars and sent to Danville, Va., the nearest Yankee prison. We remained at Danville until we were exchanged by way of Richmond and James River.

"On the 17th of February, 1865, I stepped on board the rebel flag of truce boat Schultze, at Richmond, just one year and eight months from the day on which I was captured. Our company consisted of seven officers and four hundred sick and dying enlisted men, many of the latter destined never to reach the protection of their flag; for they departed this life before the boat arrived at the point of exchange, Cox's Landing, where the released prisoners were handed over to their friends.

"A great deal has been written about the treatment of prisoners of war by the rebel authorities; but it is not my purpose, as this is not the place, to enter at length into a discussion of that subject. That better treatment might have been given to the enlisted men held as prisoners there is no doubt. The Federal officers, prisoners of war, were subjected, God knows, to ill treatment enough; but when their privations are compared with those of the men who lived, suffered, and died, at Belle Isle, Andersonville, Florence, Millen, and Salisbury, they need hardly be mentioned.

"One fact presented itself conspicuously in prison life; that was, that when soldiers from the field had charge of prisoners they were much better treated than when in charge of men who had never seen a fight or heard a bullet whiz. To the latter class belonged Thomas P. Turner, of Libby Prison, and Wirtz, of Andersonville; while in the former class may be placed Major Raymond, of Charleston, and Captain Galloway, of Salisbury."

CHAPTER XXX.

CAPTIVITY OF SERGEANT J. R. UMFREVILLE.

JUNE—JULY, 1863.

SERGEANT—afterwards First Lieutenant—John R. Umfreville, from whose graphic and humorous papers, written home from the field, we draw the substance of this chapter, met his death in 1868, by an accidental shot, in Florida, while in the service of the Government. It will be perceived that his pen was as sharp as his sabre. His genius and education made him a delightful companion, a strong man, and an honored patriot.

Of his capture in the battle of Middleburg, where he was one of the pickets, he spicily says:

"I received reliable information of the position and force of the enemy in the shape of a volley of musket balls. Cæsar! how the balls whizzed. I immediately gave the enemy a prospective view of my back and the length of my horse's tail; but I had scarcely turned when another volley followed, two balls taking effect in my horse, one above the gambrel, and another in the fetlock muscle. As he was travelling at a John Gilpin pace, he fell headlong, and I described a parabolic curve, of

beautiful proportions, over his head, striking my left shoulder against a tree and my head on a hard macadamized road. Partially stunned and considerably lamed, I waited the course of events. The gents to whom I owed my two volleys—some three hundred in number, of whom thirty were dismounted—made their appearance, and their commander ordered a charge down the road; but nary a charge could he get out of them till our men had time to make their escape.

"I picked myself up, and, seeing a shed near by, got into it. Cogitating what my chances of escape were, I concluded I was done for, as a party of the cusses were stationed before my domicil. While thus my mind was engaged, I went to sleep, and did not awake until two o'clock (18th). I then cautiously crawled out and struck across lots, and very soon popped in among a picket and was halted; but, not having time to make a call, I put about and steered another course, and again found myself near a post. I got quietly away, and rested a few moments, and took the chamber from my revolver, determined that not one of the rebels should ever have the pleasure of using that against the Stars and Stripes.

"I now started on another tour of inspection, jumped over a wall, and, as luck would have it, dropped right into a picket reserve. I was halted, and, after a short parley, surrendered myself a prisoner of war to the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry. I was sent to the headquarters of General Robinson, commanding the North Carolina brigade, and here found out what a pretty little cobweb we had got ourselves into. Passing through the town, I saw some of the effects of Captain Chase's handiwork: the ground strewed with dead horses; five dead rebels lying on a porch, and twenty-five wounded; one Major McNeil dead.

"The next morning, General Robinson asked me a number of questions, and I told him everything I knew, as you will perceive by the tone of his remarks, viz.: 'You are a damned Yankee Know Nothing.' After telling me that they had caught Milroy and hung him, and were going to carry the war to New York, I retired from the pleasant interview with an escort from the camp of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry. Arriving there, I found Captain Chase and his men, and also how the cobweb above mentioned had been woven. It was thus: About two hours before we entered Middleburg, two brigades of Stuart's cavalry had finished going towards Aldie; and shortly after them the North Carolina brigade arrived near the place, and during the night W. H. F. Lee's and Hampton's brigades, with twenty-four pieces of artillery, arrived. Fitz Lee and Jones ran into a snag at Aldie in the shape of Kilpatrick, and fell back to Middleburg. So our regiment was in a precarious condition on the morning of the 18th of June.

"June 18th. About seven o'clock, under charge of a lieutenant and guard, our party started for Upperville. Passing Stuart's headquarters, we saw that officer, and also, shortly after, the great R. E. Lee himself. We arrived at our destination about ten o'clock, and were put in an old church. Shortly after, another squad arrived, among whom were Lieutenants Peterson and Fales; and soon another squad, and soon another; and we plainly saw that the First Rhode Island Cavalry was most certainly a used-up institution. After some preliminaries of searching and so on were through, the whole party of about two hundred started for Paris, and, amid a drenching rain and hail storm, arrived there. I had a good dinner at Upperville, and the twelve miles' walk to Paris gave me a good appetite for supper; but nothing was

forthcoming. So, crawling under a blanket with Wilkie, we laid on the wet ground, with a stone-wall for a pillow, and went to sleep among Pickett's division of the rebel army.

"June 19th. In the morning I awoke quite fresh and desperately hungry. Procuring a few tack with a cup of water, I made my breakfast. We soon started for Winchester, passing through Ashby's Gap and fording the Shenandoah at Birney's Ford. The day was extremely hot, and many of the men's feet began to get sore. We arrived at Winchester about four P. M., very tired and slightly hungry. We were put in the court-house, and found a hundred and fifty men of our brigade, taken at Aldie, which, with the one hundred and ninety of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, made a very good haul. Also with us were some one hundred infantry stragglers picked up by friend Mosby. We purchased food at an exorbitant price, and turned in, and the next morning started for Staunton, a distance of ninety-two miles. We camped at Keenestown, three miles from Winchester, and that night, for the first time, received food—a pound of flour and a fourth of a pound of pork per man. We made bread—*we did*—and after tossing, and tossing, and toasting, and baking in a plate, it had the appearance of cast-iron and the texture of sole-leather; but we ate it. It had rained hard all day. I will not attempt a description of the journey.

"With few exceptions, we found the Southern soldiery the most ignorant set of beings it was ever my luck to fall in with. Most of them treated us as well as any one could. But we received many insults from the citizens as we passed along the road, more especially from the ladies, to whom a live Yankee was an object of the greatest curiosity. The road to Staunton—through the

mountains—the paradise of Virginia—is beautiful and macadamized; it is unequalled by any road I ever saw. The soldiers we met were eager to buy anything we had, paying in Confederate scrip. The citizens had a strange weakness for greenbacks, and sought for them. Their lingo was more like that of a nigger than of a civilized white. Such were the chivalrous Southrons who professed extreme superiority over the Northern vandals. The North Carolinians more especially use this odd kind of language; but they are the best hearted soldiers in the Southern army, and ever willing to share what little they have with us; nor are they so fiery in their secesh sentiments.

"June 26th. We arrived at Richmond. The late reverses to the rebels had had a depressing effect upon the city. The papers were filled with articles denouncing their generals. General Keyes was advancing upon Richmond, and the stores were all closed. Everybody able to carry a gun was called out, and the people began to move towards Lynchburg with their goods and families. It was some days before order was restored in the city. General Keyes could easily have taken the city; but it is not a fit place for a hog to live in. A nastier or more stinking place can not be found in God's universe. A perfect military despotism of the most grinding character prevails in the South. Murder and plundering prevail to a great extent in Richmond and Petersburg; so say their own papers. Everything has assumed a dilapidated appearance. From the description of Richmond three years ago, and the appearance of it to-day, one would think the plague had been at work and very nearly finished the work of desolation.

"On our arrival in Richmond we were put into Libby Prison, and went to work amusing ourselves with the

idea that we were soon to be paroled, and perhaps some day have a chance to repay the little kindnesses shown us, with interest. After a dietetic supper, we went to bed on the floor, but not many slept; a species of insect or vermin seemed to have a prior right to the building, and fought desperately for the maintenance of their claim. On the twenty-seventh we were escorted to Belle Island, the country-seat of the prisoners of war to the great and glorious Southern Confederacy.

"I stood prison life very well for a week, when I began to have the dysentery in a bad form. The doctor wanted to send me to the hospital. I told him I preferred to die, if I was going to kick the bucket, on the island, as it was handier to the burying-ground. If anybody wanted to help police the camp they got double grub. I did not work; I did not fancy my boss—a deserter from our army.

"On Monday, July 18th, the commanding officer sent for me to come to him, and said, if I would, he should like to have me bring out seven men, good writers, to make out parole rolls, as they were expecting several hundred prisoners from the North. I consented, for I should have better rations and more liberty. We were engaged on the rolls three days, when we were taken to the tobacco warehouse with the rest of our men. The next morning we took the cars for City Point, arriving at the point at ten o'clock. Our trip to Annapolis was pleasant. We had plenty of rations, and were very glad to bid good-bye to rebeldom. On our arrival at camp we were furnished with new clothes, and began to look like civilized beings again.

"I was in the hands of J. D. thirty-five days, and I fell away from one hundred and seventy-three pounds to one hundred and thirty-eight pounds: so you see our commissary department was rather poorly supplied.

"While I was writing in the prison, a North Carolina lieutenant, looking over my shoulder, remarked, 'All you Yanks all write pretty smart. Did you all ever go to school?' With a sober face, I told him I was for some years Professor of the Board of Anti-Amalgamationists and Resinous Futchins. He said I looked young to hold such a position."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CAPTIVITY OF SERGEANT W. GARDNER, W. A. JOHNSON, AND OTHERS.

JUNE—JULY, 1863.

SO brave was the resistance of our men at the battle of Middleburg, and so large the number that fell into the hands of the enemy, that, out of a just regard to them, we are justified in giving some further record of their experiences in captivity; meanwhile, we shall the better understand the spirit and strength of the rebellion by looking within the Confederate lines. Welcome A. Johnson, whose paper we shall now present, may speak alike for himself and for his worthy comrades. Omitting the particular incidents of the battle and capture, that we may avoid seeming repetitions, we take up his journal at the point where he falls into the hands of the foe:

"June 18th. We were taken back to the town. The road, on both sides, was strewn with men and horses, dead and dying. On a piazza in the town I saw at least thirty dead bodies, all of whom I judged to be Confederates, as they were partly covered with sheets and decorated with flowers. Some two or three miles beyond the

town, on the left of the road, was a large body of infantry encamped, also artillery in park; none of which I judged had taken part in the fight. We halted in Paris, where we were searched and deprived of all valuables, and marched into a lot formerly used for burying the dead. Here we remained all the wet and disagreeable night.

"June 19th. Filed into the road and marched on, which was hard on empty stomachs; but did not stop for trifles. Not even the north fork of the Shenandoah could stop us; through it we waded, the water up to our waists. Twenty-eight miles brought us to Winchester.

"June 20th. The rebels, believing in the old adage, 'Misery loves company,' gave us plenty of it; this company proved to be a portion of Milroy's command. Marched to Keenestown and camped, receiving about two ounces of salt pork and a pint of raw flour, mingled with rain, that began to fall and continued most of the night.

"June 21st. Ordered forward. Some of the boys were barefooted, the majority nearly so. Passed through Newtown, Middletown, and Strasburg; four miles beyond the latter camped for the night, tired, sleepy, hungry, and without shelter, lying on the ground for rest.

"June 22d. Marched through Woodstock and Edinburg. In these towns we were allowed to buy bread, pies, milk, cake, etc., in payment for which they refused their own money if we had greenbacks. Pies cost fifty cents to a dollar; bread, three dollars per loaf; cakes, from ten to twenty-five cents each; milk, one dollar per canteen. It is proper to state how we were able to purchase provisions. Sometime in the latter part of May or first of June we had been paid, but, being constantly on the wing, had no chance for sending our money home by the

State agent, as was our custom. After our capture and before being searched, we had concealed our money in different parts of our clothing, ripping a hole in the waistband of our pants, folding our money and concealing it between the lining and the outside; also by running it around the inside of the sweat leather of our caps. We arrived at Mount Jackson near dark, a distance of about twenty-eight miles, and for the first time were sheltered from the damp night air, being quartered in hospital buildings, sleeping comparatively well on hard beds, disturbed only by occasional shots from the guard, who stated that some of the Yankees were trying to escape.

"June 23d. While we were early in line, preparing to move on, a horseman rode along quite anxious to obtain what he called Yankee money, offering four hundred per cent. in Confederate money. I judge not many of his bids were taken, as he rode off muttering that we were a poor, miserable set of Yanks. It was a common thing for the citizens to call us 'Lincoln's thieves,' and to taunt us with having tried to get to Richmond for two years, adding they had no doubt we would get there now. Passing through Newmarket we camped near Harrisonburg, where we drew hard bread—a luxury we had not seen since our capture.

"June 24th. Resumed our march. Some of our boys had become so weak from the long and fatiguing march that they were placed in an ambulance or army wagon which accompanied us from Winchester. This our last day's march on foot seemed much harder than all the rest; hence there was some straggling. As I happened to be one of the number thus in the rear, an officer rode back from the front with the order, 'Close up d—d quick.' As I said to him we were tired and could not,

he drew sabre, uttered an oath, and came nigh riding over me. Halted within two miles of Staunton, drew seven hard-tack each, and camped.

"June 25th. A short march brought us to Staunton. After some confusion, a train of cars was in readiness to take us to Richmond. Owing to the bad condition of the road our progress was slow, affording us a good view of the surrounding country as we passed along, a view in part very beautiful.

"June 26th. Arriving in Richmond, after the common salutations of scorn and hisses from the citizens, we passed on to Libby Prison. Slowly and reluctantly we entered the horrible den. Here began the dread reality of prison life. This prison is situated, I judge, in the northern portion of the city, back of which runs the James River, and is three stories high, eighty feet deep, and a hundred and ten feet long, containing some half dozen or more rooms, and is built of brick. It was minus all furniture. Window-frames, without sash or glass, alone remained. Here for the night, with only bread and water, we rested—a night long to be remembered.

"June 27th. Ordered in line, counted, and marched to Belle Island. This place is situated on James River, about half a mile west of Richmond, and contains some forty or fifty acres. The portion occupied by us prisoners contains only about four or five acres, and lies next to the city, and is of a sandy nature. It is nearly on a level with the river, and is encircled by earthworks about three feet high, outside of which are stationed the guards. On the south side and near the bank of the river stands the commissary department, with cook houses attached, where were cooked our scanty rations.

"Shortly after entering on the island, we found it necessary to have some one of us take charge of and

draw rations, which consisted of two meals daily. This duty finally devolved on Sergeant Gardner (Troop F), and faithfully did he perform this duty. There were about five thousand prisoners on the island, a portion of whom were sheltered from the scorching summer sun and driving storms by Sibley tents. As these shelters were quite insufficient to accommodate all, those who came last—our party—were without shelter. Not even a tree was left within the inclosure.

"The day was spent in washing and cleaning ourselves as best we could. When night came we laid ourselves down upon the ground, sheltered only by the canopy of heaven.

> 'Hail, night! with joy I welcome thee;
> Thou com'st when all things else forsake;
> Thou bringest rest, and makest free
> Sad, weary hearts that ache.'.

"June 28th. A severe rain storm in the morning; clearing off before noon, the sun came out scorching hot; we, without shelters, realized the extremes. At ten o'clock the drums beat 'breakfast call.' The Sergeant, with four men, procuring from some of the boys a blanket, which, fortunately, had not been confiscated, proceeded outside the breastworks to the cook house, where he received a pot of bean soup and several loaves of bread with which he returned to us. After the usual style, each man received half a pint of soup and one-quarter of a loaf of bread. Of soup, I have seen dish after dish dealt out to men in which not a single bean was visible, being nothing but water, and that muddy and filthy. The bread was quite good, what there was of it. Our dishes were of various patterns: half a canteen, a bottle with the top broken off. Some had cups. Others, less

fortunate, in their turn would each take the cup used by the Sergeant to measure the soup, place it to his lips and swallow the contents, then take the pittance of bread handed him, and pass on without a murmur. After breakfast, men gathered in groups around the prison grounds, discussing the condition of affairs and the indications of the future—not very cheering themes. Still, occasionally, a laugh or a whistled air, or a hummed lyric might be heard; for hope keeps house even in prison. From four to five in the afternoon the rebel drum would again be heard, summoning the quartermaster to the cook house with his blanket, into which this time meat and bread were tumbled together—two ounces of meat and a quarter of a loaf of bread to each man.

"June 29th. The hot weather tells with terrible effect upon the boys, who are still without shelter. Added to this is another element of misery, in the shape of what we termed 'gray backs'—more properly called lice. They infested the very ground. While sitting on the earth hunting them from our clothes, we have seen them crawling in the sand. Thousands can testify to this horrible, loathsome condition of Belle Island. Our rations are very scant, having had but one meal for the day; and now that we are warned by a bell in the steeple of some city church that the time for retiring has arrived, we lay our hungry vermin-bitten bodies on the earth in the hope of sleep.

"June 30th. Waking, we find ourselves drenched with the rain, and two or three inches of water beneath us. The storm continued most of the day, making it one of the most uncomfortable that we experienced on the island.

"July 1st. A day of excitement. Five thousand prisoners rush towards the centre of the prison grounds

and into the parade leading from the main entrance, where an officer, with paper in hand, and a squad of men are standing. The officer is calling the names of different regiments, telling the men they must sign the parole and be sent North. They are then formed in line—about six hundred in number—and marched off the island. With feelings that we may not express we watched them till they were out of sight.

"July 2d. All sorts of rumors are afloat: that the island is to be cleared immediately; that we are to be paroled; that we are to be sent to Andersonville, Ga., to make room here for prisoners now on their way. False as were these reports, they no doubt proved a blessing to us, as we had something to talk about and occupy our minds for the next few days. Inactivity and stagnation of thought—incident to prison life—are awful and consuming. As light suppers were fashionable here, we this day had a treat in the shape of rice soup.

"July 3d. The heat is intense, and great is the suffering of the sick who have not been removed from the prison ground to the hospital—they preferring to remain in the open air. This suffering is caused somewhat by the filthy water we are compelled to drink,—water taken from holes dug in the filthy ground from eight to twelve feet deep and five or six feet across the top, some of which have steps formed from the dirt on one side leading down; others, dug more like post holes, are called wells; really but mud-holes. Water is obtained from these by a string tied to a tin cup or bucket. All the water is muddy. A pint of clear water I never saw on the island.

"July 4th. The newsboys are crying, 'Another great battle! Battle at Gettysburg! General Lee holds his ground!' This is repeated by the Richmond En-

quirer, which some of the boys succeeded in obtaining at the nominal sum of one dollar. It gave a very brief account of the battle, of course claiming the victory. This was the first news we had received from the outer world since our entrance into prison.

"July 5th. An officer, with a guard, enters and searches the prisoners and the grounds, taking from some one of the prisoners a gold pen and pencil, a locket and chain, claiming that they had been stolen, and that he would keep them till they were called for by the owner.

"July 6th. One thousand prisoners leave the island to-day for City Point. And a happy set they were, notwithstanding the rain was falling in torrents. This was also a fortunate event for us, as we now obtained tents sheltering us from the storm. The rest of the day we spent in reading our bibles and prayer-books, this being about all the reading we had.

"July 7th. Five hundred more prisoners have been sent on their way rejoicing. After signing the parole, they were marched over to the city to take cars for City Point. Twenty-one hundred had been sent away since July first, to say nothing of those who had been sent to their long and last resting place. These last averaged from three to five a day—some from disease, others from starvation.

"July 8th. Quiet on the island; not a sound is heard save the beating of the rain against our tents, which continues throughout the day and night.

"July 9th. Were it not for a few loaded muskets in the hands of a watchful guard we might be tempted to take a stroll through the streets of Richmond, to enjoy once more the luxury of pure air. But fate bids otherwise; we are still doomed to remain in a place wholly unfit for the lowest of humanity.

"July 10th. We see in the distance Jeff Davis' house, on the top of which is floating the rebel flag. There is some excitement without, and there is a guard entering the prison grounds. A report is in circulation that some of the prisoners are trying to escape by means of mining. The guard searches, finds nothing, and retires. For once at least the rebels were foiled. But there is a double guard set at night, with orders to 'Shoot any man seen walking or standing within the camp after nine o'clock.'

"July 11th. The burdens of prison life are beginning to weigh heavily upon us. Some are discouraged, having given up all hopes of ever leaving the island. Others are still looking and hoping for a better day. Sickness is daily increasing, and the sick are removed to the hospital outside. Few of these, if any, ever returned. I never knew of but one case where medical treatment was given to a prisoner while he remained within the stockade. How or why this was I never knew.

"July 12th. Another great victory for the Yankees; not, however, by the sword, but by greenbacks, which we give to the rebel commissary, and he in return gives us some extra loaves of bread. This we claim as a victory, and a grand one too, as it has, no doubt, saved many lives. The extra bread desired is placed in the blanket, while the money is paid secretly to the commissary while the rations are being drawn. This art was practised for a long time, but at last became known to the authorities—not, however, until the commissary had made his escape with a large sum of money.

"July 13th. Five hundred more prisoners have been called out, and about midnight one hundred and eighteen more were sent for; this perhaps to make up a certain number.

"July 14th. Of the five thousand prisoners on the island July first, there now remain only about fifteen hundred, which is encouraging to those of us who are still left behind, but anxiously watching and waiting for our time to come when we can bid adieu to the island of prisoners, and stand free once more under the flag of our country—the Stars and Stripes.

"July 15th. The changes have brought together most of our regiment, who have been scattered through the camp in nearly every tent on the island, making it hitherto almost impossible for us to do as we would for those who are sick.

"July 16th. After going through the morning duties of hunting the lice from our clothing, washing, and eating, our regiment with some others were ordered into line and counted by an officer, who entered the prison grounds with his usual escort, and told us we were to leave on the morrow—cheering news. A few happy hours were spent in speculating on the events of the morrow.

"July 17th. Up bright and early, expecting every moment to receive the order for our deliverance. Nine, ten o'clock comes—no order received; twelve, one, two, four, and even six, and still no order. We begin to lose all hopes; they had been carried to the extreme height. Darkness now closes around us, and we lay ourselves down, tired, sleepy, discouraged.

"July 18th. One thousand more have been called out to sign the parole and bid adieu to Belle Island, perhaps forever. It would be impossible to describe our feelings when it was known that we were to be left. Our hearts sink within us as a report reaches us that no more prisoners are to be sent away from this island. This was a day and night of sadness such as we had not before known.

"July 19th. Ten, eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, and we have nothing to eat. They tell us that tents have been cut, and that we will get no more rations until those have been replaced, or the offenders brought to justice. But the soldierly tie, welded by the heat of battle, could not be broken. So the information they desired remained to them a mystery. The day passed, and our rations came not.

"July 20th. They still continue to punish us, giving us nothing until about two o'clock, when they send in bread. During the afternoon seven hundred prisoners arrived. We learned from them that they were captured at Gettysburg on the first, second and third days' fight—this being the first news of the real result of the battle we had received.

"July 21st. Seven or eight hundred more prisoners arrived, having been taken at the same place as those of yesterday. They state that our army is victorious, and the rebels are falling back. The island is beginning to fill up again, looking more as it did on our arrival.

"July 22d. Another thousand has been added to the list of prisoners now on the island; and they say there are still more to come. Twenty-five hundred have arrived in three days, making a total now on the island of about thirty-one hundred. About eight o'clock our regiment, with some others, was ordered into line, counted and marched to the city, where we quartered in an old building on America street, used for the dispersing of prisoners. Here we remained during the night. Sleep was out of the question, and the boys now let themselves loose.

"July 23d. Early this morning we took the cars for Petersburg; from thence to City Point, arriving about eleven o'clock. Here, for the first time since June 18th,

we beheld the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze, seeming to welcome us as we approached. Cheer upon cheer rent the air as we beheld the boat which was to convey us northward and to a land of plenty. In due time we were marched aboard. All things being in readiness, the good old boat City of New York steamed down the James River. Hot coffee, soft bread, and cold ham were soon prepared in plenty for every man. No more scanty rations, bean soup, muddy and filthy water forced upon us. The sick were provided with medical aid, and kind-hearted women with ready hands nursed and cared for them. As our boat passed from the harbor, we turned and cast one farewell glance towards those our once loved comrades now sleeping in Southern graves.

"July 24th. At ten o'clock A. M., we arrived at Annapolis, Md. Here we enjoyed a bath, a new uniform throughout, plenty to eat, and nice quarters in which to sleep. How overjoyed we were to again set foot on Northern soil; to see the dear old flag; to hear our loved national airs played by bands; to be in a land of plenty; and, above all, to be free from prison, and among human beings, to receive kind words and smiles from men and women on every hand, and feel that we had a Government worth fighting for."

CHAPTER XXXII.

REFITTING AND ADVANCING.

JUNE—SEPTEMBER, 1863.

FROM our interior glance at the Confederacy we now return to the Federal army lines. The severe battle of Middleburg, from which, as from between upper and nether millstones, our decimated squadrons cut their way through the enemy's ranks back to the Army of the Potomac, left our command so divided, reduced and scarred that we were unable to move on with our brigade in the van of General Hooker in pursuit of Lee, now dashing forward to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania.

June 18th. Colonel Duffie, with a handful of our command, led through Hopewell Gap, reported to General Hooker at Centreville. Small squads that had run the enemy's lines were constantly coming in. Our headquarters were immediately ordered to Alexandria, where our saved men reported in a few days.

June 21st. In the afternoon, Colonel Duffie, with four officers, sixteen mounted and twelve unmounted men, reached Alexandria, and, with tears in his eyes, meeting Captain Baker, said: "Here is all I have of my fine regiment. I obeyed the order. We went. They

cut me up. But my men did well; they fought hard. I saw General Hooker; he sent me here to recruit and make me a fine regiment once more."

June 22d. Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson reached the headquarters with about eighty-seven active men for duty. Major Farrington, with two officers and twenty-seven men, reported on the same day. The temporary camp was a little south of the city, near the river. All officers and men who had been on detached service in different parts of the army—save a few too far away to be reached—were now returned to headquarters to restore as far as possible the gallant old command; and soon we had a roll again of about three hundred and fifty men.

June 23d. In consideration of his superior cavalry abilities, Colonel Duffie was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in the cavalry arm, and on June 26th received a leave of absence and went to New York. His record of a year with us, for ability, tact, bravery, and every soldierly quality, had greatly endeared him to us, and he will ever be held in grateful, honorable remembrance by us. For our efficiency and good name in the field we were largely indebted to him. Under its proper date we shall present the last official paper given to us from his hand.

Much was now said respecting our going home to recruit, and for a while the prospect was favorable. Generals Hooker and Pleasanton gave their consent, provided we did not muster over three hundred men. The men on detached service having been called in, and the "bummers"—as we called them—who had been hanging up in hospitals at Washington and Alexandria, hearing the good news of a homeward look, rejoining us, swelled the number on our roll to more than three hundred. So

our thoughts of seeing home were scattered to the winds. A word of these "bummers," of which every regiment in the service had at least a few; for there must be chaff with the wheat. Of course these shirks were scorned by the true men who met their work and stood bravely to it on the front. But, after all, true bravery is partly—indeed, largely—an inherited quality. Such as have it not may have correct sentiments, but they are really made sick in the presence of the flames of battle.

Of the thoughts indulged by some of our good men, when contrasting our experiences on the front with the life of soldiers in garrison and the comforts of home, we will let our excellent bugler, Sargent, speak from his journal:

"While stationed here we often visited Alexandria, and sometimes, when we returned to camp, would feel blue, thinking of so many having fine houses and all the comforts of life, while we were in our small tents—a frail shelter from Virginia storms—with the ground for a bed. But it is glorious to have a country worth suffering for. We were often visited by the young secesh and their girls, who came to hear our Yankee band play in the quiet summer evenings. We also had occasional visits from the men doing garrison duty in the forts around Washington and Alexandria. They came with blacked boots and paper collars, looking as though they had just come out of a bandbox. They have good barracks, clean clothes, and plenty of rations, and probably think a soldier's life a gay one."

Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson now came to the full command of the regiment, and he was equal to his work. We were confident we had the man and soldier at our head able to direct and lead us in any emergency.

June 27th. Our band paid General Slough, the Mili-

tary Governor of Alexandria, the compliments of a serenade. We were steadily recovering from the bruises of battle.

June 29th. We moved to Washington and encamped at the head of Fourteenth street, where we remained till July 3d, and where, happily for us, we were visited by the always welcome Paymaster, who paid us to July 1st.

July 3d. We again moved back to Alexandria, to be ready at the call of bugles to again try our fortune on the front and cross once more our sabres with the foe.

July 4th. The celebration of this day was wonderfully animated and enthusiastic. The Stars and Stripes exulted in the winds of heaven, and all the guns in all the forts boomed out our joy and the joy of the nation for the great victory of Gettysburg.

General Meade, who succeeded General Hooker on the 28th of June, brought the flushed Confederates to action at Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d and 3d of July—hot and sanguinary battles—when haughty Lee received his deserved and awful punishment, and was hurled back towards Richmond covered with wounds. In this memorable contest each army counted about one hundred thousand men. The Federal loss was two thousand, eight hundred and thirty-four killed, thirteen thousand, seven hundred and ninety wounded, and six thousand, six hundred and forty-three missing. The loss of the Confederates was four thousand, five hundred killed and buried by the Union soldiers, twenty-six thousand, five hundred wounded and left in the hands of our army, and thirteen thousand, six hundred and twenty-one taken prisoners, with forty-one standards and twenty-four thousand, nine hundred and seventy-eight stands of arms.

Though our regiment, as such, was precluded from

sharing in this tremendous conflict, yet we were represented in the hottest of the fire, and some of our heroic blood was poured out on that historic field. Two of our men, who had not been returned to our headquarters after the battle of Middleburg, but remained with the body of the Army of the Potomac as orderlies at the headquarters of the Third Corps, were in the battle and fell July 2d; these were C. H. Clement and E. F. More, of Troop L.

After Lee received his merited chastisement at Gettysburg he hastened back with all possible celerity through the Shenandoah Valley and the gaps of the Blue Ridge to the banks of the Rapidan. Meade pushed on east of the mountains in hope of overtaking him and possibly cutting him off from Richmond.

July 6th. Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, with Captains Gould and Thayer and ninety-three men, started to join the army of Meade in pursuit of Lee. Marching to Tennallytown they bivouacked for the night, and the next day moved to near Frederick City.

July 8th. Passing through Frederick, and about two miles beyond, they reported to Colonel Hervey, commanding a brigade of cavalry. Here they remained two days, drawing their first rations since leaving Alexandria, having subsisted upon the country on their way.

July 10th. Passing through Funkstown and Jones' Cross Roads, where they had a sharp skirmish with the rebels, they reached Boonesboro.

July 13th. Marching to Falling Waters and finding that the rebel army had crossed the Potomac at this point, and so escaped into the valley, they turned back, and on the 16th reached Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry. Here they remained a week, making occasional scouts and exchanging a few compliments with the rebel cavalry.

July 22d. They left Bolivar Heights and by circuitous routes, always required of scouting parties, traversed Loudon and the upper part of Fauquier County, reaching Catlett Station on the 28th.

On this march, Frank P. Ray (Troop C) was captured by Mosby's guerrillas, who, after robbing him of his clothes, watch, and eighty dollars, paroled him and allowed him to find his way back to the Union lines as best he could. He reached our lines at Centreville.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson and our men were now constantly in motion, scouting through the country, hardly taking time to eat or sleep, until about the 15th of August, when they encamped on the road from Warrenton to Sulphur Springs, where afterwards they were joined by Major Farrington and his portion of the regiment.

Returning in our record to July 6th, at Alexandria, we would mention that our band went to Washington and serenaded General Duffie at the National Hotel.

July 9th. We moved our camp nearer the river for the advantages of water for our horses.

July 15th. Had peculiar advantages and disadvantages of water. Had one of the severest thunder-showers and tempests we had ever experienced; the lightning struck back of our tents, and the rain fell in torrents. We will let Sargent speak of his experience:

"George and I sat, each at his end of the tent, holding on to the poles to keep our tenement from capsizing; but pretty soon a young hurricane came, and down goes our house in the hardest of the storm. We found ourselves sitting on the ground looking at each other, and thought the only thing we could do was to grin and bear it. The storm made us look like drowned rats, besides soaking our blankets, spoiling our writing materials and rations."

July 16th. Captain Baker, with ninety men, was sent to keep clear the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, reporting to General Rufus King at Centreville. On the 20th, he moved to Union Mills to protect the bridge across Bull Run, near Manassas Junction, which was now the outpost station of the defenses of Washington. On the 27th, he and his force were sent to Centreville, from which point they were engaged in scout duty, keeping a sharp lookout for the famous guerrilla band under Mosby. By the way, most of the scouting was done in the night.

Captain Vose and his men were again on detached duty. This almost perpetual separation of our command was consequent upon the nature of our arm of the service and the pressing demands of the army.

Major Farrington was left in command of the camp—Camp Wyndham—with about one hundred of our men and fragments of other regiments, amounting to about four thousand men, some mounted and some dismounted, all recuperating and refitting. Over fifty of our regiment had now been transferred to the Invalid Corps—one of the plain evidences of the severities through which we had passed. It will readily be understood that, in our arm of the service, in such a war as we were waging, with such an enemy on their own grounds, the varied duties, fatigues, exposures, loss of sleep, lack of food, and constant skirmishes, raids and battles, must be very exhausting, and that only the soundest, most robust and courageous men could meet the ordeal successfully. These severities, impossible to be depicted on paper, were deeply impressed on our nerves and bones.

The following communication officially signalizes the recovery of our regimental silk standard, lost, as we supposed, when the gallant color-bearer was overpowered

and taken prisoner, but returned in his bosom when he escaped from the enemy:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
CAMP WYNDHAM, Va., July 17, 1863.

[GENERAL ORDERS No. 30.]

The commanding officer takes this occasion to congratulate the officers and men of the First Rhode Island Cavalry on the return of the flag presented to them by the ladies of Providence.

After the brilliant charge in the wheat field near Middleburg, Va., June 18, 1863, our gallant color-bearer, Sergeant George A. Robbins, convinced that our position was almost hopeless, surrounded as we were by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, removed the flag from its staff, was taken prisoner, and effected his escape, after eight days' captivity.

Let us not forget that for the preservation of this flag, dearer than life itself to every soldier's heart, we are indebted to the coolness, presence of mind, and invincible determination of Sergeant Robbins. May he live long to enjoy the honor he has so nobly won.

By command of
JOHN ROGERS,
Captain Commanding Regiment.

GEORGE W. EASTERBROOKS,
Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant.

We here add, with both pride and regret, the last official paper addressed to us by our former commander, now promoted to a higher grade and broader field:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18, 1863.

To the officers and men of the First Rhode Island Cavalry:

In bidding farewell to my old regiment, I do so with sentiments of unfeigned pain and grief at being obliged to sever a connection which has been at once my pride and honor to have held from its commencement to this moment, bearing, as it does, no personal unkindness to forgive, no private grief to be assuaged, on my part; and may I be allowed the pleasurable hope of the same immunity from yourselves.

I leave you, satisfied of your high resolve to be worthy of the reputation you have earned upon many a hard fought field. But remember that, in the great school of war, every man is weighed and tested by the touchstone of daily truth, and is valued at what he is actually worth. Success reflects not backwards to the individual, only so far as he has positively contributed to that success. As the aggregation of goodness in a community depends upon the individual virtues of its members, so the effectiveness of any military organization depends upon the individual performance of its duties.

Heroic courage, based upon pure motives, becomes, in devotion to country, sublime. Let yours not fall short of this high standard. The proud consciousness that he has not only done his duty, but has done it cheerfully, with willing heart and hand, is to the soldier a full recompense for all the sacrifices, hardships, and privations he has borne in the defense of his country's flag, her institutions, and her laws; and be assured that the solace of life shall be in saying, "I, too, was a faithful defender of my country's integrity during the most infamous rebellion that ever blotted the fair page of a nation's history."

I bid you an affectionate farewell.

A. N. DUFFIE, Brigadier-General.

Thus officially, but never in heart, we parted from the gallant son of France, who, like Lafayette in our country's first great struggle, lent us the warmth of his heart, the fire of his spirit, and the strength of his arm, and who to-day worthily bears the commission of our Government as our consul in Cadiz, Spain.

Our able, efficient, and esteemed Quartermaster, Charles A. Leonard, was now detached from duty with the regiment and accompanied General Duffie in his command in the Department of West Virginia, acting as Quartermaster on the General's staff. In his stead, Lieutenant Hebron H. Steere was detailed as acting Quartermaster of the regiment, and successfully filled that position until the close of the war.

About this time eighteen new recruits were gladly re-

ceived, and we were encouraged to think that our ranks might yet be largely increased by the following official letter:

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
PROVIDENCE, July 20, 1863.

Colonel:

I have authority from the War Department to assign all drafted men of our State to the Rhode Island regiments in the field, and the whole number to be drafted—two thousand, eight hundred and eighty—will allow me to assign to your regiment two hundred and thirty-six, or *pro rata*, if a less number is procured by the draft; and you will please be prepared to receive them soon, as I anticipate they will be ready to join you in three weeks.

* * * * * * * * * *

Very truly,
JAMES Y. SMITH,
Governor of Rhode Island.

On the strength of this communication, Captain Bliss and Lieutenant Darling were sent, August 11th, to the draft rendezvous at New Haven, Conn., but no recruits were received until the spring of 1865.

August 3d. The headquarters of the regiment, under Major Farrington, left Alexandria for the front and joined as soon as possible the detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, between Warrenton and Sulphur Springs. The same day, Major W. H. Turner and Lieutenant Barnard Ellis were detailed for special duty in the Cavalry Bureau.

August 17th. Captain Baker with his detachment, from Centreville, joined the regiment near Warrenton. The parts of the command were now again together, and we were attached to Colonel McIntosh's brigade, in Gregg's division.

Again commenced severe service on the front. The armies of Lee and Meade were watchfully, anxiously

confronting each other, with the north Rappahannock, for a time, as the line of separation. We were kept on picket duty—always responsible and taxing—and sent on long scouts, often beyond the Rappahannock into Culpepper County, and over the mountains to the right of our army, not unfrequently exchanging solid sentiments with the mounted "gray backs." The hard work, by day and night so unceasing, told strongly on men and horses; but though the flesh was weak the spirit was willing. All the feeling and probing of the Confederate front and the consequent skirmishing fell upon the mounted forces.

August 28th. Our regiment, with the First Massachusetts and Sixth Ohio, under command of Colonel H. B. Sargent (First Massachusetts), crossed the Rappahannock, and pushing on formed an outpost at Orleans. Alert for observation, defense, or attack, one-half of the command was continually in their saddles, and the remainder held themselves in readiness for horse at the sound of the bugles. Rebel detachments and guerrilla bands were nearly all around us. Lee's main body had evidently fallen back to the Rapidan. We were sent out on reconnoissances to the various gaps of the Bull Run Mountains and among the spurs of the Blue Ridge. The different regiments thus employed lost about seventy-five men in killed, wounded, and captured; we fortunately were exempt from losses of this kind at this time.

September 4th. We were relieved from this outpost service and allowed a few days of needed rest with the cavalry corps, now near Warrenton.

John Kenyon (Troop A) while bathing was drowned near Alexandria August 28th. Francis Buckley (Troop H) was accidentally shot August 29th, and afterwards died. John Conlin (Troop G), a paroled prisoner, died

at Parole Camp, Annapolis, September 7th. Thus death, in various ways, was ever busy on our rolls.

Though we purpose adhering to our original design of giving simply the life and experiences of our command, instead of any general account of the great struggle in which we were engaged, yet we are here tempted to be sufficiently episodical to mention two remarkable and deeply significant events belonging near this time,—the Federal Thanksgiving and the Confederate Fast Day—as they happily indicate the great current and drift of affairs in the mighty contest. The fourth of July had been providentially signalized by the victory at Helena, the surrender of Vicksburg, and Lee's retreat from Gettysburg. These facts, taken in connection with other great Union successes and the rising spirit of the nation, prompted Mr. Lincoln to appoint the 6th of August as a day of national thanksgiving and praise. The same facts, bearing so heavily on the rebellion, together with the steadily decreasing resources and waning spirit of the insurgents, induced Jeff Davis to appoint August 21st for the Confederacy as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer. We shall be pardoned, we trust, if, in speaking of these contrasted appointments, we, for the sake of point and color, resort to off-hand measures—a little in the style of cross sabres.

THE FEDERAL THANKSGIVING.

As Abraham of old, when called
To save his kin and land enthralled,
Successful smote the ruthless foe,
Redeemed his kindred, and anew
To God gave thanks; so Abraham
With us, when roll on roll of drum
Announced repeated victory,
Bade all the land thanksgiving pay.

Recognition how fit; consecration how just
To the will of Jehovah, our buckler and trust,
Who girds for the battle the loins of the free,
And prospers the right by his holy decree;
Who tempers with courage, but never with hate,
His children to cherish the temple of State.

Hence the sons of the sires who the wilderness trod,
Free planting this land for the service of God,
As the ranks of rebellion discomfited reeled,
And our battle-tried banner advanced on the field,
Their tribute of thankfulness lifted on high
To the Ruler commanding the earth and the sky.

Historic hour! devout uprose
A nation's anthem, with its vows.
The earth its summer incense lent;
The listening skies benignant bent;
From hill, and vale, and humblest dwelling,
Full as the anthem of the sea,
Arose from loyal bosoms swelling,
The glad *Te Deum* of the free!

HYMN.

Great God, whose throne is law and light,
Whose sceptre is unbounded might,
Whose love reflects all worlds among,—
Thy signal mercies are our song.

The nations rise, the nations fall,
As they regard Thy holy call;
Though treasons lift the bloody sword,
They die when Thou dost speak the word.

Thy goodness crowns our fruitful land;
In Thy great strength our armies stand;
Thy banner floats above the free
Who sacrifice for truth and Thee.

Our praise accept for mercies past;
Thy shield around our country cast;
Ordain this land to be Thy own,
And in our hearts Thy Spirit throne.

THE REBEL FAST DAY.

Alas! too oft in pomp are seen
The synagogues of wicked men.
Beside the Lord of earth and skies
A traitor walked in dark disguise.
So, bloody men assume, at times,
The garb of heaven, to hide their crimes.

The traitor Jeff, in doubts deep cast,
Proclaimed through rebeldom a Fast:—
Perhaps we ought to say a farce,
Since sacredness was there so scarce,
For many scoffed, and spurned the day,
Averring that to fast and pray
Was Puritanic heresy
Of Praise-God-Barebones history,
Fond cherished on New England's hills,
That region of debasing ills,
Where culminates all sin and curse
And prospers nothing chivalrous.
Hence hasting through, in briefest sentence
Their formula of mock repentance,
They raised to heaven their selfish pleas,—
Recounting their necessities.
Their first and most intense petition
Pertained to foreign recognition,
As those cry "Help!" whose bark draws near
The brink of dread Niagara;
Then prayed for blankets for their backs
And rations in their haversacks;
For sabres, pistols, powder, guns,
Canteens, shirts, jackets, pantaloons,
Rams, steamers, ships, to form a fleet,
Boots, stockings, shoes, to shield their feet,
Shawls, bonnets, dresses, hose and gloves
For Mrs. Davis and their loves,
Rum, whisky, sherry cobblers, gin,
Tea, coffee, pepper, medicine,
Cars, engines, bridges, railroad tracks,

Mules, oxen, horses, beeves, and blacks,
Sheet iron, copper, credit, gold,
New scrip to cover up the old,
Fresh troops infected with the itch
To perish in the final ditch:—
In fact, their lips could not disclose
The half of all their wants and woes;
So, closing up, they cursed the Feds,
But blessed their brother copperheads.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BATTLE NEAR RAPIDAN STATION.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

THE great armies in the east and in the west were constantly surging into lines of battle. General Meade obtained information that Lee, trusting to the strength of his defenses on the Rapidan, had sent Longstreet's corps to aid the Confederates in Tennessee. This determined him to make an advance and feel of Lee's front.

September 12th. The cavalry, as always, was put in the van of the movement. We advanced about three days prior to the moving of the main force. Our regiment had its usual post of honor. As we passed the infantry camps we were saluted thus, "Going to pick a fuss?" "Stir them up!" "There goes the cavalry; now we shall have to move; now there will be music." We crossed the Rappahannock, and at night bivouacked near Jefferson.

September 13th. At five o'clock in the morning we met the enemy's skirmishers near Hazel Run, and were constantly engaged with them as they sullenly fell back before us to Culpepper, where we made a short halt. General Kilpatrick came up and, passing through the

town, proceeded to the left near Poney Mountain and Raccoon Ford. We advanced by the road leading towards Cedar Mountain, and when about four miles from the town again engaged the enemy, who, after exhibiting some pugnacity, accepted the better part of valor under the pressing circumstances, and retired. We followed them at a lively pace till nightfall, when we were again visited by a splendid Virginia thunder-storm. Amid darkness, rain, and wind, came the order to hold up in our pursuit and lead into a forest, with as little noise as possible, keeping our spurs and sabres ready for remount at a moment's signal. Drenched and weary as we were, we studied anew the variations of the cavalry arm in war. We were accustomed, however, to this kind of Virginia hospitality. Exactly where we were, or where was our game of "gray backs," we did not now know. If "ignorance is bliss" at any time, it certainly is not in war time to men on the front.

September 14th. With the dawn, we were belted and in our saddles again, with our faces towards the Rapidan. Passing Cedar Mountain, we found abundant evidence of the hurried retreat of the foe—here lay quantities of abandoned ammunition, there a caisson, yonder a baggage wagon, around the way exhausted horses,—remnants of a fleeing, panic-stricken force. Our division halted at Mitchell's Station, about two miles from Rapidan Ford. Immediately our regiment, with the Sixth Ohio and First Massachusetts, under Colonel Sargent, were ordered to advance to the ford and ascertain what force the enemy had in that locality. In reaching the ford, the last portion of ground to be passed was a sloping field or plain about half a mile in width. On the other side of the river was a like slope, only with more angle.

Moving from the road into the plain skirting the Rapi-

dan, we had hardly formed a line when we were greeted with a severe artillery fire, raking our flanks and striking our front. The missiles came from the whole line of ridge on the opposite side of the river, and one battery was posted on this side of the stream, so protected by a fence as to make it impossible for us to successfully charge upon it. Moreover, the force supporting it was superior to our own. This was a griping situation. We were powerless to achieve anything. Against artillery, so strongly posted, pistols and sabres were insufficient; we could only hold our line, as we did, by sitting in our saddles and stubbornly accepting the galling fire. Could we have advanced or fired, our attention at least would have been diverted from our sufferings; for inaction in battle is always terrible. Our trial of courage and feelings at this time can be imagined only by those who have been similarly situated. Shot and shell were rained upon and around us. Many were wounded; nearly all had portions of clothing and equipments cut by the angry shot and fragments of the screeching shells. The fire was maintained without abatement from two o'clock in the afternoon till dark. Certainly troops were never put in a more trying position.

Thirteen of our command were wounded: Edwin A. Kelly (A), arm; George Falker (A), foot; Jeremiah Coughlan (A), shoulder; Sergeant Martin L. Carey (C), arm; Patrick Macanny (D); Thomas H. Peck (F), hand; Adjutant G. W. Easterbrooks, severe shell wound in face; Adelbert Von Gladis (G); Carl Smart (H); George L. Clarke (H); Charles A. Hockberg (H); Warren W. Lovejoy (L), arm (amputated), and thigh and back; Clarence B. Sanborn (M), arm (amputated).

Night, benignant night, hovering down and hushing the wrathful guns, we picketed the field with our men

dismounted, and advanced our line towards the river. The rebels advanced their picket line to within a few yards of ours—quite as neighborly as we cared to have them. Of necessity, the night was passed without sleep, save such "cat naps" as fatigue induced to some in their sitting posture.

September 15th. We were relieved from our position and rejoined our division at Cedar Mountain. As we moved back and met the Second Corps, we were greeted as follows: "You found them; had a right smart time!" "Did you see many secesh?" "Is there a right smart heap of them down there?"

September 17th. Under this date, as we afterwards learned, Samuel W. Leighton (Troop I), a paroled prisoner, died at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.

September 18th. The infantry having come and taken the front we had left, we were ordered to a valley west of Culpepper, where, for rest and refreshment, we encamped in the woods.

September 20th. General Meade's general orders were read to the command, congratulating the first brigade on its conduct in the engagements of the past few days, as one of the honorable chapters of the Army of the Potomac and of the war. We had handsomely pushed the Confederates beyond the Rapidan. In this compliment we felt especial pride, as we were one of the four regiments composing the brigade, and one of three assigned to the bold and perilous duty that had won the honors.

It may here properly be stated that the First Massachusetts, the Sixth Ohio, and the First Rhode Island Cavalry were always fraternal commands and particular favorites in each other's eyes. They were proud to stand by each other, and always stood firmly. Their records are interwoven by golden threads of true deeds and

manly affections. When together in any movement, one might predict a good time, save to the enemy. Truer men never wore spurs and drew sabres. It was felt by our military authorities that these three commands could always be counted upon when hard and hazardous work was to be done. Indeed, it is known at the War Department that these three regiments held equal rank, and that rank was the highest in the cavalry arm of the Army of the Potomac.

While resting here in the woods, expecting to be on duty again in the front, our band was sent to General Pleasanton's headquarters, near Brandy Station. Six large covered wagons, filled with negroes of both sexes and of all ages, passed our camp towards the rear, having been captured by General Kilpatrick near Madison Court House, together with the rebel guard that was taking them south beyond the reach of the Yankees. A happier company one might not see. They were singing, laughing, and even dancing, knowing that they were now safe, and saying, "Now I 's free." By the way, frequent amusements were had by our officers and men in inducing the glad "contrabands" along the army lines to come into our camps and dance their plantation jigs and sing their merry songs. Honest souls, they were full of thankfulness and hope.

While here in bivouac, Captain Gould, with a hundred men, was detached from our headquarters and reported to the Fifth Army Corps at the front, for picketing, scouting, and serving as couriers to General Warren.

The strength of the two armies, as they now faced each other on the Rapidan, has been stated, by authority, as follows: Meade's army, sixty-eight thousand men; Lee's army, sixty thousand. But obviously Lee had superior advantages of position.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FLANKING SERVICE AND LOSS.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER, 1863.

GENERAL Meade became satisfied of his inability to dislodge Lee from his intrenched position on the right of the Rapidan, and for the time resolved to simply hold his own position. Besides, his army had been somewhat weakened by detachments sent to quell riotous demonstrations relative to the draft in the city of New York, and by sending Hooker's corps to reinforce the army at Chattanooga. But, while the Army of the Potomac firmly held its front, to guard our flanks and keep secure our communications with Washington called for the constant and vigilant service of the cavalry.

September 24th. We were ordered to fall back to assist in protecting from guerrillas and raiders the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Passing through Culpepper and Brandy Station, we crossed the river at Rappahannock Station and bivouacked for the night.

September 25th. By six o'clock we resumed our march, and, passing Bealton and Warrenton Junction, reached Catlett Station, relieving the Eleventh Corps, that had been detached from our army, under Hooker, for service in the west. Our camp was pitched in the woods.

September 28th. Greatly to our satisfaction, we were visited by the Paymaster, who distributed greenbacks for two months of service, up to September 1st. This joy of pay-day always reached at last our loved homes.

October 5th. To keep all our lines secure, we moved by order near to Falmouth, where we remained, on such duty as will readily be imagined, five days.

October 10th. At dark we had orders, and hastened to Kelly's Ford. As usual, night and day were alike to us for service.

October 11th. We forded the river and advanced to Brandy Station, where we found the whole army in motion. Lee had conceived the plan of attacking Meade by striking his right flank, and so drawing him into action, or of slipping to his rear and cutting him off from Washington. Some suppose he intended another invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania. He was vigorously moving on our right. By command we fell back, crossed the river at Rappahannock Station and moved to Warrenton Springs, where we bivouacked. At ten o'clock in the chilly night we were alarmed and brought to horse by firing on the picket line. What a great fire a little matter kindleth. A soldier mistook a pig for a rebel—excuse the comparison. The disturber of our peace received his appropriate blessing. As there were no sutlers on the flanks of the army and especially on the picket line, a soldier might be pardoned for capturing good meat.

October 12th. Resuming our march, we proceeded to Waterloo Ford, where we spent the day on picket. Autumn in the hills and mountains has its charms, if one is only free from solicitude to contemplate them. Withdrawing at night, we moved to Fayetteville.

On this day, Captain Gould, with his detachment, that

had been absent on special duty, on his way to rejoin us, in the darkness of the night, near Warrenton, was attacked by the rebels. It was impossible to distinguish friends from foes, hence wise fighting was out of the question. Nor had the Captain any idea of the force of the enemy. The result of the surprise and assault was that near fifty of his men were taken prisoners. He escaped with forty, and reported to the regiment on the 13th. The case of some of these captured men was exceedingly trying. They had just been exchanged from captivity, being of the number taken prisoners at the battle of Middleburg, whose trials have been recited in a previous chapter, and were now on their way to rejoin us. It was hard for them to turn again to such loathsome prison life as awaited them within the unfeeling rebel south. Our regiment had passed the spot where they were captured but half an hour before. But affairs were greatly mixed around us; the Confederates were pushing us back with painful speed, and flanking us in the mountains. The following is the list of our captured men:

(Troop A) H. B. Borden, C. E. Gould, A. H. Herrick, M. C. Lynch, M. Leach, H. West; (Troop B) J. A. Burke, J. Kittelle, J. W. Rothwell; (Troop C) J. Burke, J. Cavanaugh, J. Dyer, A. Healey; (Troop D) A. Durfee, S. Minor; (Troop E) L. C. Stevens, Sergeant R. V. Barrows, P. Carpenter, J. Kavanaugh; (Troop F) I. Bowditch, R. Durdeen, T. Henrys, L. D. Leach, G. D. Potter; (Troop G) C. B. Delanah, J. B. Bidmead, W. Comstock, Sergeant E. D. Guild, L. Von Helmrich, A. Von Hock, C. B. Hilchley; (Troop H) L. Von Zengen, J. H. Austin, G. L. Clarke, W. Carney, H. B. Freelove, J. B. Foster, A. C. Greene, E. Northup, D. C. Spink; (Troop I) G. F. Cannon, H. Taylor, I. L. Stockbridge; (Troop

K) L. Hill, C. H. Dix; (Troop L) W. W. Durrell, G. Dearborn.

This list counts forty-seven. The full list of those belonging to the New Hampshire battalion can not be given, on account of the incomplete information we have of that battalion. This too will explain any apparent conflict between the number here given and any statements that may have been made by others. We regret that our records can not be exact in this matter.

Warren Butman (Troop G), captured at this time, made his escape and remained in the enemy's lines two weeks, arriving at the headquarters of the regiment while we were encamped near the place of his capture. He travelled in the night and kept concealed in the woods by day, taking, by necessity, a lengthy, roundabout way to avoid the rebel pickets and scouting parties. Unable to visit houses from fear of detection or betrayal, all he found to eat was wild fruit—chiefly persimmons, which at this time of year were quite abundant. When he reached our camp he looked more like a skeleton than like a living person.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HORRORS OF CONFEDERATE PRISONS. CAPTIVITY OF SERGEANT EMMONS D. GUILD.

OCTOBER, 1863—FEBRUARY, 1865.

HOW anxiously our thoughts and hearts followed our dear comrades, whose capture was mentioned in the preceding chapter, as they passed within the ruthless rebel lines, many of them going to the privations and horrors of Southern prisons for the second time; all of them to be sufferers beyond what language can express; and—what in mercy we did not then know—all save three going to return no more. Of the uncivilized, barbarous treatment meted to them, we shall in this chapter let Sergeant Emmons D. Guild speak, in his plain, unimpassioned but impressive narrative, reserving for a future chapter a more full interior view of the abominable Andersonville prison pen. To be true to ourselves and to our country, we can not omit these brief records of the sufferings and martyrdoms of our brave, beloved, tortured, sacrificed comrades. Closely to our memories and beating hearts do we hold these unvarnished, thrilling narratives of the prison experiences of our brothers in arms, who endured more than did we who

suffered simply on the front. It yet remains to write a true, full, faithful chapter of history on Rebel Prisons during the slave-holders' insurrection. We will no longer detain our readers from Sergeant Guild's narrative:

"October 12, 1863. I was detailed, with about one hundred and twenty others, to go on picket on the Rappahannock, about six miles above Sulphur Springs. We arrived there about four o'clock in the afternoon, and before dark the rebels crossed at Sulphur Springs and cut us off from the army. We remained on picket until after dark, when we started for Warrenton, supposing our forces would be there, taking a cross-road until we were about half way there, then coming out into the main road, ahead, as we supposed, of the rebels. Instead of that, we came upon the road between their advance guard and their army. They soon came upon our rear-guard and asked, 'What regiment is that?' We answered, 'First Rhode Island Cavalry,' and asked their name. We got a volley for a reply. Not thinking that the rebels were ahead of us also, we started on a trot and soon brought up in their advance guard. The first that I knew that we were among the rebels was the hearing of the cocking of a pistol. I said, 'Put that up or you will shoot some one.' He replied, 'You will be the man if you do not surrender.' I saw that I was talking to a Johnnie, and found that the best thing I could do was to yield. This was about ten o'clock in the evening. We were dismounted, stripped of our arms, and marched back to Sulphur Springs, where we stayed for the night.

"October 13th. In the morning I saw that there were forty-five of our regiment there, and we were started for Culpepper Court House. On the way we were joined by about three hundred more prisoners, taken from the Fourth and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry and some

other regiments. Reaching Culpepper in the afternoon, we were put into an old church and kept that night.

"October 14th. In the morning we were put on a train of freight cars and started for Richmond, arriving in the afternoon, when we were marched through the city to a building called the Laundry Prison (I do not remember the name of the street).

"October 15th. We drew the first rations given us by the C. S. A., consisting of a pound loaf of wheat bread and a pint of boiled rice—a whole day's rations. There were three floors in the building, and about a thousand men confined in it. After being here three or four days, the officers of the prison came in and informed us that we were to be searched. The men were put on one side of the room and a guard set across the centre, when they told us that those who would give up what money they had need not be searched, and when paroled the money would be returned to them; but those who did not give up their money would be searched, and when paroled their money and valuables would not be restored.

"I saw one man, from the Fourth Pennsylvania, give them between four and five hundred dollars, and in less than three months he starved to death. Many of the searched saved their money by putting it into their pipes and covering it with tobacco. I had a watch that I put on a beam over our heads. I had about twenty dollars in money sewed into my coat. Fortunately for me, I was talking with one of the guards, when he said, 'If you have been searched, get out of the way or you will be searched again.' I needed no second invitation. We were fortunate enough to keep our blankets. Three or four of us would club together and make a mess; thus Sergeant C. B. Delanah (G), W. W. Durrel (L), L. Hill (K), and myself were together. Every morning there

was a roll-call, and the rations for the day were given out—the same as before mentioned.

"Greenbacks were worth four to one of the rebel scrip, and the guards would buy them. Others would bring in things to sell, bread and pies, but if the officers found it out they would take away the purchases and give a ball and chain for punishment and thirty days' confinement in Castle Thunder; so we had to be careful not to be found out. For a loaf of bread we had to pay one dollar in Confederate money; pies at the same rate.

"Here we remained about six weeks, when the guard one morning told us to pack up, but did not inform us where we were going. Some, supposing we were to be paroled, did not take their rations—a mistake found out before they received more. From the Laundry Prison we were taken to the Pemberton Prison, on the same street, and nearly opposite the Libby Prison. Here the rations were about the same as at the Laundry, except that twice a week we got a small piece of meat.

"On Christmas Eve most of the guard were off on a grand spree, and some one proposed that we should make a break and liberate the officers in Libby and the men on Belle Island and in the other prisons in the city. All the men in the building were got into line, and remained ready for one hour or more, when for some reason, never known, it was given up. I think, if we had tried, we could easily have carried out the project.

"I received a letter from home on the 18th of November, 1863, coming by way of City Point. But letters were few that ever reached the ones they were sent to.

"In the month of December we got some clothing, sent to us by the Sanitary Commission. There was not much of it, but what there was was most thankfully re-

ceived. One man found a shirt with his sister's name pinned on it.

"Captain Chase, of our regiment, was in Libby at this time, and occasionally I saw him at the windows, and sometimes managed to talk to him, keeping a sharp look-out on the guard. Greenbacks had now increased in value, being worth twenty times the Confederate money, but they were pretty scarce. Sergeant Delanah had charge of the issuing of the rations for the men on our floor of the prison, and was entitled to an extra ration, which he would divide with our mess; thus we got along nicely. But most of the prisoners suffered extremely for want of enough and proper food, and continual deaths were occurring from starvation.

"We were kept in the Pemberton Prison until the 21st of January, 1864, when we were carried to Belle Island. They took us from buildings where we had been for over three months without going outside of the doors, and put us in midwinter on the island, without giving us so much as a shelter tent or a blanket. A great many of the men froze to death. One morning I saw eleven that had frozen during the night. On the island we got our first ration of corn-bread and bean soup. The soup was composed of about a table-spoonful of black beans to a pint of water.

"March 5th. We were taken from Belle Island back to Richmond, and told that we were to be paroled. We were kept there one night and then put on freight cars—fifty in a car, with doors fastened, and two guards to a car—and started for Andersonville, Ga. They gave us one day's rations to start with, and we did not get anything more until the second night, when we stopped at Raleigh, N. C.

"March 8th. In the morning we started again, and

the next stop was at Charlotte, N. C., where we stayed one night. About four o'clock in the morning, three men ran through the guard, who fired at them. This aroused the whole camp, and the rebels, fearing we would all escape, ordered us to lie down. One man, somewhat deaf, did not hear the order, but remained standing, when the guard shot him through the head. One other man died that night, and both were buried in one grave.

"Most of the guard here were very anxious to get greenbacks, giving ten dollars (rebel) for one. One of our soldiers had a five dollar bill, on which some one had so nicely drawn a cipher that it looked like a fifty; this he sold to a rebel for two hundred and fifty dollars in Confederate money. The joke was not discovered till we had got on the train. The sold rebel went through the train to find his Yankee trader, but nobody had seen him.

"After we left Charlotte, two men jumped from the train in the night and made their escape; at least we never heard of their recapture. After that we were obliged to lie down in the cars at night.

"March 12th. We arrived at Andersonville, Ga., having been seven days on the road, with but two stops. Here we were put into an inclosure containing about twenty-eight acres, and told to look out for ourselves. There were about three thousand in the inclosure when we entered it, but prisoners kept coming every day or two, until there were about twelve thousand; then they stopped for several weeks, but soon commenced again, until, in the month of August, 1864, there were over thirty thousand there.

"The rations at Andersonville were poorer than we had been receiving at Richmond. They were one pound of coarse meal per day, and twice a week a tea-cupful

of black beans—two bugs to every bean. At first we received a small piece of meat, but they soon stopped that.

"About the first of April, Captain Wirtz came into the prison pen and wanted twelve men to go outside to work, and I was one of the lucky ones detailed to go outside. A part had to work in the cook house, and the rest of us had to bury the dead. We were kept under guard during the day and sent into the stockade at night, until the first of May, when, on giving our parole of honor not to run away, the guard was taken off and I was permitted to remain outside of the stockade; and if any one did run away he was to be hung if caught. After this time I had plenty of rations and good quarters. They continued detailing working parties from the prisoners until there were over one hundred men outside of the stockade. We were not allowed to talk to the negroes or citizens, under penalty of being sent inside, though allowed to go one mile in any direction except towards the stockade. The sufferings of the men confined inside cannot be written or told; they were horrible in the extreme.

"While I was on outside duty at Andersonville I kept an account of the number of deaths per month, and think I have got them nearly right; the figures read as follows: March, 278; April, 544; May, 699; June, 1291; July, 1733; August, 2990; from September 1st to September 6th, 516; from September 6th to November 1st, 3619. Total in eight months, 11,669.

"Of the forty-seven of my own regiment, taken prisoners with me, only three lived to return to their homes.

"As our prisoners died they had small slips of paper pinned upon their clothing, giving the number of death, name, company, and regiment. The following are sam-

ple copies of the slips which I preserved of men of our regiment:

1962.	4742.	7032.
S. R. IDE,	ROBT. DURDEEN,	A. HOOKER,
Priv. Co. H,	Priv. Co. F,	Priv. Co. G,
1. R. I. Cav.	1. R. I. C.	1. R. I. Cavalry.

"The following is a list of the names of the members of our regiment who died in Andersonville, with the dates of their death, so far as could be ascertained, preserved on my memorandum: George T. Slocum (A); Caleb W. Hunt (A); H. West (A); Philip B. Smith (A), July 28, 1864; Jeremiah Rathbone (A), July 31, 1864; James Kittelle (B); James Burke (C), August 20, 1864; Sergeant J. R. Peterson (D); M. W. Sweet (D); S. Minor (D); Alonzo Healey (D); Charles H. Maine (E), August 25, 1864; Patrick Carpenter (E); Thomas Henrys (F); Isaac Bowditch (F), January 7, 1864; Sergeant C. B. Delanah (G), April 19, 1864; John B. Bidmead (G), June 13, 1864; A. Van Hock (G), August 27, 1864; S. R. Ide (H), June 13, 1864; H. B. Freelove (H), May 6, 1864; D. C. Spink (H), May 27, 1864; Edmund Northup (H), July 11, 1864; Sergeant J. A. Austin (H), July 13, 1864.

"Thus we know that twenty-three of our brave and true comrades expired in this cruel, loathsome, horrible pen. Language would fail to describe the sufferings and anguish here endured. Of the remainder of my captivity I give a brief account.

"September 6th. We were told that we were to be sent to Savannah to be paroled, and would start the next day. We were overjoyed to hear such news, but feared the truth of the report; most of the boys thought it was so, and left everything that they had. But when

we got to Savannah we were put into another stockade and told that we were to stay awhile longer. Here Lieutenant Davis had command of the prison, and was liked much better than Wirtz. We stayed at Savannah about four weeks, and were then taken to Blackshire, down near the Florida line, but remained there only a few days, when we were brought back to Savannah, and from there taken to Millen. Here again I got a chance to work in the hospital, and so was able to procure what rations I wanted and some for my friends. We stayed in Millen until the whole camp was removed to prevent being captured by General Sherman's army; the camp was moved one day and his army occupied the place the next day.

"From Millen we were taken to Florence, S. C., by way of Savannah and Charleston. We stayed in Charleston one night, and could hear the shells that came from our batteries that were bombarding the city. We arrived in Florence about the first of December, when they commenced to parole the sick. Then was the only time in my life when I wanted to be sick; I tried to be, but could not be sick enough. We remained in Florence until about the first of February, 1865, when we were sent to Wilmington, N. C. Here we remained until the rebels were driven from the place. We were then taken to Goldsborough, and kept there until we were paroled, which was on the 26th of February, 1865. After we were paroled we were put on the cars and taken back to within ten miles of Wilmington and delivered to a guard in waiting for us, and I think it was the happiest day of my life. I was a prisoner sixteen months and four days. We stayed in Wilmington a few days, when we started for Annapolis, Md.

"Private Andrew Durfee (D), after passing through all

these weary months of captivity—this being his second captivity—lived to be paroled, and reached Goldsborough, N. C., in February, 1865. On his way home, very sick and weak, he thought it advisable to go into the hospital at that place, until able to continue his journey north; but he was never permitted to see friends or home again. He died a few days after entering the hospital."

A more complete interior view and account of the barbarisms of Andersonville are reserved for a subsequent chapter, in which will be presented the experiences of another of our comrades.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

Did ever inhumanity
  Confront the world and vent its hate
In fiendish, fierce insanity
  As mid the ranks Confederate?

See Richmond's cells, dark, chill, and vile,
  Worse than the Inquisition's racks;
See loathsome, shelterless Belle Isle
  That no Tartarian feature lacks.

And, worst of all, the horrid pen
  That gives its curse to And'sonville—
Darkest disgrace yet known 'mong men—
  That would barbarians' bosoms chill.

These were the prisons of our braves
  When captured on the faithful field;
And here they withered to their graves
  Mid foes to all compassion steeled.

In hunger, nakedness, and cold,
  Their fading eyes for pity cried;
In woe and wretchedness untold
  They pined away, and anguished died.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FIGHT NEAR AUBURN.

OCTOBER, 1863.

WE return to the war front, where our sabres are in demand and are drawn for their loyal work. The Confederates, conscious of their waning strength, and chagrined by their defeats, are becoming desperate. Exasperated Lee is intent on inflicting some severe blow upon the Army of the Potomac. He is now pressing Meade as sharply as possible.

October 13th. In the night we fell back near Warrenton Junction, throwing out our vigilant pickets. During the night both armies lay upon their arms, our rear-guards and the enemy's advance guards so close together that they bivouacked almost among one another. Stuart and his cavalry were reported as really within our lines. All stood to horse. We hardly knew where we were till morning, when we found we were at Auburn, and Lee was pressing our right.

October 14th. The firing of rebel infantry on our pickets began at dawn, and soon the action became general. The pressure was heavy and persistent. Line after line was formed to hold the enemy in check: on

our part merely defensive action to hold the foe at bay till our army could fall back without heavy loss. In this sharp engagement, bravely conducted on both sides, the casualties in our regiment were as follows: Sergeant J. S. Brown (B), killed; Sergeant John Peterson (D), captured; W. W. Sweet (D), captured; Sergeant B. H. Rogers (F), wounded in shoulder. In December following, a detachment of our command, with the Chaplain, went to Auburn, exhumed the body of Sergeant Brown and forwarded it to Alexandria, from whence afterwards it was sent to his home in Attleborough, Mass., for final burial.

While the fight at Bristoe Station was going on at dusk of the 14th, our regiment held the left flank of our army. In our immediate front the rebels made only a faint show of themselves. At our right, the artillery fighting, plainly seen, was a grand military sight, but well-nigh deafening to our ears. This was to arrest the enemy's advance. The whole army was moving back as rapidly as practicable, to protect Washington at least, and, if possible, to gain and hold the country north of Thoroughfare Gap. Wagon trains, ambulances, artillery, infantry, and all that pertains to a great armed host, might be seen pressing the roads, by-ways, and even fields, in their backward movement—the great refluent wave of war. Ah! how this part of Virginia was trodden and retrodden for four years by powerful and determined armies.

As in all similar circumstances, the sleepless and severe work of guarding the army flanks and rear fell upon the mounted troops. Steadily we fought and fell back, occasionally giving and receiving keen blows, till October 17th, when the army reached Centreville, with the cavalry force at Wolf Run Ford. Lee failed in provoking a

battle on grounds of his own selection, and also failed in his endeavor to slip in our rear and imperil the Capital.

October 18th. Moving to Fairfax Station, we drew rations—no small matter to men and horses situated as we had been. In bivouacking for the night, we held our sabres awaiting orders; for it was thought that Lee might dare to make another dash across the upper Potomac, and we were to be ready to anticipate him and give him the discussion he invited. Lee, however, was too wise to ask for a second edition of the battle of Gettysburg.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ADVANCING AGAIN.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1863.

OCTOBER 19th. We were awakened in our bivouac to learn that the rebels were retreating. The refluent war wave had spent its force. Lee had wisely discovered that his line of safety lay in retracing his steps. In the war race now it was his turn to fly and ours to follow; and Loudon and Fauquier Counties were to have another tramping and peeling. To the Army of the Potomac we were designated as rear-guard. After waiting all day for the army and trains to get on the roads, at five o'clock P. M. we left Fairfax Station and marched, via Centreville, to Manassas Junction, and bivouacked in the woods in the rear of our old camp ground occupied in the summer of 1862. How familiar and full of memories to us were Manassas Plains and the gory fields in its vicinity.

October 20th. We moved near Blackburn's Ford, and, at night, proceeding near the Stone Bridge, reported to our brigade, and finally bivouacked on the old, doubly blood-wet Bull Run battle field. Ah! what crimson scenes and associations came thronging back upon our minds.

In the view of all, how strange that some of us did not become discouraged. But our cause was too true, too noble, too great, too holy, to admit of faltering in faith or of faint-heartedness in sacrifices. Our watch-words were: "Over the Rappahannock!" "On to Richmond!" "Down with the rebellion!" "Death to Slavery!" "Up with the Stars and Stripes!" "Liberty and Law!" Brave hearts our army had to dare and do unto death.

October 21st. Passing through Gainesville, where we drew rations and forage, we again bore our guidons through Thoroughfare Gap and New Baltimore, and bivouacked near Warrenton, on our old ground on the Warrenton Turnpike. It seemed as if the hills must have become familiar with our bugles and standard.

October 22d. Moving on to Waterloo, we posted our videttes on the north bank of the Rappahannock, while on the opposite bank were the rebel pickets. The river at this point is very narrow, and conversation was readily indulged in by the opposing forces. We found the specimens of chivalry confronting us were of the famous Fourth Virginia Cavalry, with whom previously, on different fields, we had crossed sabres and exchanged solid cavalier compliments, as they had good reason to remember. Now, however, they were very easy, familiar, and talkative, having much to say about recent movements. By the way, with many of them, as with all on our side, personal animosities were not allowed a place in the great contest, so long as both parties adhered to the rules of honorable warfare. The war was one of great principles, by the side of which men were insignificant. The future weal of a continent hung upon the contest. We could not stop or stoop to hate individuals, but met them always as the representatives of great and fateful ideas.

October 24th. We were relieved from picket service for rest, and, with the rest of the brigade, went into our old bivouac at Waterloo. From this time until November 7th we remained in camp, engaged only in picket duty and on reconnoissances. But General Meade had now determined to push Lee back from the Rappahannock and across the Rapidan. Indeed, as it afterwards appeared, he contemplated more than that.

November 7th. As the army was again on the forward movement, we broke camp at one o'clock in the afternoon and advanced to Bealton, and carefully posted our pickets. Meanwhile, severe fighting was going on at Rappahannock Station and Kelly's Ford, which lasted till dark. On the 8th, we moved up to Rappahannock Station, as General Meade's headquarters had been advanced to Brandy Station.

November 12th. Forces were advancing from Liberty to Warrenton, and we moved on to Fayetteville. While here we remember to have assembled to witness what was to us the novel ceremony of branding deserters—culprits from the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. They were branded with the letter D on the left hip, and had one-half of the head shaved, and then were drummed out of camp. Yes, deep be the brand for the desertion of duty, for the betrayal of our comrades and our country, for the loss of self-respect and the esteem of mankind.

November 13th. Five of our men, while on picket near Warrenton, were captured by the enemy. These were C. W. Hunt, J. H. Collins, G. H. Martin, J. W. Rawcliffe, J. W. Millington, all of Troop A.

Charles L. Brown (Troop M) died November 22d.

November 23d. We proceeded to Catlett Station to relieve the First Corps from duty on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. General Meade had now resolved

to cross the Rapidan and give Lee battle on his own ground. This day (November 23d), we received the painful intelligence that we had met with another loss from death, which we must not neglect to mention.

Lieutenant CHARLES ALBERT SAWYER. He was born in Nashua, N. H., October 19, 1839, and was the younger of the two sons of Hon. George T. Sawyer, for many years one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

He received his education in the public schools of his native city, at the private academy of Rev. Mr. Perry, in Pepperrell, Mass., and subsequently graduated at the New Hampshire Literary Institution. For a time he studied law under his father, then on the bench, but before completing his course left for Cincinnati, Ohio, from which, however, he returned to New England in 1860, and resumed legal studies in Lincoln, Me., where he was about to enter upon the practice of his profession at the breaking out of the civil war. Having been recently married, this, with other ties, led him to think of home and peaceful pursuits, and professional success opening before him. But he yielded to the sterner call of duty to his country, and enlisted October 28, 1861, in one of the troops of cavalry then organizing in New Hampshire, and afterwards a worthy part of our regiment. In his enlistment papers he is described as "twenty-two years of age, a lawyer, blue eyes, brown hair, light complexion, five feet, ten inches high."

United to a vigorous physical organization, he had a clear, active intellect, a warm, generous heart, and sufficient enthusiasm and force of character to call out all his abilities. He participated in all the battles and skirmishes in which the regiment bore so honorable a part; and whether as private or commissioned officer, whether

acting as Captain of his troop or as Adjutant of the regiment, to which post he was appointed in April, 1863, he was true, constant, and faithful. In the camp, on the march, in the field, in every position, in the discharge of every duty, he was a brave, vigilant soldier, an affectionate comrade, and a kind commander.

In the terrible hand to hand conflict with the foe at Middleburg, Va., June, 1863, he received an injury in the knee, which was afterwards aggravated by his horse dashing the limb against a tree. A severe attack of rheumatic inflammation ensued, which drew up the limb and formed adhesions, to be broken only by the application of force. In the attempt to endure the necessary surgical operation, under the influence of chloroform, he died, at the City Hotel, in Alexandria, Va., November 15, 1863.

On Sunday, November 29th, funeral services were held at his father's residence in Nashua, N. H. Company B, of the Governor's Horse Guards, furnished bearers, and a detachment from the Granite State Cadets performed escort duty. Rev. B. F. Parsons conducted the touchingly solemn services. While surviving comrades annually plant above his grave the flag he loved and died to defend, it needs no such effort to keep alive his memory in the hearts of those who knew him as he was. Honor be with the name of the young martyr, whose life went out at the age of twenty-four. We, at least, who stood by his side, can never forget Lieutenant Sawyer.

November 26th. Thanksgiving Day—but not as usual to us; no quiet home; no richly loaded board; no face of father and smile of mother; no hand of brother and of sister; no kiss of wife and children. Yet, may be, our names are mentioned in those homes, and prayers arise

to heaven for us. We have a land for which to be thankful.

General Meade crossed the Rapidan and faced the foe near Mine Run, but finally deemed it prudent to withdraw. Lee was no unskilled antagonist. Meade was not without a large measure of caution. So the two armies soon settled back into their lines of defense—one on the north, the other on the south of the Rapidan. The season was too far advanced to admit of any further general movement; so the armies prepared themselves, as best they could, for winter quarters, each, of course, keeping a lynx's eye upon the other, and seeking occasions to strike small blows. Meade had about sixty thousand men, and Lee about forty thousand. Of our loss on December 1st we will speak in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BARBARITIES OF ANDERSONVILLE. CAPTIVITIES OF E. F. CALDWELL AND SERGEANT A. C. SWEETING.

DECEMBER, 1863—NOVEMBER, 1864.

DECEMBER 1st. A picket post and reserve of our men, stationed at Beverly Ford, on the upper Rappahannock, were captured under the following circumstances, as communicated to us by Edward F. Caldwell, one of the unfortunate number.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, several men in rebel uniform were seen moving along the front of the vidette at the ford, but they made no hostile demonstrations. Very soon, however, the vidette perceived some horsemen, in United States uniform, coming from the direction of the reserve, with two of our regiment in advance. On approaching, they ordered the vidette to surrender; whereupon he found that the order came from a squad of rebels in our uniform. Not answering their demands immediately, he was fired at, the shot cutting away a portion of the toe of his boot. Finding it useless to resist, he surrendered, when, to his amazement, he learned that the whole reserve had been sur-

rounded and captured by Mosby's cunning men. The men composing this outpost were Sergeant A. C. Sweeting, G. F. Slocum, J. Rathbone, P. B. Smith, G. W. West, I. F. York, C. N. Allen, of Troop A, and E. F. Caldwell and J. C. Beckton, of Troop D.

They were immediately hurried across the river and carried to Jefferson, where they were kept that night. The next day (December 2d) they were compelled to move on foot to Gordonsville, from which place they were carried to Richmond and put upon Belle Island. Here they found some of our men, taken during Meade's retreat, spoken of in Sergeant Guild's narrative; and here they experienced the privations and sufferings, peculiar to that abominable island, for four long months, when they were taken to Andersonville, Ga., where they arrived about the first of April, 1864. Comparatively few prisoners were then in the place, as that prison pen was opened only in the latter part of the preceding winter.

In Andersonville they suffered from bad and scanty food, from impure water, from sand-flies, fleas, and lice; and were attacked with the scurvy, suffering from that loathsome disease to such an extent that their limbs became sore and stiff and their teeth became loose. In November, 1864, most of the party had died. But such as could be moved were then sent to Florence.

On reaching Florence, Caldwell was put in the hospital, where he received treatment, and ate raw potatoes, being obliged to scrape them, as his mouth and teeth were so sore that he could not bite the vegetables. By this treatment he in a measure recovered, and was sent into the stockade. Soon after entering the stockade, the prison officers called for volunteers for different duties, and he volunteered as a cobbler, though he had never before engaged in that business.

Two days after being detailed, he and three others made their escape. After travelling, shoeless and with scarcely any clothing, for several hundred miles, they reached the Catawba River, Davidson County, N. C., about the 10th of December, 1864, and went into the mountains, where they lived with the refugees from North Carolina and Tennessee, who had left their homes to avoid being conscripted into the rebel army. Here they lived as best they could, chiefly by begging, until after Johnston's surrender, about the first of May, 1865, when they went to Greenville, Tenn., and reported to the post commander at that place, a colonel of a German regiment. Receiving no attention from him in regard to their situation, they went to Nashville, and then to Memphis, where they obtained employment to work on a railroad near Little Rock, Arkansas.

Here they were engaged from June to September, 1865, when, having earned sufficient money to pay their expenses, they started for Providence, R. I., where they arrived October 1st, 1865, two months after the muster-out of the regiment. Completely worn out from the hardships, sufferings, and privations through which they had passed in their prison life, they to-day are real invalids, and can never again be in health and strength.

We subjoin the important narrative of Sergeant A. C. Sweeting, throwing particular light upon the barbarities of Andersonville, where so many of our brave comrades perished as victims of the hate and inhumanity of the Confederates:

"December 1, 1863. On this day, with other comrades, I was taken prisoner while on picket at Beverly Ford, on the Rappahannock, by Mosby's cavalry, and was started towards Richmond. We were four days on the way, part of the time on foot, and part on rail. Foot-

sore and hungry, we reached Richmond December 5th, and were put upon Belle Island, into bell tents; and fortunate were such of us as retained blankets or overcoats. Here our rations consisted of rye and Indian bread and a very small piece of beef; the bread was good, but the supply very small indeed. There were between two and three thousand prisoners on the island; and we suffered very much from cold. They gave us wood for fires in the middle of the tents, but we had to husband the supply, as the prisoners were increasing in number. A great many froze to death. All suffered during the winter from cold and for want of food. The treatment we received was very brutal. For some very trifling offense of language, I have seen prisoners knocked down by the guard with iron bars and clubs, and have seen Union men stripped of their clothing and ducked in the freezing cold water, and their rations cut off for the day.

"February 22d. Two hundred or more of us were sent to Pemberton Tobacco Factory, in the city of Richmond.

"March 8th. We were started for Georgia. Our first night was at Raleigh, N. C., where hard-tack was given to us. The next rest was at Charleston, S. C., where we had more hard-tack and a very small ration of meat.

"From Charleston to Andersonville, Ga., we had no rest, except in changing cars, when we were counted out and counted in by the changed guards. We reached Andersonville after dark, and were immediately marched to the stockade and told to shift for ourselves, after being informed that we were the twenty-eighth hundred there. A poor reception we had, in a night as dark as ink, in a strange country, turned loose in a swamp hole; all light of hope was shut out.

"The Andersonville pen embraced near thirty acres. The stockade was of pine logs, hewn on two sides, set in a trench, so close together that it was nigh impossible to look through. About twenty or twenty-five feet from the stockade was the dead-line—a railing about four feet high to keep the prisoners from approaching the stockade. On top of the stockade were the boxes in which stood the guards. Through the camp ran a small, shallow brook, where the prisoners obtained their water for drinking, cooking, and washing. An Alabama regiment, doing guard duty, washed themselves and their stuff in the water before it reached us; and thankful we were when a spring, about the size of a barrel, was found, almost under the dead-line, which for a long time supplied us with water for cooking. For fifty feet or more from the brook, on both sides, the ground was very miry, and even dangerous to walk on, being full of very ugly stumps and roots, called sweet-gum, which, by the way, when steeped in water made a drink used for chronic complaints.

"At first there were two hospitals in the camp, and but little sickness, the mortality averaging six or eight per day. Our rations were a small pint of corn and oatmeal, and a small slice of beef, all of which could have been eaten at one meal. Cooking utensils were scarce. If one had a pail he was rich; if not, why do the best he could. We made mush one day and johnny-cake the next, mixing the meal in cold water and baking on a pine wood slab. Wood was obtained outside by squads of three or four from each detachment at a time, under guard. Some brought chips; the more robust brought limbs. We kept fires burning on account of the chilly, dewy nights, and for those suffering from chronic complaints; the majority not having any blankets or overcoats to protect them.

"We finally had a new commandant, named Wirtz; a very brutal and inhuman man he was. He revoked previous regulations and issued his own. The day after he took command we were ordered to fall into line to be renumbered and give each his name, age, height, color of hair and eyes, rank, company, and regiment, when and where taken—all put down; no man to leave the ranks till every man in his detachment had answered the questions, under penalty of forfeiting the rations of the detachment for the day. The sun was exceedingly hot, and the most of the camp that day went hungry. From that day all sorts of epithets the prisoners could think of were applied to him. Having occasion to visit one of the hospitals, a New York man, whose rations had been cut off, hit him on the back of the head with a club. Soon after he took charge, the hospitals were removed outside the stockade, where, fortunately, there was more shade, as the prison was filling up so that we were cramped for room—having hardly more than a man required for turning over when lying down.

"Various means were resorted to by the men to effect their escape; some tunneling under the stockade, that they might reach Flint River, about four miles away, and run down in a dug-out to the Gulf of Mexico, or entice the negroes to shelter them, and so elude the blood-hounds that every morning made the circuit of the stockade in search of tracks that they might follow. Only a few, however, escaped by tunneling. Some would have the symptoms of small-pox and go to a hospital about three miles off, and get the negroes to pilot them away. Some tried by doing work outside, such as digging graves and the like.

"All this time our rations were growing less; the more the prisoners increased, the less rations we had. I have

seen a table-spoonful of uncooked rice given out for a day's rations. During the month of May they had a cook house built near the prison. Then they began to give us stock peas, so called, or colored beans, which were put into the kettle as they were shoveled from the threshing floor, with gravel and dirt. This lasted a few weeks till the Alabama colonel introduced a fanning machine. A pint cupful of beans was a ration.

"Wirtz conceived the idea of cooking the meal instead of issuing it raw, and a disgusting mess he made of it. The mush was bailed from the kettles into boxes, holding say two or three bushels, in the middle of which I have seen a quantity of meal the size of a half bushel that had not been touched by the water; and hungry as we were, it was almost impossible to eat it. No salt had ever been given to us to season our food with; but, three or four times, a small quantity of saltpetre-cured meat was given.

"As the warm weather advanced, the mortality increased. More men were required to dig graves and bury the dead. Scurvy became so prevalent that very many could not eat from the effects of it. Their gums and limbs swelled to bursting; their legs contracted, drawing the feet to the hips: their application to the surgeons for medicine being in vain, as no medicine was to be had. I have seen men's legs so swollen that they were obliged to scarify them to let out the black, diseased blood, and so get relief. One of my comrades had the scurvy so badly that he could shove out his teeth with his tongue.

"During June and July we commenced digging wells on the side-hill where I was. We sunk one fifteen feet, into which we put a rice cask, obtained from the commissary, and from which we drew with a quart pail tied

to a strip of blanket. The spring near the dead-line had failed to supply us. Near the brook we were attacked by swarms of flies that keenly annoyed us; and if we went before sunrise we could not step without crushing into the ground great white maggots that had bred in the low marsh. They would crawl up from the brook in the night and in the morning go back. From this, one can judge of the purity of the water. The Confederates, seeing so many dying of disease, commenced to straighten and deepen the brook and level off and fill in the swamp.

"As the weather became hotter, a disease called gangrene appeared, and attacked the healthy as well as the sick—if, indeed, there were any now healthy. This mortification would generally begin in the mouth. George West, of my company, had the half of his upper lip and face all eaten away.

"An order was given that we should be vaccinated by the rebel doctors. I showed a scar where a dog bit me ten years before, and was pronounced all right. Those that were vaccinated suffered untold misery. I saw one man's arm eaten to the bone.

"In July the stockade was enlarged to about double its original size, and two or three two-story structures, open on the sides and ends, but shingled, were put up for some of the prisoners to lie in; for the rebels saw that the men were dying so fast that they might have none to exchange with the United States Government. The prisoners were dying off so fast, while graves could not be dug as fast, that the rebels put up a dead-house to receive the bodies from the camp and hospitals; and they were dying very fast in the open camp. This dead-house, about twenty-five feet square, was made of forked sticks set in the ground, across which were put poles

covered with tops of pine-trees, to keep off the sun, that in July heated the ground so that one could not well walk on it. I have seen the dead lying outside of the dead-house, covering over a space fifty feet square; and when they had a hundred or more graves dug, then two negroes, with a four mule team, and side boards to the wagon, would come, and, one taking a body by the head, the other by the feet, would begin to load up, tossing the bodies into the wagon as men would load logs; and so carried the dead away to their graves. And the stench from the dead-house was so great that we could hardly bear it. If this was not atrocious, barbaric, and inhuman, pray tell us what is.

"Before the improvements in the stockade, in June, the suffering was very great near the brook. It rained more or less every day for twenty-two days—some very hard thunder-showers, followed by the sun breaking through the clouds and almost melting the men to death. Meantime, all were suffering extremely from hunger. I have seen men vomit up their ration of beans, being so hungry that they had not stopped to chew them; and I have seen men pick up the beans out of the mud and eat them. Bones when found were broken up and broiled for the little fat there was in them. Starvation was preying upon the camp.

"From our regiment there were between sixty and seventy in Andersonville, and before the first of July most of them were dead. And I do not know of more than three—E. D. Guild (G), A. H. Herrick and myself (A)—that left Andersonville alive. The abominable character of the prison pen will be apparent from this fact.

"During the month of July arrangements were made for a grand tunneling of the stockade, and, if successful,

a release of all the prisoners. The plan was to undermine the old stockade and prop it up beneath with slabs till the moment of escape; and the plan being known by our men on duty outside, the signal agreed upon was the discharge of a pistol—the men outside to seize the Confederate arms, and those inside to capture the forts that had been thrown up by the rebels to guard the camp: thus securing arms and ammunition, to steer for Sherman's army. The plan was upset by a man who blowed on us for a half a plug of tobacco. But he paid dear for his treachery and chewing. As soon as his name was found out he was tried by a court-martial of the prisoners, and sentenced to have one-half of his head shaved and the letter T (for traitor) burned on his forehead, and then marched around the camp so that all could see him.

"The number of prisoners now reached about thirty thousand, and the mortality was about one hundred and fifty per day. At this rate all would have died in six months. They were dying so rapidly that graves could not be dug fast enough by the men detailed outside for that purpose, and those who died in the camp were buried there—this adding to the horrors of the place. During July a great spoonful or two of molasses was added to our rations.

"During the last month of my stay I saw whole regiments of prisoners from Sherman's army kept in line in front of Wirtz's headquarters, in the broiling hot sun, while they were robbed of everything they possessed, even to a jackknife, and then were turned into the prison pen without anything to cook a meal's victuals with. Even the buttons on their coats and blouses were cut off, and hats and caps and shirts were taken from them. Wirtz had a line of posts set across the camp, and, when

any large body of new prisoners arrived, an alarm-gun was fired with blank cartridge, to warn us not to gather in a body inside of the line of posts, for if we so gathered he would shoot us. I have seen many men shot down in cold blood by the sentry while they were reaching under the dead-line, trying to get a cup of cold water from the spring to drink; and the guard who killed a Yankee near the dead-line was allowed, for his fidelity to orders, two weeks' leave of absence, and if he killed more than one he was promoted.

"About the first of August, arrangements were made for a transfer of some of the prisoners to another prison. Feeling that I could not be worse off wherever I was carried, I stole away with the first detachment, and was taken to Savannah, Ga., where the rebels had a pen built, with framed and boarded sides, and sentry-boxes on the top for guards. There the same old way of escape was adopted and more successfully carried out, as there were many Union men and women in Savannah who would shelter all that escaped from the rebel grasp. The negroes would pilot such as escaped into the low rice fields, and carry them food by night. I know of some who tunneled out the first night we were in Savannah, and remained in the city over two months, and came home on the same boat with me from Fort Pulaski. Our rations were somewhat better on our first arrival, but were afterwards cut down.

"Lieutenant Davis—nephew of Jeff Davis—was here our commandant—a man of pure brutality and cussedness. He tried to beat Wirtz in meanness and barbarity, and all his officers and soldiers were afraid of him. When we were ordered to Millen he counted out the number and kept us outside the stockade all night, unsheltered in a heavy rain storm, and refused us rations.

"At Millen the grounds were dry and somewhat protected by trees, but it now being October, and the nights cold, we were obliged to keep fires. Here there were five or six hundred prisoners, and plans were made for the winter by starting ovens and issuing baking pans; but Sherman's march to the sea broke up all this in a measure. The rations were the same as in Andersonville and Savannah, but sweet potatoes were added—a Godsend, indeed, as we were suffering from scurvy; we ate them by scraping them with a knife. The rebel surgeons took down the names of the sick, but had no medicine for us.

"After we had been in Millen four or five weeks, it was proposed to release the sick and wounded—a rumor that we doubted till we saw them sent away by the hundred. Finally an order came for all imprisoned over nine months to fall into line, and that included me. When we signed the parole, and heard the rebels say, 'Good-bye, Yanks,' and wish us good luck, hope began to fill our sick bodies. On arriving in Savannah we found boats with steam up at the Gas Works Wharf. Waiting nearly an hour, the flag of truce boat arrived, and we were ordered aboard the boats, and away we went from rebeldom, as happy a company of men as ever were seen. Running down the river an hour or so, we came in sight of the transport fleet, and were transported at beholding again the Stripes and Stars. Then such a shout went up from those two boat loads of men as was never before heard. In three days from Savannah we arrived at Annapolis, and in due time reached our loved home."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOLDING FAST.

DECEMBER, 1863.

ON the return of the army from Mine Run, the Fifth Corps was designated to guard the Orange and Alexandria Railroad from the front back to Manassas; and our regiment, with the Fourth Pennsylvania, were to furnish the mounted forces for this duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson was put in charge of the two cavalry regiments. In this exposed service of patrol we spent the remaining days of the year. As we were obliged to act in detachments, the regiment was now for a time practically broken up.

Troops A, B, C, and D were placed at Rappahannock Station and Bealton, under command of Captain Gould. Troops E, F, G, and H were stationed at Warrenton Junction, in our old "Camp Mud," now made comfortable, under command of Captain Rogers. Troops I, K, L, and M, with the headquarters of the regiment, were at Catlett Station, under Major Farrington.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, being in command of all the cavalry, established his headquarters with the battalion at Warrenton Junction, it being near the centre

of the line and easy of access to the city of Warrenton, where were the headquarters of the cavalry division. The grand headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were now at Brandy Station. Thus we made ready for the storms and snows and war experiences of winter.

In this duty of guarding and holding fast, though it was winter—and Virginia winters are only three or four degrees milder than those of New England—we had generally quite an easy time, first, because of the great contrast between this service and the long and heavy fighting of the year, and secondly, because two years of service had so educated us that we knew how to endure hardships and make our camps comfortable.

Another visit of the Paymaster, about the middle of December, was suitably appreciated; and Major Monroe, our ever welcome friend, brought us kind words from our homes, and took home funds to our families.

December 19th. Our band returned to us, having been at General Pleasanton's headquarters for nearly three months. We were always happy in the animation which they imparted. Music in a camp and on a march is a real blessing to a soldier.

During our association with the infantry regiments stationed near us, many friends were made among officers and men; and now we painfully remember how many of them afterwards fell in the terrible battles of the Wilderness.

The troop posted at Bealton Station, being alone, was greatly exposed to attacks from guerrillas. Once they were assaulted at midnight, and had two men wounded. To protect themselves in the future, they made a barricade completely around their camp, using poles and tops of trees, and at night stretched lines of telegraph wire across the entrance, thus making an extemporized forti-

fication, and illustrating the inventive bent of their Yankee genius.

December 31st. The strength of the regiment was as follows:

1. Present. Officers, 20; enlisted men, 409: total, 429.

2. Officers absent. On detached service, 10; with leave, 4; prisoners, 6: total, 20.

3. Enlisted men absent. On detached service, 49; with leave, 6; sick, 125; in arrest, 1; prisoners of war, 88: total, 272.

4. Present and absent. Officers, 40; enlisted men, 681: aggregate, 721.

We had suffered a loss of one hundred and twenty-five during the year. Ah! how our hearts went back to those who had left us.

During the year 1863 the Army of the Potomac had passed through great experiences of labor, suffering, and loss; but it also won some important victories—memorably that of Gettysburg.

Elsewhere, during the year, the Federal forces had made important advances; and on all sides the Confederacy was being fatally bruised and crippled.

Rosecrans had driven Bragg from Murfreesboro, and finally over the Cumberland Mountains, and at last had captured Chattanooga, successfully leading fifty-five thousand men against seventy thousand, losing sixteen thousand, while the enemy lost eighteen thousand.

Burnside had captured Knoxville and Cumberland Gap, and two thousand men.

Grant had reduced Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and Vicksburg—victories that led Port Hudson to surrender to General Banks.

Gillmore had seized Morris Island, captured Forts

Wagner and Gregg, and reduced Fort Sumter to "a shapeless and harmless mass of ruins."

Of blockade runners we had taken more than three hundred prizes, about one-third of which were steamers. Commander Worden had destroyed the rebel privateer Nashville, and Captain Rogers (of the Weehawken) had captured the iron-clad ram Atlanta.

Grierson had made his famous cavalry raid in Mississippi of eight hundred miles, destroying property worth four millions of dollars, and capturing a thousand rebels.

Morgan's three thousand raiding cavalry and battery of artillery had been killed, scattered or captured, Morgan himself being a prisoner.

Grant, with Thomas, Sherman, and Hooker, had signally vanquished Bragg at Lookout Mountain.

West Virginia had been admitted to the Union as a new State.

The territory of the rebels had been effectually severed by the opening of the Mississippi. Their efforts to excite mobs in the loyal States, through their copperheaded Northern sympathizers, as in the city of New York, had signally failed and reacted upon them. The Emancipation Proclamation had deprived them of their last hope of foreign recognition, and turned the sympathies and hands of all the African race to the side of the Union. More than fifty thousand colored troops were already serving efficiently and bravely with the boys in blue.

CHAPTER XL.

RE-ENLISTING OF VETERANS.

JANUARY—MARCH, 1864.

WITH the commencement of 1864 began the re-enlistment of the old soldiers of the war. Many had now served more than two years; some two and a half. The original enlistment was for three years, unless the war should sooner end. It was now foreseen that the struggle must consume at least another year. Hence the offer was made to the veteran troops of the Union of a handsome bounty and a long furlough, if they would enlist for a new term; and all such were to be honorably denominated "The Veterans." They were doubly worthy of a distinguishing name; originally the best and most patriotic men in the army, they had acquired skill with their scars, and were altogether invaluable men.

Here it may be suitable to remark that our army, as a whole, was animated by the truest and noblest spirit. Some may suppose that the spirit of revenge enters into warfare. It was not so, as a general thing, in our civil struggle. Though there were very many things to exasperate, the heart of the army beat only to great princi-

ples. It was our aim to overthrow rebellion, defeat disunion, and advance human liberty. We looked upon the armed Confederates as the enemies of our Government and of the interests of mankind. When they were captured or surrendered they were treated with the same kindness that we would show to any strangers. They were never maltreated, or starved, or robbed, or exposed in shelterless pens, or poisoned in their food, as were multitudes of our soldiers in the Southern prisons. On our part the war was a sacred cause, and was conducted with such principles and spirit as we are proud to record.

Early in December, 1863, circulars were sent out giving the general terms of re-enlistment. None could re-enlist unless they had served two years. At first but little was said about the matter; but the more it was considered the more favorable was its reception. Finally it was thoroughly discussed in the tents. It was amusing to hear the opinions expressed. Sargent thus describes the movement and his own experience:

"Sometime in the fall an order was issued from the War Department allowing all who had served two years to re-enlist. Stump speakers went round to the different camps, stirring up with a long pole, in the shape of speeches, the patriotism of the soldiers,—on the same principle as they do just before a political election at home. One evening a cavalry regiment passed by our camp, talking, laughing, singing, and the like. I thought they felt unusually happy, so I asked, 'Where you going boys?' 'Going home; we have re-enlisted.' 'Bully for you,' said I. It was enough to make a soldier feel happy: the idea of seeing home again after an absence of two years. But the prospect of three years' more service lying behind the furlough was not very encouraging, I thought, to look ahead to.

"About the latter part of December the re-enlisting officers got round to our camps. We were drawn up in line to learn the propositions set forth, and listen to speeches. While they were collecting a sufficient quantity of wind, the band played several soul-stirring and patriotic airs. Then several speakers made short remarks, telling us what a righteous, holy, and noble cause we were fighting in; how sweet it was to die for one's country (but I was not particularly fond of sweet things about that time); how the rebels were getting discouraged; their food was giving out; they were deserting by thousands; the backbone of the rebellion was broken (once more); the war would end in about a year, etc. Then the band struck up. After giving three cheers, the men went to their tents. 'Going to re-enlist, Sarg?' 'No; I don't see it. Three years are enough for me.'

"The next day an officer went to each company to take down the names of those willing to re-enlist. A great number were in favor of it. The rest were given several days for thinking the matter over. During that time many more signed their names, including my bunky. Then I began to look at it in a sober way, lying awake nights, thinking of both sides of the question. I had got one more year to serve anyhow. If the war should last three years longer, I would stand a chance of being drafted during the other two years; and if it did not last but one year, I would lose the furlough and bounty both by not re-enlisting. The inducements held out were as follows: From the Government, four hundred dollars; from the State, three hundred dollars; and thirty days' furlough. The bait was so good that a great many were caught. And the desire to see home again after a two years' absence was so great that I at last yielded, and signed my name."

January 11th. The following order was received at the headquarters of the regiment:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, January 7, 1864.

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 9.]

[Extract.]

5. Companies I, K, L, and M, First Rhode Island Cavalry, are hereby permanently detached from that regiment, and will be considered as New Hampshire cavalry companies, they having been enrolled and mustered into service in that State.

All further appointments of officers for the said companies will be made by the Governor of New Hampshire, by whom a proper numerical designation will be given to the force.

By order of the Secretary of War:

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Official:
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

There being comparatively few of the regiment to remain in the field while the Veterans were on their furlough, efforts were made to have the regiment go home in a body on leave. Application was made to Governor Smith to use his influence to that end, and the following reply was received:

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
PROVIDENCE, January 21, 1864.

Major P. M. Farrington, First Rhode Island Cavalry:

I am directed by His Excellency, the Governor, to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 11th inst., requesting that your regiment may be ordered home to recruit. In reply, I would state that under existing circumstances it is not deemed practicable to have any of our regiments come home in a body.

Colonel Thompson, of your regiment, has called upon His Excellency, who explained to him the causes for this decision.

The question of officers for your regiment, *i. e.*, which shall go with the New Hampshire battalion, and which remain, will be referred to the War Department.

I am, Major,
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
CHARLES E. BAILEY, Colonel, A. A. D. C.

The cause for this reply was that the Third Rhode Island Cavalry was recruiting, and was enlisting men very slowly, and it was thought if our regiment should be allowed to come home and recruit, it would hinder the filling up of the Third. Moreover, it would banish all ideas of consolidating the two regiments into one, which was contemplated at this time,—the organization when completed to be known as the Third Rhode Island Cavalry, thereby making the First Rhode Island Cavalry a command of the past. Our regiment, however, had many friends at home and in official circles, excepting the Executive of the State, who had given the regiment no support, but continued to exert all his influence against its preservation as a separate command. A communication was sent to the Adjutant-General, who was always a firm friend to the regiment, and who replied thus:

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, &c., ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
PROVIDENCE, February 2, 1864.

Major P. M Farrington, First Rhode Island Cavalry:

Major:—Your communication of January 18th has been duly received, and the views therein contained I fully appreciate. I have explained the case to the Governor, and it rests with him to take such a course as he deems best. My own opinion is that the First Cavalry has too honorable a reputation to be made secondary to any other regiment either in or out of the field. Trusting everything may be done to promote its interests, I remain,

Very respectfully, yours,
E. C. MAURAN, Adjutant-General.

In this connection we may make grateful record of our indebtedness to ex-Governors H. B. Anthony and William Sprague—at this time in the United States Senate—who, by their wide influence in Rhode Island and in both legislative and military circles in Washington, always secured for us the recognition of our many services and claims, and happily advanced the just interests of our officers and men. But for their timely and manly intervention and influential appeals in our behalf, it is more than probable that the offensive and unjust proposition for our consolidation would have been carried into effect.

January 18th. Our re-enlisted men were mustered out of our original term of service and remustered as Veterans. The whole number that re-enlisted, first and last, was two hundred and sixty. Indeed, with but few exceptions, save our losses, those who had been in service more than two years engaged anew.

On the night of this day, one of our houses, as we grandiloquently called them, caught fire and threatened us with a conflagration; but resolving ourselves into firemen we subdued the enemy, though we lost the building. Loss—clothing, rations, tent cloths, etc.; no insurance.

January 25th. The band serenaded General Ayres at his headquarters at Catlett Station, he being in command of the Regulars at that place.

January 27th. The officers of the first battalion, at Warrenton Junction, by special request of Colonel Jenkins, commanding the infantry brigade at that point, attended the funeral of Captain Sackett, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania Infantry: our band discoursing the dirges and marches. How solemn and impressive a military funeral is in the field, and in mid-

winter, and on the army front. Our superb band was everywhere welcomed and handsomely entertained.

February 1st. Charles H. Maine and Leonard W. Atwood (Troop E) were captured just outside of our picket lines, near Warrenton Junction.

February 2d. What was quite uncommon for this season of the year, we were visited by a heavy thunderstorm.

February 4th. Stephen R. Ide (Troop H) was captured while going from Warrenton Junction to Catlett Station. Alas for the fate of most of our captured men; it was worse than death. This man died in the Andersonville pen—that unutterable abomination forever to be accredited to the Southern Confederacy.

February 5th. Our band, on a cheering tour, serenaded General Bartlett at Rappahannock Station, and, tarrying there with our third battalion, received very urgent solicitations to remain a few days and play at a ball; but, after playing at the headquarters (Fifth Corps) of General Sykes, went to Bealton and serenaded Colonel Schwitzer, commanding the post and our men at that station.

February 9th. Our band furnished music at a brigade review of the infantry at Warrenton Junction—a Zouave brigade, in new and gay uniform, making a fine appearance; loose breeches, short jackets, some trimmed with red, some with yellow: all having white turbans with red centres and yellow tassels.

Near this time some of our boys at Catlett Station came nigh being entrapped. The young ladies of Weaverville (a small village near by) arranged for a dance, and engaged the services of a fiddler from our regiment, giving out that it would be a free affair. Some of our men were anxious to attend and see the fun, but the

officers, hearing of the matter, had a double guard placed around the camp for the night, frustrating the arrangement. But one of the boys managed to slip the guard and reached the house, where he waited for the rest to put in their appearance. But while waiting he heard horses' hoofs, and, catching the idea, rushed for the door and escaped just in time to see fifteen guerrillas surround the house. The trick was shrewdly planned, but failed in execution. This was an additional illustration of the Union sentiments of Virginia females. The next day these polite young ladies were not to be found.

February 14th. A marked day. The New Hampshire battalion, greatly to our sorrow, in obedience to orders left us. When raised to a regiment, as they shortly were, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson became their Colonel—and a worthy officer he was in every respect, whose memory will ever fondly live with us all. The old battalion of White Mountain men—now real veterans—was a noble one—none nobler—of unalloyed spurs and keenest sabres, as the scars of the rebels will fully confess. We were sorry, indeed, beyond what our choking words could express, to part with such intelligent, kind, brotherly, faithful, heroic men, with whom we had marched so many hundred miles, endured so much suffering, and fought so many severe battles. Yes, forever they are one with us. But we did not blame New Hampshire for coveting their name and deeds: they were her children.

The following statistics and remarks are taken from the reports of the Adjutant-General of New Hampshire:

"Commissioned officers of New England Cavalry (old designation) accounted for in aggregate: Honorably discharged, three; killed or died of wounds, two; died of disease, one; dishonorably discharged, one; promoted

out of regiment, one; promoted in regiment, eight: whole number of commissions issued, twenty.

"The four companies of the New Hampshire battalion of New England Cavalry lost the largest proportion of officers, reaching one-fourth of the whole number.

"Enlisted men accounted for in aggregate: Killed or died of wounds, eleven; died of disease, fifteen; mustered out at expiration of term, five; honorably discharged for disease and other causes, one hundred and twenty-eight; transferred to First New Hampshire Cavalry, one hundred and twelve; deserted, twenty-six; deserted and captured or returned, two; promoted to commissioned officers or non-commissioned staff, nine; not officially accounted for, thirteen; absent when battalion was mustered out and not since accounted for, two; reenlisted, ninety-eight: whole number to be accounted for, four hundred and nineteen.

"From the above record it will be seen that during the two years of service of the New Hampshire battalion with the First Rhode Island Cavalry, of four hundred and nineteen enlisted men, one hundred and fifty-four were killed, died of wounds, or were honorably discharged for disease."

The same day (February 14th) the veterans of the Rhode Island battalions left for home on their furloughs, accompanied by Captain John Rogers and Captain Charles H. Thayer; and were followed a few days after by Captain Allen Baker, Jr., and Assistant Surgeon Albert Utter. On their way through Washington our band indulged in music, in reference to which, the next morning (February 16th), the following item appeared in the Washington Chronicle:

"Serenade. The band of the First Rhode Island Cavalry took position in front of the National Hotel about

eleven o'clock yesterday morning and paid a fit tribute of respect to Major-Generals Sickles and Kilpatrick, who, with their respective staffs, are stopping there. They gave them a delicious serenade, commencing with 'Hail to the Chief,' and followed by a superior execution of several other soul-stirring airs highly creditable to the band and pleasing to those who listened."

After the departure of the New Hampshire battalion, and the veterans had entered upon their furlough, the remaining portions of the regiment from their different stations concentrated at Rappahannock Station. Shortly after, the following order was received with great disfavor not only at the headquarters of our regiment but at the different headquarters of the army, for we were widely known and esteemed:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, February 16, 1864.

[SPECIAL ORDER No. 76.]

[Extract.]

11. Four companies of New Hampshire cavalry having been detached from the First Regiment Rhode Island Cavalry, the remaining portion of that regiment and the companies now recruited for the Third Rhode Island Cavalry are hereby consolidated, and the combined force will bear the designation of the First Rhode Island Volunteer Cavalry.

Regimental and company commanders, in designating the companies, will retain the original company letters. When the details of the consolidation shall have been completed, a complete return of the First Regiment, embracing all the changes, will be forwarded to the Adjutant-General of the Army.

By order of the Secretary of War:

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

This order, from the general feeling in the regiment and among our friends, and from the interposition of

strong Rhode Island men previously referred to, was shortly after its issue wisely annulled. But the regiment was ordered to Washington, preparatory to transportation to the Department of the Gulf—a step fortunately never carried out.

The late changes among us had been somewhat trying to our old and tender attachments. And especially did we regret to part with Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson. He had come to us a perfect stranger, and by his gentlemanly conduct and easy yet dignified ways had won the respect and love of all the officers and men. His coolness in the hour of danger was remarkable. His executive abilities, shown while in command of the regiment, could not be surpassed. Feeling our own loss, we could only envy the New Hampshire cavalry in having such a gentleman, scholar, patriot, and soldier to lead them.

In March, as some others in the field had re-enlisted and were about to have their furlough, the whole command, in view of merit and heroic services, received leave of absence to visit their homes—a great joy as well as a deserved compliment to our war-worn, honor-scarred boys. Under Major Farrington, we reached Providence, R. I., March 26th. In behalf of the city and the State, the Marine Artillery received us as we landed, firing a gracious salute and acting as our escort. The full ceremonies of reception took place in Howard Hall—the best in the city—where an ample collation was served under the accomplished purveyor, L. H. Humphreys. The warm welcoming address flowed in happy terms from the lips and heart of Adjutant-General E. C. Mauran, a greatly esteemed friend of the regiment. Shortly, His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Padelford, coming in, was cheered, and gave us a hearty address, paying the sabred men a just tribute, and rejoicing with them on their

home visit. In fitting and feeling phrase Major Farrington responded for us, and assured the authorities and people of Rhode Island that, as they had had no occasion in the past to blush for the sabres and spurs they had sent into the fiery field, so they should not be disappointed in the future; our deeds were our endorsement.

The joy of officers and men on reaching their homes, after an absence of more than two years and their unutterable experiences under the war clouds in Virginia, was too deep, tender, and sacred for language to describe. That our men were everywhere honored is telling but a part of the truth. Our history was with the people; our scars were our passport.

A few of our men, on detached service with the army on the front, were unable to join us on our home visit. Of these, three were taken prisoners by the enemy on the 31st of March,—C. E. Gould, M. C. Lynch, and H. West, all of Troop A.

A. B. Hill (Troop C) died in hospital February 2, 1864.

CHAPTER XLI.

RETURNING TO THE FRONT.

APRIL—JUNE, 1864.

THE memorable campaigns of 1864 were now about to open. Henceforward the armies of the United States were to be under the direction of one mind, and to be moved simultaneously in closing in for the final grapple with the armies of the Confederacy. General Grant had been chosen Lieutenant-General of the Union forces, and came to the head of affairs in Virginia early in the year. March and April were occupied in reorganizing the commands and fitting them for action.

The cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac was reconstructed, and many changes were made in its general officers. Major-General Philip H. Sheridan was appointed commander of the corps, vice General Alfred Pleasanton, sent to the Western Department. Brigadier-General A. T. A. Torbert was assigned to the command of the first division, having been transferred from the Sixth Corps. Brigadier-General D. M. McGregg retained command of the second division. Brigadier-General James Wilson was chosen to the command of the third division. Brigadier-General Judson Kilpatrick had been assigned

to duty with General Sherman in the West. Brigadier-General John Buford had died of typhoid fever in Washington during the winter.

The brigades composing the first division, to which we were subsequently assigned, were commanded as follows: First brigade, General G. A. Custer; second brigade, Colonel T. C. Devin; cavalry reserve, Brigadier-General Wesley Merritt.

April 8th. We again left Providence, R. I., in two detachments, for Stonington, where we took the steamer Commonwealth for New York, arriving in that city at six o'clock the next morning, and marched to the Park Barracks, where we quartered during our stay. Owing to an informality in the order moving us from Rhode Island, we remained in New York until April 13th. The men were given the liberty of the city, save to report at reveille and retreat roll-calls, as they disliked to be kept in barracks under "home guards." And it is only justice to the men to state that they behaved with complete propriety and were everywhere heartily welcomed. One of the New York papers affirmed that they were the most gentlemanly regiment that had passed through the city. To Colonel Almy, our worthy State Agent, who was very attentive to us all, we were indebted for many substantial kindnesses.

April 13th. We crossed to Jersey City and took a special train for Philadelphia, the officers and band occupying the rear car. Every man was with us, except the few transferred to the hospital. Our band played as we passed through the towns on our route, and at the stations we were amused by the usual peddlers, having hard boiled eggs—three for ten cents—sandwiches, gum drops, fruit, and candy—Yankee spice. Reaching Philadelphia in the evening, we marched to the Cooper Shop

Refreshment Saloon and received, for the third time, the hospitality and words of encouragement of the noble Philadelphians. Leaving the City of Brotherly Love at ten P. M., travelling all night, we reached Baltimore at ten A. M. of the 14th, where we took a lunch at the "Soldiers' Rest," and then hastened to Washington, arriving at four o'clock P. M. Here we went to the Soldiers' Barracks; but, by permission of Major Farrington, and in consideration of previous good conduct, the men were allowed the range of the city, to report at the barracks at eight o'clock the next morning.

April 15th. Left the barracks at noon for the remount camp—Camp Stoneman—four miles from Washington, near Geesboro Point, where we received tents and formed a regular camp. Quite a change again from our home scenes, to which was added the outlook upon the field. A little difficult at first to fall back upon war rations; but we could do it; it was for our country. In the evening our band serenaded the commandant of the camp, Colonel J. B. McIntosh. Situated on a high piece of ground near the Potomac, we had a view of Washington, Alexandria, and the surrounding country, and could see the steamers on their war errands running up and down the river, with troops, cattle, Government stores, and ammunition. Receiving new uniforms, arms, and equipments, we commenced regular drills, in prepartion for taking the front.

April 24th. Saw a wagon train five or six miles in length crossing Long Bridge on its way to the front. How we became accustomed to the great and awful movements of war.

April 25th. General Burnside's Ninth Army Corps passed over the same route and camped for the night opposite us, on the other (right) side of the river. Their

splendid camp fires gave them the appearance of an illuminated city.

April 28th. Our New Hampshire battalion, now raised to a regiment, the First New Hampshire Cavalry, again found us. How hearty the greetings and shaking of hands. What countless memories arose. In the evening our band heartily played them the compliment of a serenade. On Sabbaths we had regular religious services conducted by Chaplain Clarke, hymns, reading, sermon, prayer, tunes by the band, and singing by the choir. All the air was astir around us by troops in motion and their trains. The garrisons in the two forts near us employed Tuesdays and Fridays in target practice, which gave us a variety of sonorous music.

The strength of our two battalions—eight troops—at this time was as follows:

1. Officers present, 15; enlisted men present, 292: total, 307.

2. Absent. Officers on detached service, 6; officers prisoners of war, 5: total, 11; enlisted men absent, 115, 56 of them prisoners of war.

3. Total commissioned, 26; total enlisted, 407: aggregate, 433.

Loss by casualties and detachment of New Hampshire battalion, since December 31, 1863, 288.

The following was the roster of the regiment:

FIELD AND STAFF.

Major, PRESTON M. FARRINGTON, commanding.
" WILLIAM H. TURNER, on detached duty.
Adjutant, EZRA B. PARKER, prisoner of war.
Quartermaster, CHARLES A. LEONARD, on detached duty.
Commissary, LEONARD B. PRATT.

Surgeon, WILLIAM H. WILBUR.
Assistant Surgeon, AUGUSTINE A. MANN.
" " ALBERT UTTER.
Chaplain, ETHAN RAY CLARKE.
Sergeant-Major, JOSEPH W. DEMEY.
Quartermaster-Sergeant, CHARLES E. ELLESON.
Commissary-Sergeant, SAMUEL C. WILLIS, Jr.
Hospital Steward, EDWIN D. WHITE.
" " EDWARD C. CAPWELL.
Chief Trumpeter, WILLIAM R. KAY.
Veterinary Surgeon, CRAWFORD A. SCRANTON.

LINE OFFICERS.

TROOP A.—Captain, JOSHUA VOSE; First Lieutenant, L. B. SHURTLIFF; Second Lieutenant, —— ——.

TROOP B.—Captain, CHARLES H. THAYER; First Lieutenant, H. P. BARKER (prisoner); Second Lieutenant, G. W. DARLING (detached duty).

TROOP C.—Captain, GEORGE N. BLISS; First Lieutenant, BARNARD ELLIS; Second Lieutenant, CHARLES E. BLANCHARD (acting Adjutant).

TROOP D.—Captain, WILLIS C. CAPRON; First Lieutenant, C. G. A. PETERSON (prisoner); Second Lieutenant, —— ——.

TROOP E.—Captain, ALLEN BAKER, Jr.; First Lieutenant, —— ——; Second Lieutenant, H. H. STEERE (acting Quartermaster).

TROOP F.—Captain, JOHN ROGERS; First Lieutenant, RICHARD J. BURGESS; Second Lieutenant, JAMES M. FALES (prisoner).

TROOP G.—Captain, JOSEPH J. GOULD; First Lieutenant, —— ——; Second Lieutenant, —— ——.

TROOP H.—Captain, E. E. CHASE (prisoner); First Lieutenant, —— ——; Second Lieutenant, —— ——.

The demand for horses in the army was now beyond the supply, as all possible forces were in motion. And according to an order from the War Department, sailors in the army had their option at this time of being transferred to the navy. Quite a number of our regiment, especially from the Newport troop, rather than wait for horses and again try the perils of forests and mountains, chose the service of the loyal decks. This we much regretted, as they were good men, and as it left our regiment quite small.

Albert C. Greene (Troop H), a paroled prisoner, died in hospital May 4th.

May 8th. The following order was received:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON,
CAMP STONEMAN, D. C., May 8, 1864.

Major:—You will have your regiment ready to march to the Maryland Avenue Depot at 7.30 A. M. to-morrow for railroad transportation to Fairfax Station. Each man will be provided with three days' rations and forty rounds of ammunition. One hundred and sixty rounds of ammunition per man will be carried in wagons. Leave your Quartermaster behind to turn in your public property. If you have pistols, carry sixty rounds of cartridge per man; eighteen on their persons, and the balance in wagons. Six wagons will report to you at five o'clock.

By order of Colonel Gamble:
L. L. BARNEY, A. A. A. G.

Upon arrival at Fairfax Station you will report to Brigadier-General Tyler for orders.

By order:
L. L. BARNEY, A. A. A. G.

This order looked like business again. At daylight of May 9th we were astir. Reaching the depot we took the cars—foot-cavalry on the cars—a point for humor. On arriving at Fairfax Station the following order was received:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON,
TWENTY-SECOND ARMY CORPS, May 9, 1864.

Brigadier-General R. C. Tyler, D. C.:

General:—The Major-General commanding directs that you send the battalion of dismounted cavalry, ordered by you this morning, on to Rappahannock Station in the train in which they are, with orders to return, bringing with them all trains now at that point. These trains will all be kept this side of Bull Run Bridge until further orders. After having performed this duty, the battalion will be available for any service you may assign it to.

Respectfully,
J. H. TAYLOR, A. A. G.

Reaching Bristoe Station we stopped for the night, and the next day passed on to Rappahannock Station. The country along the route, trodden so many times by armies, reminded us of the "desolate land" mentioned in the rebel ballad found at Centreville. Ah! how chickens come home to roost. All was lonely around us, the army having gone on its great war-path, leaving here only a few troops who were preparing to return to the defenses of Washington. It was a new thing for us to be behind the battle front; but it was only for the want of horses. We were immediately ordered back to Fairfax Station, where, on arriving, we received the subjoined order:

HEADQUARTERS TYLER'S DIVISION,
FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, Va., May 10, 1864.

[SPECIAL ORDER NO. 49.]

I. Major P. M. Farrington, First Rhode Island Cavalry, will proceed with his command to Vienna to-morrow morning and report for duty to the officer commanding the cavalry brigade at that post.

By command of Brigadier-General Tyler:
W. A. SADLOTH, A. A. G.

May 11th. Dismounted cavalry was not our pride.

It robbed us of our spurs; it seemed like coming down; it gave too little sweep for our sabres; it did not tally with our past history. But we marched to Vienna, where we reported to Colonel C. R. Lowell, Jr., of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, commanding the cavalry brigade stationed there—a place twelve miles from Alexandria, on the Leesburg Railroad.

General Grant had now commenced his grand and awful march by the Wilderness for Richmond. Meade's army cut loose from its base near the Rapidan May 4th. His first battle opened on the 5th. Burnside, having crossed the Rappahannock and the Rapidan,—a march of more than thirty miles—led his Ninth Corps into action on the morning of the 6th. Butler moved his army up the James on the 4th, and on the 5th had possession of City Point and Bermuda Hundred. On the morning of the 9th, Sheridan started on his raid against the rebel lines of communication with Richmond; destroyed the depots at Beaver Dam and Ashland Stations, four trains of cars, large supplies of rations, and many miles of railroad track; also recaptured about four hundred of our men on their way as prisoners to Richmond; met and defeated the Confederate cavalry at Yellow Tavern; carried the first line of works around Richmond, and finally reported to Butler on the James River. This splendid stroke of sabres drew off from the front the whole of the rebel cavalry, and made it quite easy to guard our trains. Butler's cavalry also, as it moved, did effective service. Kautz, with his three thousand sabres, struck the Danville road at Coalfield, Powhatan and Chola Stations, destroying track, trains, and large quantities of commissary and other stores; also struck the Southside road, demolishing road and depots at Wilson's, Wellsville, and Blacks-and-Whites Stations.

We longed to be in the fray as aforetime, but were detained a little. Scarcely had we pitched our tents at Vienna when Captain Baker and forty men, dismounted, were ordered out on a three days' scout. Then we were surprised by the following order:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
VIENNA, Va., May 13, 1864.

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 44.]

In pursuance of orders from headquarters, Tyler's division, Major P. M. Farrington is relieved from duty in this brigade, and will immediately proceed with his command to Alexandria, Va.; thence reporting to Major-General Augur, commanding Department of Washington, for orders.

By order of Colonel C. R. Lowell, Jr.:
E. LANSING, Lieutenant and A. A. A. G.

Here was a look for us towards the front. Immediately we took rail for Alexandria, and on the way took in Lieutenant Shurtliff with his twenty men who were guarding the road. We stopped at the "Soldiers' Rest," where, as Sargent expressed it, about midnight we had a "Government collation," but no blankets, as our baggage was left in the cars. The next day, as transportation was delayed, we had another "Government collation," and then marched to the wharf and on board the boat, where we stowed ourselves away as well as we could under such pressing circumstances—the boat not being a transport for men.

Reaching Belle Plain, the base of supplies for the army, we found vessels and steamers of all shapes and sizes discharging troops and Government stores. On landing we reported to General Abercrombie, our old friend and first commander in the field, now commanding this post. Doubtless he remembered "Camp Mud."

May 16th. Captain Baker and his detachment rejoined us. The next day, to our great satisfaction, Captain Bliss, having been relieved at New Haven, Conn., reached us, ready again for the front.

Quartermaster-Sergeant George H. Harris (Troop A) died May 19th, of typhoid fever, near our old camp in the vicinity of Geesboro Point.

Our camp at Belle Plain was about a mile from the landing. While waiting for our baggage we were well drenched by a thunder-shower. Here we will let Sargent speak in his *naive* style:

"Near our camp, on the way from the landing, were nine thousand Johnnies who were captured in the Wilderness fights. They were in a low piece of ground, with a heavy guard around, and six brass bull-dogs, loaded with grape and canister, pointing at them. Thinking they might want to hear Yankee music, our band played them 'Yankee Doodle'; but it evidently did not set well, for they made wry faces. When we got through, some of them called for 'Dixie' and 'Bonny Blue Flag,' but instead, they got 'Johnnie stole a ham' and 'Aint you glad to get out of the wilderness?'—that we thought appropriate to the occasion.

"One can hardly imagine what a place becomes by being made the base of supplies for a great army. Everything to feed, arm, and equip a vast host requires an immense amount of stores of every description. It becomes a vast business centre; thousands are unloading transports and loading wagons for the front. The trains come from the front loaded with the wounded; such as are able walk to the boats; others, too severely wounded, are carried on stretchers: all to be conveyed to Washington. If any one wants proof of the soldiers doing their duty, let him see these long lines of wounded men.

These wounds speak louder than words. You hear no grumbling or words of discouragement, but all remarks are pleasant and cheerful.

"About fifty rods from our camp is an old barn containing about forty wounded rebels, and such a set of long-legged, lantern-jawed, knock-kneed, long-haired specimens of humanity we never saw before. They came from the tar and pitch region of North Carolina. But they seemed to be in good spirits, and said that Lee knew what he was about, and that he would fight till the last man fell. When asked what they were fighting for they replied that they did n't know, but reckoned their leaders did. We were required to be under arms every night, as guerrillas hovered round the post."

May 19th. Chaplain Clarke officiated at the funeral of a rebel soldier whom our men found in the barn just mentioned, very sick, and had taken care of him, and now gave him Christian burial as carefully as if he had been one of our men. How different this from the treatment received by our men while prisoners of war. Remember the burials at Andersonville.

May 21st, 22d. Good! Now for our spurs again! We received our horses and equipments. As Sargent expressed it, "No more mud-mashing foot-cavalry no longer." Our new horses at first tried to have their own way, but they were obliged to submit to veterans. The base of supplies for the army was now to be transferred to Port Royal, on the lower Rappahannock, and lovely Belle Plain was to resume its old quiet.

May 24th. We were ready for orders, and broke camp by noon, marching a short distance and encountering another of the episodes of the field—a severe storm of wind, rain, and hail, drenching us to our skins; but we took the matter philosophically, like veteran cavaliers.

May 25th. Early the bugles gave us "Boots and Saddles," and about three o'clock P. M. we reached Port Conway, on the north bank of the Rappahannock. The "sacred soil" was now literally trembling under the tread of mighty armies closing in for awful conflicts. Already the Wilderness had been wet with blood. The battles, beginning on the 5th, at Mine Run, and continuing, with only brief lulls, and sometimes with varying fortune—but by the steady falling back of the Confederates—lasted in all more than forty days. What pen can ever describe those scenes!

General Grant, in his report, introduces the following appropriate observations:

"During three long years the armies of the Potomac and Northern Virginia had been confronting each other. In that time they had fought more desperate battles than it probably ever before fell to the lot of two armies to fight, without materially changing the vantage-ground of either. The Southern press and people, with more shrewdness than was displayed in the North, finding that they had failed to capture Washington and march on to New York, as they had boasted they would do, assumed that they only defended their capital and Southern territory. Hence Antietam, Gettysburg, and all the other battles that had been fought were by them set down as failures on our part and victories for them. Their army believed this. It produced a *morale* which could only be overcome by desperate and hard fighting. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Coal Harbor, bloody and terrible as they were on our side, were even more damaging to the enemy."

May 26th. A portion of our regiment, under Captain Baker, crossed the river on pontons to Port Royal, and went out on picket beyond the town. Strange scenes—

tragic and comic—were thick around us. Fleeing "contrabands" were pouring into our lines—coming singly and in groups—some on foot, some on horses, some on trains. Women might be seen toting prodigious bundles on their heads, knots of little ebonies hanging to their tattered skirts; all seeming to say, as some expressed it, "Bres de Lod; now we'se free."

May 28th. The regiment crossed the river to Port Royal on ferry-boats, and camped on the southerly edge of the town.

When the forces left Belle Plain, Captain Bliss and his squadron were sent to Fredericksburg as escort and support for a battery of light artillery; and on the 27th led the advance guard of a force, commanded by Colonel Cesnolia, sent out from Fredericksburg to the battle field of the Wilderness to bring in the remaining of our wounded. They gleaned forty-eight from the gory field, and, returning, sent them by transports to Washington. Captain Bliss rejoined us on the 28th.

May 29th. Sergeant Kelley (Troop A), with two men, was sent to General Grant with despatches, and was ordered to go on the gallop. The first fifteen miles were passed without incident. But while passing through the main street of Bowling Green, the Sergeant, who was a little in advance of his men, was ordered to halt by a man who sprang from a house into the street. Halting, the Sergeant was asked, "Are you Union or Confederate?" "Union," answered the Sergeant. "You are my prisoner; surrender!" said the stranger. Immediately the Sergeant drew his carbine from his boot. The rebel fired his pistol at the Sergeant, but missed him. The Sergeant fired his carbine, and the rebel dropped. Not at liberty to tarry, the Sergeant pushed on, thinking by a quick gallop to pass the enemy and get through

with his despatches. But half a mile further on he saw sixteen rebels mounting their horses directly in his path. They discovered him and started in his pursuit. He was obliged to retrace his steps, and was pursued to within four miles of Port Royal.

As soon as the Sergeant reported back, Captain Rogers, of our regiment, was sent with the same despatches, having a squadron of the Eighteenth Ohio Cavalry as his escort. These sabres and spurs meant to reach the mark. The Captain reached General Grant the next day. Alas for his horses, exhausted by speed, distance, and heat.

At Port Royal the Chaplain held services in the Episcopal Church at six o'clock P. M. General Abercrombie and staff and quite a number of citizens attended, with all the regiment save such as were on duty. The regimental choir sang, and Captain Rogers presided at the organ. Well, War and Peace—sabres and songs united: such is life in this world. It almost seemed like civilization again to be seated under a roof in acts of devotion. But the Chaplain was somewhat annoyed by passing troops, whose band played "The Irish Washerwoman." Doubtless we must always have some thorn in the flesh.

May 30th. We marched from Port Royal, *en route* to White House, on the Pamunkey River.

May 31st. Reached Bowling Green, where we found Sergeant Kelley's antagonist lying in a house and badly wounded; the bullet had cut through both his legs near the body. We learned that he was Captain Woodfalk, of the rebel army. Pushing on, we halted for the night at the Mattapony River, near the mouth of Polecat, a tributary of the Mattapony. Here the bridge had been burned; but we were equal to the emergency, and constructed (May 1st) a bridge strong enough to support

artillery and wagons. We were accompanied by the Sixty-Seventh Pennsylvania Infantry and the Third New York Battery, the whole commanded by Colonel Staunton, of the Sixty-Seventh. This night (June 1st) we bivouacked eight miles nearer Richmond.

June 2d. We marched fifteen miles, and bivouacked two miles from Hanovertown, on the Pamunkey River.

June 3d. A ponton train joined us in the morning, and we threw the bridge across the river at New Castle, and passing over camped for the night within ten miles of White House, on the Pamunkey.

June 4th. We reached White House and encamped near the landing. How movable and uncertain is the soldier's life. We could sympathize with the Irish soldier who was asked, when entering a town with his regiment, "Where are you from?" and replied, "We are from ivery place but this, and we will soon be from this." We found a sort of camp, and entered on picket duty and scouting. Here all the air was full of the majestic music of a great war—whistles and bells of hurrying steamers—the solemn striking of watch-bells on heavy clad gun-boats—the screeching and rumbling of locomotives tugging their great army trains—the animated playing of military bands—and through and over all the distant, heavy booming of cannon in the raging battles. And not the least impressive of the war scenes were the long trains of ambulances and the large, crowded hospitals—scenes that may never fade from the eyes that beheld them.

While stationed near White House Landing, two detachments of our command were sent out on scout. The first, under Captain Baker, accompanied by one of General Abercrombie's aids, was sent to West Point to learn about the break in the telegraphic line to Washington by

guerrillas. They found the break had been made half way between White House and West Point. Returning from West Point, they were able to report to the General the names of the suspected parties. An order had been given for systematic foraging, that was remarkably damaging to turkeys, chickens, and geese—some being nicely served up at the General's table, in the house formerly owned by the wife of General Washington. How time shifts the scenes in the great drama of history. Captain Baker and his scout, bringing in these spoils, had some adventure by storm and darkness in crossing the Pamunkey, losing a horse through the bridge and recovering him from the stream, reaching camp at last by the lights on the gun-boats and the flashes of lightning that came down with the rain.

The second scout was to Prince William Court House, and the detachment was fired into by guerrillas; one man, William R. Spink, was shot in the left shoulder and breast. He was brought back in an old family carriage, about a century old, we judge. This detailed vehicle and team furnished amusement for our boys, being driven around camp for several days with so many passengers inside and out as to justify the saying, "It is a poor coach that won't carry nine." This scout not finishing its work, Captain Bliss, with a detachment, made a thorough reconnoissance, reporting only a few straggling guerrillas.

June 9th. We were reviewed and inspected by Colonel Schriver, of the army headquarters, a fact that looked to work after our old style. The Colonel had knowledge of our regiment and the fields on which we had proved our sabres. Finding us well mounted again and showing our old spirit and movements, he paid us a high compliment.

June 19th. By invitation of the Chaplain, in our religious services we had the pleasure of listening to Chaplain Nash, of the Seventh, and Chaplain Greeley, of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry. Our band played "Greenville" to aid in the singing. All joined in the doxology. What great Christian sentiments and principles underlay and inspired and guided the great struggle in which we engaged.

Peter McGrath (Troop E) died, while on sick furlough from hospital, at his home in Rhode Island.

(Note.) For many particulars in subsequent chapters we are indebted to the careful and skillful pen of "Ulysses" (Captain Bliss), who forwarded to the papers in Providence, R. I., valuable sketches of the daring and doing of our command.

CHAPTER XLII.

BATTLE AT WHITE HOUSE LANDING.

JUNE—JULY, 1864.

JUNE 20th. In the morning, while enjoying quiet near White House, with General Abercrombie's command, our pickets were suddenly attacked and driven in by the enemy's cavalry. As a dense fog covered the face of the country, the rebels approached very close to our line before they were discovered, and, when challenged, made a desperate dash. But our boys were too quick for them, though the dispute was a sharp surprise. Instead of losing any men, we captured one of the enemy, who gave information that Generals Wade Hampton and Fitz-Hugh Lee were advancing upon us with a heavy force. Our strength at the time was about two thousand men of all arms, supported by two small gun-boats. Our fortifications were instantly manned, and every proper measure taken to give a fitting reception to "our misguided Southern brethren."

Captain Bliss and Lieutenant Ellis, with a squadron, were sent on the Bottom Bridge road with orders to "observe the enemy, ascertain his probable force and intentions, and report immediately." When about half a

mile from camp, the rebels opened with six pieces of artillery, two of which specially addressed Captain Bliss' command. That was a musical concert to be easily remembered. Very properly, the Captain reported the enemy in force and animated with belligerent "intentions." When the fog lifted, the "gray backs" were in full view. Our front proved quite too stubborn for them, and they were wise enough to reconsider their design of carrying the post. Our loss during the day was five wounded, two mortally; one from our regiment, G. H. Jacques (Troop G), was slightly injured on the picket line in the morning by a fall from his horse. General Sheridan's command reached us at night, and the next morning drove the rebels back across the Chickahominy, losing about fifty killed and wounded.

During the battle, Captains Rogers and Baker, Lieutenants Shurtliff and Burgess, with fifty men, made a reconnoissance seven miles down the river towards Cumberland Bluffs. As they were leaving camp, things were so mixed by the fray that one of our gun-boats threw a shell at them by mistake, without, however, inflicting any damage. Captain Rogers safely reached Cumberland, but found his return cut off by the enemy, who opened on him with artillery, and pursued him for several miles, driving him down to Cumberland Point. In this action he lost one man, George Newell (Troop F), who was captured on account of the fall of his horse.

At night the Captain sent his brother, Sergeant B. H. Rogers (F), and G. W. Haywood (E), in a canoe to inform us of his situation. Paddling their way for seven miles with their hands, and passing a rebel force encamped on the river bank, they reached us at White House in safety. The next morning (21st) Sheridan's assault upon the foe set the Captain and his men free again.

June 21st. During this day there was more or less artillery practice, but the enemy made no new attack. Some excellent gunnery was executed by the spunky gunboats. And a shot from one of our field-pieces exploded a rebel caisson full of ammunition. Quite discouraged, the rebels ceased firing and drew off their battery.

On the same day we had orders to join the cavalry corps, and were assigned to the first division, commanded by Brigadier-General Torbert, and to the reserve brigade, under Brigadier-General Merritt; the brigade consisting of the First, Second, and Third Regular Cavalry, the Sixth Pennsylvania, the First New York Dragoons, and First Rhode Island. By special request of General Merritt we were assigned to his command—a fact conveying a compliment to us.

June 22d. Leaving White House, we moved to Jones' Bridge, on the Chickahominy.

June 24th. Crossing the river, we pushed on all day towards the James, which we reached at Mine Oak Landing on the 25th. The scenery on the way was all new to us and much of it very attractive, as was the historic James River; but we were now studying social problems.

General Meade's campaign from the Rapidan to the James, occupying forty-two days, had cost us sixty thousand men. But by his terrible battles and sharp flank movements he drove the rebels nearly to the defenses of Richmond; and on the 14th of June began to throw the Army of the Potomac across the James to unite with the Army of the James, under Butler, in laying siege to Richmond and Petersburg, and cutting off Lee's communications with the South. The dogs of war were now fastening on the throat of the Confederacy, never to release their grasp till it died.

June 28th. At nine o'clock A. M. we left our bivouac

in readiness to cross to the south bank of the James, but, having to wait our turn for transportation, did not pass over till midnight. Verily, great bodies move slowly; and great bodies were now moving. Great events were being shaped. Our crossing was effected at Windmill Point. In vain we hoped for a little rest, since for six weeks we had been on picket, vidette, scout, and skirmish.

June 29th. At four o'clock P. M. the bugles blew the "general," and we were instantly in saddle and off via Prince George Court House for Reams' Station, on the Weldon Railroad, near which Kautz and Wilson had been attacked by a superior force of the Confederates.

This expedition of Kautz and Wilson set out on the 22d, struck the Weldon road, destroyed Reams' Station depot and miles of track, struck the Southside road fifteen miles from Petersburg, reached near to Nottaway Station, where they met and defeated the enemy, passed to Burksville Station on the 23d, and destroyed the Danville road to Roanoke Bridge. On their return (the 28th) they met the rebel cavalry again on the Weldon road, at the crossing of Stony Creek, and had a severe engagement. Returning, they met the enemy's cavalry, supported by infanty, at Reams' Station. Our regiment reached this point on the evening of the 29th.

Here we found old and dear friends in the brave Sixth Corps, under General Wright, engaged in tearing up the railroad. We were even more delighted in meeting the heroic Second Rhode Island Infantry and the valiant Rhode Island Batteries D and E; their faces were like sunshine to us.

The method of destroying the road was the old one. Tearing up the rails, the sleepers were lifted and piled; then the rails were thrown on the piles, where the fire

warped and bent them. Sometimes the soldiers gave them a twist, and called them Jeff Davis' neck-ties—a little ironic; yet we think he deserved something of the kind.

The First New Hampshire Cavalry—our old brothers—were with Wilson on his raid, and lost thirty killed, wounded, and missing. Among the killed was Lieutenant Campbell, and among the wounded was Lieutenant E. P. Abbott—both formerly officers in our regiment.

July 1st. Remained in bivouac within a few miles of the Weldon road.

July 2d. Marched near to City Point; encamped four miles from the point in the woods.

July 3d. Moved near to Jordan Landing and went into camp. The last four days had been especially severe upon the men and horses, having been the hottest days of the season: the thermometer ranging over one hundred degrees in the shade, they said,—we had none with us—the sun pouring down on us and well-nigh blistering us, and no winds stirring. Nor had it rained, except small showers, for over a month. Imagine the dust—fine as flour—four inches deep—trodden and kicked up by seven or eight thousand horses. Travelling for miles, you could see but a few rods in advance, and often could not see the horse ahead of you. And then the sweat in streams running down your face, and eyes smarting, and nose and throat full of dust almost to choking; and our horses suffering like ourselves—many abandoned from exhaustion and sore backs. Surely we were in a condition to rest and recruit.

July 4th. The historic day was patriotically observed to the best of our abilities—ushered in by the band playing national airs. What of bunting we could command was in the breeze with our gallant standard and guidons.

In the afternoon, before the assembled regiment, after appropriate music, Captain Bliss delivered an excellent and entertaining oration, which was followed by short speeches from other officers. Surely soldiers engaged as we were had a right to be enthusiastic.

We now began to hear again of the invasion of Pennsylvania by the rebels, and rumors were afloat that we were to be sent once more into the Shenandoah Valley.

July 7th. The rebels came down on the north bank of the James and flung a few shells across in the neighborhood of our camps, but were driven off by our gunboats. In the evening our band serenaded Brigadier-General Merritt, our excellent commander.

About this time, a vessel load of onions having been sent to the army and distributed, Sargent writes: "I suppose they have arrived, for we have received three for our mess, to be divided among sixteen men. There was about enough for a smell apiece, but even that was good for sore eyes. It shows their good intentions, and perhaps they will do better by and by—small favors thankfully received. The cry of the soldiers is, 'Onions and Union forever!'"

The cannonading heard almost every day and night was styled by Sargent, "Grant's and Lee's City Point Express. Though they are not in partnership, they are carrying on an extensive trade in the express business, sending packages back and forth by the air line."

Received news of the capture of Corporal E. P. Gardner (Troop E), July 5th, in an engagement in the Shenandoah Valley, where he was serving on detached duty.

July 22d. In anticipation of moving, our brigade was reviewed by Generals Torbert and Merritt.

Through the kindness of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions—Heaven bless them!—we received supplies

not furnished by the War Department—new and fresh vegetables, and various luxuries and articles of clothing. We were now equipping and refitting, with our eyes on the front, where we knew some of our brave men must fall. Yet we kept up courage and hope, ready for the bugles to bid us mount and be off for the fight.

CHAPTER XLIII.

BATTLE OF DEEP BOTTOM.

JULY, 1864.

JULY 26th. Having rested three weeks, and recruited up to the marching standard, at two o'clock P. M. we broke camp and, passing City Point, crossed the Appomattox River about nine o'clock, on pontons, and moved for Bermuda Hundred. Our route led mostly through the woods on a narrow road skirted by tall Southern pines. Says Sargent: "The night was dark as Egypt. The boys were sleepy. They nod in their saddles. Our band strikes up 'Lanergan's Ball,' the audience coming in on the chorus. Fine effect. Grand encore. 'Lanergan's Ball' played out. The boys enjoy another nap. They wake up, and 'wonder if they are going to run this machine all night.'"

On our route large fires were built to give to the enemy the impression that a large force was in motion. Coming to a halt at two o'clock A. M. (July 27th), we were ordered not to unsaddle, but to lie down, holding the reins or tying them to our legs. We were with the Second Corps—excellent company.

July 27th. At sunrise we crossed the James on pon-

tons at Deep Bottom, and advanced near to Malvern Hill, taking some prisoners on our way. Here we came into position for action, about ten miles from Richmond, and remained for the night. The first and second divisions of cavalry took position on the right of the Second Corps. The enemy were this day driven from their intrenched position, with the loss of four pieces of artillery.

July 28th. Our lines were extended from Deep Bottom to Newmarket road, but in reaching this position our front was attacked by the rebels in heavy force, the assault being made on that part of the line held by our brigade. The fighting was smart, and continued several hours; but we finally repulsed the assailants, capturing two battle flags and about two hundred of the enemy. The Union loss was one hundred and sixty killed, wounded, and missing. The Confederate loss was unknown, but one hundred and twenty-nine of their dead were counted in one field. Our regiment had but one man injured—John Sheridan (Troop G), who received a musket ball in his thigh, grazing the femur.

The rebel prisoners were astonished and chagrined to find that they had been beaten by dismounted cavalry men—the ground not admitting of our action on horse—and averred that they chose to fight with infantry like themselves. Our men were armed with breech-loading carbines, which gave us a decided advantage in the action over those who wielded only muzzle-loading pieces.

One of the captured battle flags belonged to the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment, and had upon it seventeen battle inscriptions, commencing with Bull Run. The other belonged to the Twenty-eighth North Carolina, and was decorated with the names of the battles in which that command had participated.

July 29th. We crossed to the north bank of the

James, and remained all day dismounted in line of battle, but at dark recrossed, and about midnight made ready for a march. Indescribably busy times were now upon us; the war grip was tightening.

July 30th. Between four and five o'clock this morning the famous Petersburg mine was exploded, blowing up a rebel battery and the most of a regiment, without, however, accomplishing all that had been hoped in making a breach in the rebel front.

We crossed the Appomattox and, taking a route in rear of our army, marched to the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac, near Reams' Station. The day was extremely hot and the roads extremely dusty; hence great was our discomfort and fatigue. The steeples of Petersburg were plainly in view. The rebel shells from the defenses of the city were bursting over our lines. We finally bivouacked about five miles east of Reams' Station, on the Petersburg and Weldon road.

July 31st. After drawing rations we were ordered with General Torbert's division to City Point. Says Sargent: "A dusty set of men we were. Mothers would not have known their sons. Eyes, ears, and mouth were full of the sacred soil."

CHAPTER XLIV.

BACK TO THE SHENANDOAH.

AUGUST, 1864.

GRANT'S co-operating force in the Shenandoah Valley and West Virginia, commanded at first by Sigel and afterwards by Hunter, instead of rendering the efficient service expected was itself finally driven out of the valley. His way being thus opened again, Lee resolved to try the experiment of a third invasion of the loyal States, hoping to compel Grant to raise the siege of Richmond and hasten to the defense of Washington. General Early was therefore despatched with a large force to march rapidly down the Shenandoah Valley, cross the Potomac, and threaten Baltimore and the National Capital. But Grant was able to provide for Washington without relaxing his iron grasp upon Richmond.

August 1st. We were among the troops ordered back to the Shenandoah to meet the raids of Early. Our horses were embarked on a barge and our men on the steamer Thomas Powell, at City Point. The troops sent were the first and third divisions of cavalry.

August 2d. We moved down the James River by Fortress Monroe, and anchored inside of Point Lookout.

August 3d. Steamed up the Potomac on a fine day, the men enjoying the voyage greatly, looking, telling stories, smoking, and resting—a brief, bright spot in our soldier life. Passing Mount Vernon near noon, our band played the Dead March and national airs, the bell on the steamer tolled, according to custom, the men gathered and gazed on the resting place of Washington. Passing Alexandria, we landed at Geesboro Point at three o'clock P. M., and camped near our old ground. Let it not be thought a small task to transport between eight and ten thousand men and horses—fully equipped cavalry forces—near three hundred miles in a few days. It was work.

August 5th. Late in the afternoon we broke camp, and passed through Washington by gas-light, our band playing, our standard and guidons waving, and the sidewalks crowded with spectators; for there was great excitement relative to the rebel raid. Near midnight we encamped at Tenallytown.

August 6th. Hurrying on, we passed through Rockville and Boxboro, and bivouacked for the night near Hyattstown.

August 7th. Starting with the morning, we passed Urbana, Jefferson, Buckeyestown, Knoxville, and arrived at the foot of Maryland Heights a little before dark. Though moving at this express-train speed, we were not indifferent to what we saw and heard, which was much and significant. There existed an impressive contrast between Virginia and the portions of Maryland through which we moved. In Virginia the houses were closed, and the people were glum and sullen; all indicated hostility. Here the houses were open; smiling faces were at doors and windows; fair hands waved flags and handkerchiefs. All cheered our band, who played

their choicest music. These people had just had a visit from the rebel Early, and now bade us Godspeed on our way to push him back and give him the strokes he deserved.

August 8th. Reaching Harper's Ferry, we thought of the John Brown raid, looked on the ruins of the Government Arsenal, and passed on to Halltown, where we had the renewed pleasure of meeting the Second Rhode Island Infantry and the widely famous Rhode Island Batteries, under Captains Waterman, Rhodes, and Buckley. We had only too little time to exchange greetings.

To learn the whereabouts of Early's ever changing front and lines, we were ordered to make a remarkable march and reconnoissance. The risks of the movement were many and great; but this sort of service was the special function of the cavalry arm.

August 9th. Major Farrington led us out to probe the rebel front. Leaving Halltown at two o'clock P. M., we bore our standard through Charlestown—of John Brown memory—glancing at court-house, jail, and the spot of Brown's execution, and while realizing that

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,"

were equally sure that

"John Brown's soul goes marching on."

Speeding across the Shenandoah River, we pressed over the mountains through Snicker's Gap to Snickerville, where weariness and darkness bade us halt.

August 10th. In our saddles by daylight, we dashed over mountain spurs and through valleys, in cavalier style, hunting for the "gray backs." Again we passed through Middleburg—tragic and historic place to our command. Again we pressed over Mount Gilead—the

height we passed in 1862—and made a halt for dinner—such as it was—eaten with sabre in hand, in the face of the foe. Here the guerrillas made demonstrations on our videttes, and were seen on all sides, but never revealing themselves in such numbers and positions as to make it an object to pursue them. We were now far beyond the Federal lines, and exposed every moment to an attack. We passed unhurt to Waterford, where weariness compelled us to pass the night.

August 11th. With spurs and sabres bright and ready at the first streak of day, we pushed forward through the beautiful but hostile country. Refording the Shenandoah, we reached Harper's Ferry to find that the army had advanced up the valley. We had been out two days, and had travelled one hundred and twelve miles, chiefly beyond our lines, without the loss of man or beast. It had been reported at army headquarters that we were captured. General Torbert regretted that we had been sent, deeming the command too small to ever return without severe loss, as Mosby had a much larger force along the track pursued. In fact, the order for this scout was a clerical error, it being the General's design that we should go to Millwood—a few miles from army headquarters—instead of Middleburg. Under the circumstances our scout was deemed remarkable. We captured a rebel lieutenant of cavalry with his horse and arms. We also secured several horses from the country.

To better explain our movements about this time, we may briefly mention the steps of Early in his raid. He had dashed down the Shenandoah Valley, crossed the Potomac, pushed General Wallace at Monocacy, advanced on Washington to Rockville, where he was repulsed, and then fell back, but was overtaken by General Wright (Sixth Corps) at Snicker's Ferry, and was finally

met and severely handled by General Averill at Winchester. Soon, however, gathering new strength, he returned upon Maryland, and even advanced upon Pennsylvania, where, July 30th, he burned Chambersburg, but immediately retreated towards Cumberland.

On the 7th of August General Sheridan was assigned to the command of the "Middle Military Division," including Washington, West Virginia, and Susquehanna. We were with the divisions of cavalry sent with him from the Army of the Potomac, under Generals Torbert and Wilson. And now Sheridan was pressing Early back.

August 12th. Under the morning light we pushed on to join the army, from which our raid of over a hundred miles had partially separated us. On our way we were highly pleased to fall in with our old commander, General Duffie, who heartily greeted us in his peculiar, cavalier and gallant manner, and to whom we gave ringing and enthusiastic cheers. Passing through Charlestown and Berryville, we bivouacked near Winchester. The march of twenty-five miles prepared us to covet and enjoy rations and sleep.

The country in which we now were contrasted strongly with that around Petersburg; there all was low, level, and monotonous, and the roads extremely dusty; here we had hills and mountains, brooks and rivers of cool, clear water, and often solid roads. Yet day and night in our saddles, obeying bugle orders, hunting for Mosby's raiders and Confederate scouts, and guarding the skirts of a moving army, we could only give bird's-eye glances at the beauties and grandeurs of the country.

T. A. G. Hall (Troop C) died in hospital, at City Point, Va., August 16th. Corporal G. W. Gorton (Troop D) was killed July 11th, in one of the skirmishes with Early's forces. P. J. Rounds (Troop G) died in hos-

pital, at Annapolis, August 5th. John Sheridan (Troop G), wounded July 28th, died of his wounds in hospital August 5th.

Under General Sheridan, in the valley, General Torbert was chief of cavalry, and General Merritt commanded the first division, and Colonel Gibbs, of the First New York Dragoons, commanded our brigade. Captain Rogers, of our regiment, was detailed to act as Assistant Inspector-General, on General Merritt's staff.

CHAPTER XLV.

RAID NEAR BERRYVILLE.

AUGUST, 1864.

AUGUST 13th. At a very early hour the army supply train began to pass us, *en route* for Winchester. Near sunrise a lieutenant of the Quartermaster Department came galloping into our bivouac with the alarm that the rear of the supply train had been attacked by Mosby's guerrillas near Berryville—five miles distant. Instantly Major Farrington ordered the bugles to sound "Boots and Saddles," and away we flew at double-quick even for cavalry.

The train guard consisted of two regiments of "one hundred days men" from Ohio, who were engaged at their breakfast when the attack was made. They were so surprised and excited by the attack of the raiders that they forgot their loaded guns, and sought safety by flight. A few veterans amongst them did what they could, and killed a few of the enemy. Mosby had a mountain howitzer, whose barking aided in unnerving the raw Ohioans.

On reaching Berryville we found that the guerrillas had descried our column by the dust we stirred, and had turned upon their heels. They however seized and run

off the teams from about seventy-five wagons, and captured about forty men. Some of the wagons they plundered; others they set on fire; twenty-two were entirely burned. Our men extinguished the flames from eighteen wagons; fifty were untouched, but we had no mules for moving them. Our sabres prevented the guerrillas from finishing their intended work. When we entered the town some of the infantry men recovered courage and returned to their posts of duty.

Our brigade train was at the point attacked; hence our regiment suffered a serious loss of property. Many of our officers lost all their clothing save what they were wearing. There perished all our regimental and company books and papers—a sad loss indeed, as our records had been well kept, and were of great value to the command, both in a pecuniary and historical way. Moreover,—what we particularly deplored—our fine regimental flag, presented to us by the ladies of Providence, being in the Adjutant's box, waiting for a new staff, perished in the flames. Yet we preferred its destruction by fire to its capture by the rebels.

Jesse W. Angell (Troop B), regimental forage master, who was with the wagon train, fell from his horse and was so severely injured that he lived but a few minutes. Esteemed as one of the best men in our regiment, his death was greatly lamented, and he was very tenderly buried, in a black walnut coffin, in the grave-yard of the Episcopal Church at Berryville. William Tourgee was missing, reported as wounded.

As we could do no more for the train, resuming our march, we reached Winchester about five o'clock P. M.

The operations in the Shenandoah Valley during August and the first part of September were both offensive and defensive on the part of both armies, resulting in

numerous severe skirmishes, conducted chiefly by the cavalry, in which generally the Union sabres turned back the Confederates. The rebels lay on the west bank of the Opequan Creek, covering Winchester. Our forces were in front of Berryville. Of course the line varied as the opposing forces were successful in their blows. We now held Winchester, and our front was at Strasburg, where the enemy held a strong position.

August 14th. Leaving Winchester in the morning, we passed up the Staunton pike and joined the army at Middletown, reporting to our brigade. Our band played their most animating selections to cheer the weary soldiers around us. In reference to the late scout and perils through which we had passed, and when it was reported that we had been cut off and captured, General McIntosh said: "The First Rhode Island Cavalry has as many lives as a cat. They will be all cut to pieces one day, and be all right, ready for duty, the next." During our absence on the scout our brigade had shared in several skirmishes, and lost four officers and fifty-three men killed and wounded, principally from the First New York Dragoons, a veteran and noble command. Others had suffered sharp blows.

At this time the army under Sheridan numbered, of all arms, about thirty thousand men. Early's force was estimated at twenty thousand; but he was on his own ground—secession soil—and among his friends. However, we steadily pushed him back and advanced the flag of the Union.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BATTLE NEAR FRONT ROYAL.

AUGUST, 1864.

HOW rare a thing was rest for the cavalry arm of the service. As van or rear-guard, or in flank or scout duty, we were continually moving, so long as our horses could endure. And no field demanded more vigilant and exhaustive cavalry service than the valley of the Shenandoah and its skirting mountains. There were weighty reasons why the Confederates were intent on holding possession of this rich and beautiful region. In a strategic view, it was the military key to northern Virginia, and the natural protection to Harper's Ferry and the upper Potomac. Even Washington, Maryland, and Pennsylvania were insecure while the rebels had the range of this valley. Besides, it furnished immense and valuable supplies of wheat, oats, corn, horses, cattle, and forage. More productive land is scarcely found under the sun. Altogether considered, this long, fertile, well-watered, delightful region was worth contending for at great price; and the army operations conducted in it during the rebellion would furnish material for a large and exciting volume.

August 16th. With the morning we were ready for new service, and the new duties were not distant. Leaving our bivouac we marched to Nineveh, a small village near seven miles north of Front Royal. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps and two brigades of Confederate cavalry crossed the Shenandoah River at Front Royal. This signified that they intended work. The force comprised two thousand infantry and Imboden's cavalry, fifteen hundred strong, in all, three thousand five hundred men.

General Merritt's force—the first and second brigades of our cavalry division, led respectively by General Custer and Colonel Devens—numbered in all about three thousand effective men. With these General Merritt gave the enemy battle, and a lively fight it was. We smote the rebels and hurried them back across the river. Our loss was forty-seven killed and wounded, but we captured about three hundred of the enemy and two of their battle flags. In this action the Southern sabres did not exhibit their usual edge in meeting our Northern steel, but quite uncavalierly left the work to be done by the infantry.

At this time Sheridan had in all eighteen thousand infantry and five thousand cavalry. Early had been reinforced by two divisions of infantry, with some cavalry and artillery.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PEELING THE VALLEY.

AUGUST, 1864.

AUGUST 17th. The following order, long to be remembered, was complacently received by the troops of the Army of the Shenandoah:

HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
CEDAR CREEK, VIRGINIA, August 16, 1864.

General:—In compliance with instructions of the Lieutenant-General commanding, you will make the necessary arrangements and give the necessary orders for the destruction of the wheat and hay south of a line from Millwood to Winchester and Petticoat Gap. You will seize all mules, horses, and cattle that may be useful to our army. Loyal citizens can bring in their claims against the Government for this necessary destruction.

No houses will be burned, and officers in charge of this delicate but necessary duty must inform the people that the object is to make this valley untenable for the raiding parties of the rebel army.

Very respectfully,
P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

Brigadier-General A. T. A. TORBERT,
Chief of Cavalry, Middle Military Division.

The execution of this order was commenced on the

day it was received, and followed, as circumstances favored, till the latter part of November. But the 17th of August will be remembered as sending up to the skies the first great columns of smoke and flame from doomed secession barns, stacks, cribs, and mills, and the driving into loyal lines of flocks and herds. The order was carefully yet faithfully obeyed. The rebels had pitched and played the tune that "to the victors belong the spoils," and now the matter of spoils had a home application that was felt. The time had fully come to peel this land and put an end to the long strifes for its possession. Sheridan was to do for the valley what Grant was doing for Richmond—clean it out. The flames here shortened the work of war, and so were a mercy. Loss of property is nothing as measured with blood. The order led to the destruction of about two thousand barns, seventy mills, and other property, valued in all at twenty-five millions of dollars.

As the inhabitants of Loudon Valley not only sympathized warmly with the rebellion, but largely assisted guerrilla bands,—indeed many of them being in Mosby's command—the flames at last, in November, purified that valley also. As our boys expressed it, "we burned out the hornets."

August 18th. We reached our old camp at Berryville, about twenty miles south of Harper's Ferry. Owing to the loss of our train, on the 14th, we were obliged to depend upon the country for the subsistence of men and horses; hence the new supply train that reached us on the 19th was particularly welcome. A good macadamized pike connected Harper's Ferry with Berryville.

August 19th. A band of Mosby's guerrillas captured and murdered sixteen men of the Fifth and Sixth Michigan Cavalry. They even killed one man who was sta-

tioned as a safeguard at a farm-house. Naturally and justly, these things warmed our blood with indignation. For honorable enemies we had the respect belonging to loyal and true men, and for lawful warfare we had sacred regard; but for cowards, sneaks, and cut-throats, men who would murder the wounded and defenseless and slay safeguards, we had no tender sentiments or gentle philosophy. Scouts were sent out to search for the dastards, determined to show them no favor. Scouts and skirmishes furnished us constant occupation. One of our men, Isaac Westcott (Troop F), was captured on the 17th.

August 20th. Quite an excitement was stirred in camp by an inrushing party of foragers, at whose heels was a band of guerrillas; but the "Johnnies" were good at running in return.

August 21st. We had orders to report to General Torbert, our chief of cavalry, at his headquarters in Charlestown, to act as his escort—body-guard—a position of special honor. Our band became now the musicians for the corps headquarters—an honorable rank, of which they were worthy.

We were ordered to escort, from Berryville to Charlestown, about twenty wagon loads of male citizens of the valley, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, who had been ordered by Sheridan to leave our lines. Most of them were of that chivalrous class of Virginians who by day appeared as farmers and meek-minded, much-injured citizens, but by night were belted, booted, and spurred for guerrilla operations and the plundering and burning of trains. As a general fact, a white Virginian you might not trust. The negroes you could trust at all times.

August 22d. Affairs were squally again. The head-

quarters teams and band were ordered back to Harper's Ferry. General Torbert, with our regiment, went out on a reconnoissance. The enemy was again pressing upon our lines. We found General Duffie's division covering the retreat, much like movements in drilling at Manassas and his ruse on the battle field of the second Bull Run. It seemed like a drill, not a fight.

Major Farrington was now Provost Marshal of the corps. Captain Rogers had been chosen aid-de-camp to General Merritt, and Captain Thayer was Assistant Inspector of the reserve brigade. Captain Bliss commanded the provost guard, Troops B and C. Major Turner commanded our regiment.

The relations of our command at this time being understood, they will explain why, in subsequent actions, we were only occasionally called to engage as of old in the desperate fighting, and yet will sufficiently indicate the fact that both officers and men were constantly in positions of danger, being called to act as aids and couriers and bearers of despatches, often filling the most perilous places in such duties.

In the reconnoissance with General Torbert, after considerable skirmishing the cavalry retired to Shepardstown to guard the fords in that vicinity, and also protect the right flank of the army.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SKIRMISH WITH BRECKINRIDGE.

AUGUST—SEPTEMBER, 1864.

OF this collision of forces—Torbert *vs.* Breckinridge—that occurred between Shepardstown and Martinsburg, near Halltown, we choose to let our excellent and humorous comrade, G. A. Sargent, speak from his valuable diary. By the way, he was a valuable member of our band, and formerly bugler for Troop L; and our readers will allow that there was music in him. Hereafter we shall often and largely borrow from his journal.

"August 25th. The whole corps go out on a reconnoissance in force towards Martinsburg, but before reaching there run into the reb pickets, which are driven in. Shortly we come to the main body. A skirmish line is thrown out; lines of battle are formed; rail fences are torn down; batteries are planted; every preparation is made for a fight. The General advances to the skirmish line; we follow, expecting to be set to playing.

"The skirmishers of both sides occupy a piece of woods, and are popping away lively at each other. We halt in a piece of woods at the edge. Had been there not more than five minutes when the rebs made a charge, driving back our line on the run. The balls began to hum un-

comfortably close about our ears. Great yelling by the rebs, uproar, smoke, dust, and confusion. Have dim recollections of seeing men and horses fall; officers shouting to the men to keep cool and steady. Presently one of our batteries opens fire from a small hill but a stone's throw behind us, throwing the shells over our heads, and while the battery boys are dealing death and destruction among the rebels we fall back to a position behind the battery, and strike up the 'Star Spangled Banner.' Great noise, excitement, and confusion. The rebs are flanking us; we have to fall back to a new position; they closely follow. Our forces keep slowly falling back, fighting every inch of the way. The headquarters are moved two miles back.

"We enter a field and hitch our horses to a fence; the boys proceed to boil themselves a cup of coffee, or roast a piece of pork on a stick. Had been here about half an hour when a body of rebs suddenly made their appearance from a corn field, on the opposite side of the road, and gave us a volley. There was a very rapid movement towards the horses, leaving coffee and pork behind. Though the balls whizzed over our heads and struck in the dirt around us, none of our crowd got hurt. Some stragglers, however, in a barn-yard were killed.

"Custer's Michigan brigade, that had just passed along the road towards the front, turned and gave the rebs the contents of their seven-shooters, but at last got cut off and had to ford the Potomac into Maryland. The New Hampshire regiment lost pretty heavily. Our loss was greater than that of the rebs, they having the advantage, being on foot, as they were infantry, while we, being on horse, could not take such good aim. Our regiment had one man captured—B. F. Hiscox, of Troop F. This was the first time we ever played on the battle field,

and don't care about repeating it very often. Although I liked the excitement, I did n't like the music of those lead pills which were flying about so carelessly.

"Bivouacked for the night near Harper's Ferry, in a field where there was neither rail nor stick. Some of the boys used their saddles for pillows, and tied the halters to the saddles. About midnight one of the horses got scared, and off he went, saddle and all. The sleeper awakes at the sudden departure of his pillow, and commences a search for a lost horse, floundering over the stones and through the wet grass.

"August 26th. Went to Harper's Ferry; crossed the Potomac on pontons near the old arsenal; travelled up the canal tow-path; passed through Antietam and Sharpsburg, arriving at Hagerstown in the afternoon. As we entered the city playing, we were met by a delegation of ragged urchins, who escorted us through the streets, giving vent to their enthusiasm by yelling and tossing their caps in the air. The ladies exhibited their loyalty by waving the flag and their handkerchiefs, and sweetly smiling. 'Their bright eyes haunt me still.'

"In the evening we took our stand in front of the hotel—the General's headquarters—and gave the Hagerstowners a free concert, to the delight of the younger portion of humanity, and I guess of the older portion too, for when we got through, some of the 'angels without wings' presented us with some huge watermelons, probably thinking we were out of wind and needed something to recruit on. We thanked them in *melon*-choly style. During the night some of the boys dreamed that they were coming to a watery grave. If this is a seedy joke, it must be laid to the melons.

"August 28th. Left Hagerstown at eight o'clock A. M.; halted at Sharpsburg about three hours; saw houses

that had been pierced by balls in the battle of Antietam. An old lady with a whole soul and Christian sentiments made me the happy recipient of a home-made pie—probably taking me for a youth of *pie*-ous ideas. Long may she wave! In the afternoon we forded the Potomac, passed through Shepardstown, and near midnight reached Charlestown, camping in the field where John Brown's body was left dangling in the air."

The army was now again advancing up the valley. On the 30th we marched to Berryville, where the headquarters of our corps remained nearly three weeks. The third cavalry division, under Wilson, were off on a scout, and brought in as trophies a whole South Carolina regiment of infantry, including even their colonel and their colors. Our loss was about six killed and twenty wounded.

August 31st. We very regretfully parted with Captain Joseph J. Gould, who, from impaired health, was impelled to resign. He was a warm friend, a firm patriot, and a faithful officer. Being our senior Captain, and of solid qualities, he was familiarly known as "the General."

September 2d. Returned to Charlestown, but were instantly ordered back to Berryville.

September 3d. Marched to White Post, halting at four o'clock; went into bivouac. After our leaving Berryville the rebels advanced their left and had a sharp skirmish with General Sheridan's infantry, thereby cutting us off from the main army. General Sheridan sent a despatch, by a scout, to the cavalry, but it failed to reach us. General Torbert sent Sergeant Lyman Aylesworth, with two men, to General Sheridan, at Berryville. When within a mile of Berryville, the Sergeant found the rebels in his front, and passing to his right came round by the left of our army, reporting to Sheridan about dark. At ten o'clock P. M. he was sent by

Sheridan, on fresh horses, with a despatch to General Torbert, rolled in tin-foil, to be kept in his mouth and swallowed in case he was captured. When a short way out he met Captain Capron and a company, on their way to General Sheridan. Being ordered to avoid the enemy if possible,—the chances of capture being against him—after gaining a cross-roads he was to take to the fields. In the darkness he was obliged to dismount and feel the roads with his hands. While searching in this way, Captain Capron and his command came up with him, the Captain having been sent to make sure that Torbert should get the order. Expecting every moment to be challenged and fired upon, they at last reached White Post and delivered the order. Instantly orders were given to saddle, but to blow no bugles.

The above may illustrate the delicate and dangerous missions on which our officers and men were often sent while acting as the General's body-guard. Upon our fidelity and courage often the fate of the army, or of large portions of it, depended. And this was the kind of duty in which the whole regiment was employed while at the General's headquarters.

September 4th. At daylight we retraced our steps, and after some skirmishing with the enemy rejoined the army, and established our camp midway between Berryville and Summit Point, near the headquarters of the army—the Sixth Corps and the cavalry.

Back of our camp was a stone house, on the front steps of which the Chaplain held Sunday services, with the regiment in a half circle around him. On one of these occasions, says Sargent, "the boys were caring more for their bodily than their spiritual welfare; for the old lady's sliced apples, which she had left on the back window-sill to dry, disappeared before the sermon did."

CHAPTER XLIX.

BATTLE OF OPEQUAN.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

SEPTEMBER 19th. We break camp at two o'clock A. M., marching shortly in the direction of Winchester. We meet the enemy posted on the opposite side of Opequan Creek, and skirmishing commences. Two pieces of artillery are brought into position and shell the rebels vigorously for a time, but as they are protected by breastworks they sustain but little damage. Presently some of our cavalry cross the stream farther down, drive the rebel cavalry picketing the bank, get in the rear of the infantry guarding the ford, and capture the whole squad with their officers—about sixty in all. As the rebel cavalry were retreating up the hill, our guns threw a few shells after them; one cavalry man and his horse dropped instantly. We cross the creek, the rebel cavalry slowly falling back, their sharp-shooters firing on our advance from trees. We continue on, marching by column in the road, with a strong skirmish line ahead, until we come to the main body of the enemy, when the corps was stretched out right and left, and fighting commenced in earnest.

The headquarters were located a short distance in the rear of the line of battle. Owing to the nature of the ground—wooded hills—we could not see much that was going on; but the noise indicated a lively time, while the infantry, some distance to our left, nearer Winchester, were also having warm work. Frequently small squads of "Johnnies" would arrive at headquarters, to be taken care of by our regiment. The fighting continued all day with little advantage to either side, until towards night, when, after several charges on our part, the enemy gave way, and, being closely pressed, broke and began to retreat in confusion. The cavalry followed them, capturing twenty-five hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, nine battle flags, and all the rebel dead and wounded, and sent the foe "whirling" through Winchester.

On our side we lost General Russell, of the Sixth Corps, deeply lamented by the whole army. At midnight Captain Baker, with an escort, took the body towards Harper's Ferry to have it embalmed and sent home.

September 21st. Started at five o'clock A. M., passed through Winchester, Newtown, Middletown, and halted near Strasburg. The roads testified that the rebels had been in a hurry the day before; they were strewn with muskets, knapsacks, canteens, clothing, and all sorts of army material. In the middle of the road were broken down wagons, teamsters having cut the harnesses and escaped on the horses. We bivouacked on the north side of the town, close to General Sheridan's headquarters, while the rebels occupied a strong position on the south side of Fisher's Hill. This morning General Sheridan received a commission from Washington promoting him to the rank of Brigadier-General in the Regular Army, as a reward for the victory at Winchester. We congratulated him on his success with a few appropriate

remarks through our instruments. Meantime, preparations were made to dislodge the enemy from his position. The cavalry divisions, under Merritt and Wilson, were ordered up the Luray Valley to get in the rear of the rebels. We crossed the Shenandoah, passed through Front Royal, and bivouacked for the night a few miles beyond.

September 22d. Marched early. In the afternoon came to a body of the enemy occupying a strong position at Millford. Fought them all the afternoon without dislodging them; so we fell back a few miles and bivouacked.

September 23d. Falling back, we passed through Front Royal and came suddenly upon a party of guerrillas, who had captured an ambulance on its way back to the main army with wounded men. They had taken the horses and guard, and robbed the wounded. Lieutenant McMaster, of the Second Regulars, mortally wounded the day before, was found in the woods, robbed and stripped, and just alive when we reached him. One man was found in the church stripped naked. After a short chase two of the guerrillas were captured, some were killed, and others made their escape. The two captured were given their choice, to lead a party to Mosby's haunts, or die. They preferred to be hung. Preparations were made to hang them. Major Farrington—Provost Marshal—by order of General Torbert, notified the prominent citizens of the town that if like inhumanities were repeated the town would be laid in ashes.

Two pieces of rope with nooses were prepared. The criminals were led to a knoll a short distance away. The ropes were thrown over limbs of the trees. The condemned were asked if they were ready. The smaller one

asked for a Bible, which being furnished, he read a few moments and offered a short prayer. The other looked on with indifference. The nooses were placed around their necks, and placards were pinned on their bodies, reading, "Hung in retaliation for the murder of United States soldiers." Their hands fastened behind them, the halters finally adjusted, the bodies were pulled up. On a distant hill was a group of men said to be rebels, who witnessed through their glasses all these proceedings.

Our halt here did not occupy more than two hours. We recrossed the Shenandoah by the bridge where our brave New Hampshire battalion lost so heavily in their famous action of May 30th, 1862. Bivouacking about three miles from the river, we waited for wagons and rations.

Having unsaddled, cooked our dinner, and eaten, a despatch reached us from Sheridan, announcing another great victory, and ordering us to push on with all speed, to cross the mountains, and, if possible, head off the enemy. Though tired and without supplies, we were off at once, enthusiastically cheering for the victory. The report was brief. The Nineteenth Corps got in the rear of the rebels and smote them, while the Sixth Corps at the same time struck them in front, surprising them and capturing guns, colors, and men. Pressing through Front Royal—where the guerrillas were hanging as we left them—we marched till midnight.

September 24th. After about three hours of sleep we were off again. Ran into the rebel cavalry in the forenoon, when a skirmish line was thrown out and troops placed in position for action. After an hour's skirmish the rebels fell back, and we entered the town of Luray about noon. Shortly, popping was heard near at hand, and the bugles blew "to horse" and "double-quick."

Our regiment, with General Torbert at their head, dashed out in the direction of the firing, and after a few shots put the rebels to flight. And here, at the foot of the Blue Ridge, we bivouacked for the night. During the day we had one man captured—W. H. Cooke (Troop A).

CHAPTER L.

ON TO STAUNTON.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

SEPTEMBER 25th. Started early to cross the mountains by the splendid road, wide and smooth, winding gracefully up the ascent, making it easy travelling for the horses. Reached the summit shortly after sunrise; the air cool and almost piercing; the view magnificent; a sight for an artist; the country below in full view, stretching away in the distance with towns, villages, rivers, and plantation residences as mere specks. Altogether it was the most splendid sight we had yet met. Passing through Newmarket, the signs indicated that the inhabitants were of the Dutch persuasion. Outside of the town we found our teams parked, where we halted and drew rations. Partaking of a good, square Government meal, after one or two days' fast, we resumed our march and reached nearly to Harrisonburg.

September 26th. Passed through Harrisonburg playing the "Star Spangled Banner," the sick and wounded "Johnnies," of which the town was full, standing on the sidewalks looking with all their eyes, while the

women peered out of half-closed blinds to see the passing Yanks. Our regiment arrived in Staunton about four in the afternoon, the rebels having just evacuated in great haste. Staunton, ninety miles from Winchester, and the terminus of the splendid road running up the valley, is a large and handsome town, containing many public buildings, a retreat for insane, one for deaf and dumb, and a ladies' seminary; now the base of supplies for the rebel army.

Our boys promptly took possession of a Confederate Government bakery in full operation, rolling out loaves for the rebel army. We kept the knights of dough at their work, though they looked sour and full of wonder, probably questioning whether to obey Yankee orders. No doubt they *kneaded* the bread for their own army, but we considered it belonging to the trophies of war. To weary, hungry soldiers, hot biscuit and fresh bread had an enjoyable relish. We bivouacked in the border of the town.

September 27th. All the Confederate Government warehouses were thoroughly cleaned out. The teams took all that was needed to camp; the remainder was destroyed. Those who had a large bump of destructiveness had the pleasure of gratifying it to the fullest extent. Millions' worth of property perished—arms, ammunition, clothing, rations, saddles, horse equipage, and Government goods of every kind. Railroads were torn up, sleepers burned, rails twisted, bridges fired, telegraph wires cut, and poles chopped down. The fire demon reigned supreme during the rest of the day, and Staunton had some costly ashes. Late in the day, while the first division pushed out in one direction, we dashed off with the third division to Waynesboro, where we bivouacked.

September 28th. Major Farrington, with Captain Bliss' squadron, was engaged in tearing down the iron railroad bridge near Waynesboro. Captain Baker destroyed a tannery. We made it a point to destroy whatever would strengthen and support the rebel army.

CHAPTER LI.

CAPTIVITY OF CAPTAIN GEORGE N. BLISS.

SEPTEMBER, 1864—FEBRUARY, 1865.

SEPTEMBER 28th. Our regiment was in bivouac on the outskirts of Waynesboro. About three in the afternoon, Major Farrington directed Captain Bliss to enter the town and order the provost guard to prohibit the soldiers from entering the houses while passing or repassing for the purpose of watering their horses. The Captain delivered his order, and was watching the party of soldiers pulling down the iron-work of the railroad bridge crossing the Shenandoah (the wood-work having been burned), when suddenly the sound of shots was heard in the distance, and the rebels were seen driving in our pickets. Immediately the Captain ordered the provost guards to form a line across the main street of the town and stop all stragglers from the front. The enemy being in force pushed our men back towards the river. Captain Bliss, having gathered about thirty men, thought to encourage our forces and check the enemy by charging across the river, with loud cheering, to produce the impression that reinforcements were arriving, and for a few moments the charge checked the advancing foe.

When near the front, one of Colonel Lowell's aids directed Captain Bliss to take his command to the ford of the river and there stop all stragglers. Promptly obeying the order, the Captain stopped about a hundred and fifty—men belonging chiefly to the Regulars, who had become demoralized. With the aid of some of the Regular officers, these men were formed in line, when a rebel battery began dropping shells among them, and away they went again, sweeping with them to the rear the Captain's small force, and all passed to the other side of the river.

Getting together again some of the men of our regiment, the Captain ordered a barricade constructed across the main street; but it was soon evident that this could not be completed in time to be of use, as Colonel Lowell could not longer hold in check the enemy with the small force at his command. Leaving, therefore, the barricade and passing a short distance to the rear, Captain Bliss found the Third New Jersey Cavalry (the "butterflies"—so called from their original uniform) drawn up in column of squadrons. Meanwhile, Colonel Lowell was falling back from the front—himself the last man to fall back, the enemy close to him and their carbine bullets falling around him. The Captain now riding up to the Colonel, the following occurred:

Captain. "Colonel Lowell, I had but a few of the provost guards, and did what I could with them to help you."

Colonel. "Well, Captain, we must check their advance with a sabre charge. Is n't that the best we can do?"

Captain. "I think so, Colonel."

Coming up to the Third New Jersey Cavalry, Colonel Lowell said to the officer in command, "Major, let your

first squadron sling their carbines, draw their sabres, and charge." The squadron was disheartened by having seen the other troops driven back. Colonel Lowell said, "Give a cheer, boys, and go at them." At the same moment he and Captain Bliss, waving their sabres, started for the enemy on a gallop, the squadron responding with a cheer and following. After dashing on a short distance, Colonel Lowell drew out to one side, to be ready to move other troops to the support of the charging squadron, and Captain Bliss was left to lead the charge, who, on his swift and powerful horse, on reaching the barricade before mentioned, found himself a long distance in advance of his men, and, reining up, looked back and saw the squadron coming on in good order, and, looking forward, saw the enemy—some fifty yards away—turning to retreat. The ground descended towards the rebels, and everything seemed favorable for a successful charge. The squadron approaching, the Captain said, "Come on, boys! they are running," and dashed in among the rebels, to find himself the only Yankee on duty at that particular point.

The officer of the New Jersey squadron was afterwards taken prisoner and placed in the same cell with Captain Bliss, and explained the retreat of the squadron. He stated that two regiments of rebels were drawn up so as to give a flanking fire across the road, and he therefore shouted to Captain Bliss to come back, and wheeling the squadron, fell back.

The rebel cavalry among whom the Captain found himself were in column of fours, riding loosely in full retreat, and therefore with their backs towards him; they so riding that there was one file on his right and three on his left. In the dash of the charge, the Captain got so far into the ranks of the rebels that he saw that his

only chance of escape was in moving with them till he should come to a cross street, where he might deflect and return to the Union lines. Some of the rebels behind him, discovering his character, shouted, "Kill that d—d Yankee!" "Kill that son of a b—h!"

The Captain had used his sabre both to the right and left, and struck six good blows, four of which took effect, the last one falling across the head of the color-bearer who held the Virginian *sic semper tyrannis* flag. In two cases the rebels saw the coming sabre, and, instead of parrying it, escaped by throwing themselves lengthwise upon their horses.

Just as he struck the color-bearer the Captain discovered a cross street on the left, near the centre of Waynesboro, and, dashing through the three files of the enemy, entered the street. Up to that time he had felt that death was almost certain; now for an instant he thought life was possible, with his swift horse and no rebels in his immediate front, although another body of the enemy was on his left. At last some of the bullets whistling about him struck his horse, that, falling, threw him from his saddle, leaving him stretched upon the ground on his right side.

Before he could rise, two rebel cavalry men galloped up to him, and one, holding a carbine by the small of the stock, struck at him with the barrel; the other struck him with a sabre. The Captain could only parry the blow of the carbine, and received the rebel sabre cut upon his forehead, over the right eye. Staggering to his feet, he said, "For God's sake, do not kill a prisoner." "Surrender, then," said the Confederate soldier. "I surrender," answered the Captain. At that instant he was struck in the back with such force as to thrust him two steps forward. Turning, he saw that a rebel

horseman had stabbed him with a sabre, the weight of rider and horse having given the weight to the blow, that would have proved fatal but for the ignorance of the sabre drill manifested by the would-be murderer, who omitted the turn of the wrist necessary to have given the sabre smooth entrance between the ribs into the body.

The Captain also saw another rebel taking aim at him with a revolver, and at once called for protection as a Freemason, hearing which, a rebel officer of the craft struck up the soldier's pistol, and directed that the Captain should be spared and taken to the rear and have his wounds dressed. Before he was taken back, however, one soldier said, "Give me that watch;" another said, "Give me your pocket-book;" and another, "Get out of them boots." The gold watch and money were parted with, but the boots were saved for the time by the appearance of the soldier ordered to take him to the rear. Seated behind the mounted soldier, the blood from his wound wetting the soldier's jacket, the Captain was started for the hospital. He was so kindly treated by this soldier that he gave him his boots in exchange for his shoes.

After his wounds were dressed at the field hospital, the Captain was put into an ambulance with a wounded rebel lieutenant, who informed him that it was his sabre that inflicted the heavy cut at the base of the brain, pronounced a severe wound by the surgeon, yet curable. This lieutenant was also a Mason, and did all in his power for the Captain's comfort, giving him cider-brandy to prevent fainting from loss of blood.

A painful ride of three miles in the ambulance brought the Captain, with the other wounded, to a small house near the railroad tunnel in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

The wound in the body having injured the lungs, he had great difficulty in breathing, and the surgeon gave him morphine to induce sleep. As his eyes were closing he discovered two soldiers busying themselves about his person, and who, in spite of his remonstrances, took off his shoes and pantaloons and carried them away, leaving him to pass the frosty night with only under-clothing to protect the lower part of his body. In the morning the pantaloons were returned, but not the shoes and eighty-five cents in silver in the pantaloons pocket. So, on the second day of life in the Confederate States, the Captain found himself barefooted and bare-headed, with only three fractional currency half dollars as a financial basis.

Near night on this day (September 29th) all the wounded were loaded on cars and taken to Charlottesville, where were large permanent hospitals, and where the Captain received kind treatment from all, and especially from the surgeon in charge, J. S. Davis, Professor of Anatomy and *Materia Medica* in the University of Virginia. He was placed in a room with Captain Farr, of a New York regiment, who had received a mortal wound at Waynesboro, and died a few days after reaching this hospital.

In five days the wound on the Captain's head healed, as did also a small cut on his nose, received at the same time by the same sabre. The wound in his body healed rapidly, but from careless dressing was re-opened, and did not finally heal till after several weeks' treatment in Libby Prison hospital. After remaining about two weeks at Charlottesville he was taken to Lynchburg, where he was kept two days, and received a blanket from one of the guards who was a Mason, and was then taken to Libby Prison, in Richmond.

He was first placed in the hospital, but on the healing

of his wound was removed, December 8th, to the quarters occupied by the Union officers. On the next day (December 9th) he was placed in a cell under Libby Prison, as a hostage for a rebel sentenced to be hung under Burnside's famous death-order in East Tennessee. There were nine officers thus confined as hostages at that time. Captain Bliss, Lieutenants Markbreit, Parey, and Fowle were hostages for privates George P. Sims, W. I. Burges, John Manes, and Thomas M. Campbell, of the Confederate States army, held in confinement, under sentence of death by the United States, at Johnson's Island, Ohio.

The cell in which he was placed, with four other officers, was twelve feet long and five feet wide—their bodies covering about half the floor when they lay down at night. It contained a slop pail, a water pail, a small stove, and no chairs; the floor furnished seats. The wood furnished was green pine, which could be burned only after being split into splinters by a case-knife and brick, and being dried by being packed, cob house style, around the stove. The food supplied was corn-bread, rice, black beans, and sometimes salt meat or salt fish. The rice and beans were full of bugs and worms. All the food was poor in quality and insufficient in quantity, so that they were always hungry. The cell was dimly lighted in the day-time. No rays of the sun ever reached it, and no light was allowed in it at night.

The cell (or pen) was constructed of thin pine boards, with a floor about eighteen inches above the ground; and in rainy weather water gathered in a pool under the cell and remained stagnant to poison the air with its vile exhalations, which rose through the gaping cracks of the roughly built pen. These box cells would not have held their inmates fifteen minutes but for the presence of

a sentinel with loaded musket, who paced up and down in front of them, and through a hole in the door of each could watch the doings of the prisoners. Sickness was inevitable in such a place, and the Captain suffered from aggravated disease of the stomach and bowels. Only a strong constitution saved him from death.

On the 23d of January, 1865, after the Captain had been forty-five days in the cell, the hostages were informed that arrangements had been made for their exchange for the rebels for whom they were holden, and they were released from their pens and returned to the quarters usually occupied by prisoners. As the Captain was suffering from sickness, he was placed in the hospital, where he remained until February 5th, 1865, on which day, with nine Union officers and about one thousand of the rank and file of the Federal army, he passed down the James River on the rebel flag of truce boat, and was once more permitted to see the old flag of his country—the Stars and Stripes—never before to him so full of glory and of comfort.

After a sick leave of absence of thirty days, not being sufficiently recovered for duty in the field, Captain Bliss was placed on duty as president of a court-martial at Annapolis, Md., in which position he remained until mustered out of service, May 15, 1865, the close of the war having rendered his services no longer necessary as a soldier.

CHAPTER LII.

DOWN THE VALLEY AGAIN.

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER, 1864.

THE encounter of Captain Bliss with the rebels, narrated in the preceding chapter, was the beginning of the engagement described in the opening of this chapter by the pen of Sargent.

"September 28th. In the afternoon, returning to Waynesboro from the river after watering our horses, we were met in the town by a party on their way from the front, having been out scouting in the mountains. Shortly we hear firing in the direction from which we had just come. Instantly in our saddles, the General led our regiment to ascertain the cause of the commotion, and the fatigue party sent out in the forenoon came rushing back after their horses. The rebels, having been reinforced by Kershaw's division, which came through Swift Run Gap, commenced throwing shells over the town. Hurrying our guns into position, we return the salutations. They try to outflank us, and we fall back. It was now dark and we could see the flash of their guns, the shells sometimes screaming over our heads. The enemy being too numerous for our cavalry division (all

the force we had here), we commenced to retreat soon after nine o'clock at night, passing through Staunton, and marching all night, following and protecting our wagon trains.

"A weary march it was over the hills. Tired and sleepy cavaliers we were. We had quite a number of prisoners with us on foot. One of our men, compassionating the prisoner he had in charge, and himself desiring a change, allowed the prisoner to mount his horse, whereupon the rebel returned the favor, in the darkness, by slipping out of the column and vanishing, leaving our man minus horse, equipments, rations, forage, and extra clothing. On being remonstrated with for his conduct and the loss, he declared he would make the loss good, which he did in a very short time. During the night we lost two men by capture—John Ruthford (Troop D), and Harrison W. Kempton (Troop H).

"September 29th. After halting at sunrise long enough to make our coffee and cook our pork, we resumed our march, passing through Bridgewater, where our rear-guard had something of a skirmish. Reaching Harrisonburg we camped, and remained about a week."

This retrograde movement was necessitated by the fact that Early still held the gaps of the mountains and had been reinforced. Our cavalry had hoped to reach Lynchburg. But Sheridan retired to bide his time. Our late successes, however, had been splendid. From September 12th to the 27th, Sheridan had captured near six thousand sound rebels and several thousand wounded ones, and twenty-three pieces of artillery. We had burned and destroyed an untold amount of property. On our retreat we left all the Confederate property we could in ashes or in ruins. The last forty miles of our movement up the valley had been made chiefly with cav-

alry; hence we were unable to cope with the large force of the rebels of all arms of the service.

October 2d. A happy event—received from the Paymaster our wages for six months. As for these delays in our pay, Uncle Sam found it difficult to catch us on the wing, and did not like to push his money chest on to skirmish lines and into battles.

This evening we had a fire in town. The bells gave the alarm. Our boys got out the only machine in town —a sort of relic—and made it do good service.

October 5th. Lieutenant Meigs, of General Sheridan's staff, while out surveying, was shot by guerrillas. For this deed, the General ordered all the houses in the vicinity of Bridgewater burned, and General Custer executed the order in his customary prompt and thorough manner, the flames of burning buildings lighting the country for miles around.

About this time we commenced to muster out of service such of our men as had served their three years; that is, such as had not re-enlisted. Thus, almost daily, our numbers were being reduced by the honorably discharged men—men who had bravely, nobly fulfilled their army vows. Those who have followed us from the autumn of 1861 through our long, circuitous, perilous marches, and through our scouts, raids, and battles, will not be slow to award honor and lasting remembrances to the rank and file of our command. Our benedictions were upon our men as they left us.

October 6th. "Broke camp at six in the morning and marched all day, bivouacking at night five miles south of Newmarket." The cavalry of the army were stretched across the valley from the Blue Ridge to the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, guarding the rear of the army, burning everything in their path that could give

aid or comfort to the rebels, and driving with them all live stock, that the valley might be henceforth a barren war-path to our pursuers. The most positive orders, however, were given not to burn dwelling-houses.

October 7th. Were off at daylight. Passed through Newmarket, halted at Edenburg, and finally passed through Woodstock, selecting our bivouac just beyond it.

October 8th. Marched all day and reached Strasburg, the rebel cavalry following closely and almost constantly skirmishing with us. The time had now come for the tide to turn. We had drawn the enemy far enough down the valley, and had learned quite thoroughly the extent of his strength.

In his report to General Grant, at this time, Sheridan says: "I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with grain and farm implements, seventy mills filled with flour and wheat, have driven in over four thousand head of stock, and have issued to the army not less than three thousand sheep." Such blows upon the waning resources of the Confederate army were keenly felt.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE WOODSTOCK RACES.

OCTOBER, 1864.

OCTOBER 9th. This morning both cavalry divisions were ordered back to give the rebel cavalry a sound thrashing for their late neighborly offices. We found them near Fisher's Hill, when skirmishing immediately commenced. Our headquarters were selected on a hill where we could overlook a part of the lines of both forces. After about two hours of sharp fighting, the rebel lines began to waver and showed signs of exhaustion and discouragement. Both our divisions were ordered to charge. That was a dash and stroke of sabres worth seeing, if one has a martial eye and a loyal heart. The pen of historian may not depict that exciting, heroic, thrilling scene. Fisher's Hill may forever retain the memory of that hour. The rebels were rolled back and routed. As they retreated on the double-quick, our boys closely followed them for about twenty-six miles to Mount Jackson, most of the way on the run; and we captured eleven pieces of artillery—all the rebel cavalry had, save one piece—also all their teams and ambulances, and about seven hundred prisoners.

Guidons streaming, carbines gleaming,
Pistols bristling, bullets whistling,
Charging with their deadly hail,
35 Smote they like a furious gale.

The five guns captured by the first division belonged to a Baltimore battery that had just received them from Richmond, having lost their others at the Fisher's Hill fight the month before. The six captured by the third division were the same that this division lost in the previous summer, when on a raid near Reams' Station, south of Petersburg. The rebels were pushed up the valley beyond Woodstock.

As the two armies had passed and repassed this place of late in such rapid manner, this last affair, so swift in action, was humorously styled "the Woodstock races." The rebel running was certainly good. Night shutting down on us, our cavalry rejoined the army. "We were well pleased with our day's work, having given the rebel cavalry the soundest whipping they ever had. We bivouacked near Middletown, where we finally stopped over a month."

On the 10th of October the army crossed to the north side of Cedar Creek. About the 16th, the following despatch from Longstreet to Early was taken off the rebel signal flag on Threetop Mountain: "Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan." How he crushed "Little Phil" will appear in the next chapter.

October 18th. Near our camp took place an execution, according to a court-martial held in our camp in obedience to the following order:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION, October 13, 1864.

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 34.]

[Extract.]

5. A drum-head court-martial is hereby ordered to convene at the headquarters First Rhode Island Cavalry, on this 13th day of October, 1864, at 4 o'clock P. M., or as soon thereafter as practi-

cable, for the trial of John Jatz. Detail for the court, Captain Allen Baker, Jr., Lieutenant Richard J. Burgess, Lieutenant Barnard Ellis. The court will sit without regard to hours.

By command of

Brevet Major-General TORBERT.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, Jr.,
Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.

The person was charged with firing upon our soldiers and plundering. He admitted that he was a deserter from a New York regiment, and had shot both Union and Confederate soldiers and then robbed them. He was sentenced to be shot. The Chaplain was appointed to notify him of his sentence and the time of his execution. At the appointed time (October 18th), Major Farrington, Provost Marshal, brought the prisoner to the foot of his grave, a few rods from our camp. After a prayer by the Chaplain, the prisoner said it was all right, and thanked the Chaplain for his kindness. He was then shot by a file of soldiers from our regiment.

CHAPTER LIV.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

OCTOBER, 1864.

OCTOBER 18th. "The enemy," says Sheridan in his report, "had gathered all his strength, and in the night of the 18th and early on the 19th, moved silently from Fisher's Hill through Strasburg, pushed a heavy turning column across the Shenandoah on the road from Strasburg to Front Royal, and again recrossed the river at Bowman's Ford, striking General Crook, who held the left of our line, so unexpectedly and forcibly as to drive in his outposts, invade his camp, and turn his position. This was followed by a direct attack upon our front, and the result was that the whole army was driven back in confusion to a point about a mile and a half north of Middletown." But let our comrade Sargent speak:

"October 19th. Heard the big guns speak; heard the cry of 'The rebs are coming.' Instantly the bugles sounded 'Boots and Saddles.' Tents came down in a hurry. Everything was packed in shortest order. In about ten minutes we had everything ready for moving, but not till the bullets came zip, zip, zip, over our heads and striking in the dirt around us. The Eighth and

Nineteenth Corps, surprised, are retreating in confusion, and the rebels, flushed with their success, are pressing on. Men and mules are shot while the party are taking down General Torbert's tents and putting them in the wagons. The Sixth Corps is now marching up in two lines of battle, and, meeting the enemy, check their career for a time.

"Our cavalry are stretched across the country in a close line, a little to the rear of the army, and ordered to let no man pass with a musket. The General rides up and down the lines, trying to rally the infantry, the shells flying around us uncomfortably close. We are obliged to fall back a little, and hear that we have lost twenty guns; so affairs begin to look squally. The men are building breastworks of rails.

"Presently some one cries out, 'Here comes Little Phil!' Sure enough we see him coming on the full gallop, with a small escort behind him. He turns into the field where we are. We drop our rails and give him three hearty cheers, which he returns by a bow and a smile. As he passed along, a cheer went up from the whole line. The shells now began to come so thick and fast that we had to lie down on our bellies behind our breastworks, and for about two hours we hugged the ground pretty closely. We then changed our position to the other side of the road."

Affairs now began to look a little brighter. Stragglers and the disheartened took courage when they saw Sheridan, and swelled again the ranks of the front. In the afternoon preparations were made for a grand attack, the cavalry being sent to the flanks.

Everything being ready, towards night the word is given, and our whole line advances. Now there is desperate fighting; the foe is stubborn and strong. Our

troops charge and break the rebel front. Our cavalry dash in and make the rebel retreat a complete rout—sending the "gray backs" flying in confusion and dismay. Right on we spur, past the panic-stricken rebel infantry, and are successful in reaching the creek ahead of their escaping artillery. In their hurry to reach and cross the creek (Cedar) the rebels are huddled and blocked up, and a large number of guns and caissons fall into our hands. Our men rush across the stream for more guns, and recapture all we had lost in the morning, with about forty more, together with hundreds of wagons and thousands of prisoners; and the pursuit continues till in the night, as far as Fisher's Hill.

> Blows strong dealing, ranks back reeling,
> Treason kneeling, shouts full pealing,
> High the loyal standards float;
> Triumph swells the bugle note;
> Far the ranks of traitors fly;
> Freedom's song rings loud and high.

The troops were now ordered back into the camps they had left in the morning. On our way we were obliged to keep a sharp lookout to avoid stepping on the dead bodies. Repitching our tents, we prepared our supper, not having cooked anything since the day before. Within a stone's throw around our tents lay more than twenty-five dead bodies, most of them belonging to the Thirtieth Massachusetts, this being the neighborhood where had occurred the heaviest fighting.

"In the morning the rebels had it all their own way; in the afternoon the scales were turned. This makes the third grand victory for Sheridan here in the valley. When the Confederates want to whip this army they will have to get up a little *Early*-er in the morning. After such a thorough cleaning out as they got this time,

they will not be likely to trouble us any more this winter. They probably acted upon the old saying, that 'the *Early* bird catches the worm'; so he did, and got his Phil.

"October 20th. Cold, but pleasant. We go to take a view of the dead by daylight. They lie just as they fell, in all positions, presenting an impressive spectacle. Our killed and wounded were robbed. One of our colonels was stripped of all his clothes save his shirt."

The General and our regiment, with the band, went out on a reconnoissance about fifteen miles over the route of the rebels' retreat; and evidently they flew over the road in their anxiety to escape. Muskets, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, clothing of all sorts, and material of war were found strewn along the path of retreat. Teams were upset in their eagerness to elude our sabres. Some drivers had cut their harnesses and fled on their beasts. At a small stream three medical wagons were overturned and the medicines were scattered on the earth. We made a halt between Strasburg and Woodstock.

October 21st. The different generals, by invitation of Sheridan, inspected the guns and other captured property parked in front of Sheridan's headquarters, our band furnishing the music. There were two lines—one of guns, and one of caissons. Forty of the guns were rebel pieces; twenty-four were our own, recaptured. In rear of these lines were hundreds of wagons, containing all sorts of quartermaster's and commissary's stores. The greater part of the spoils were captured by General Custer and his third division.

The prisoners were also near the headquarters, and a motley looking crowd they were, dressed in all sorts of uniform,—if the word can be here used—no two alike,

presenting every shade of gray and butternut imaginable. After inspection, a part of them were sent off to Washington under guard.

"As soon as the officer in charge gave the order, 'Forward, march,' the band struck up 'Yankee Doodle' for them to march by. It had been some time since they kept step to that tune."

Said General Sheridan: "This battle practically ended the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. When it opened we found our enemy boastful and confident, unwilling to acknowledge that the soldiers of the Union were their equals in courage and manliness. When it closed with Cedar Creek, this impression had been removed from his mind, and gave place to good sense and a strong desire to quit fighting. The very best troops of the Confederacy had not only been defeated, but had been routed in successive engagements until their spirit and *esprit* were destroyed. In obtaining these results, however, our loss in officers and men was severe. Practically all territory north of the James River now belonged to us, and the holding of the lines about Petersburg and Richmond by the enemy must have been embarrassing, and invited the question of good military judgment."

Among the noble dead killed in action on our side was Colonel Charles R. Lowell, of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, commanding the cavalry reserve brigade; a brave and capable officer, greatly beloved by all the army; one under whom we at different times had served, being in his brigade, and to whom we had become strongly attached. The evening he died he received his commission as Brigadier-General of Cavalry.

The captured property came into our custody, as the subjoined communications will show:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD CAVALRY DIVISION,
October 21, 1864.

Major Farrington, Provost Marshal, Cavalry, Middle Military Division:

I have the honor to forward to you by Captain Lee, Provost Marshal of this division, forty-five (45) pieces of artillery, with a large number of caissons, and about one hundred wagons, all captured by this division from the enemy in the engagement of the 19th inst.

I am, Major, very respectfully, etc.,

G. A. CUSTER,
Brigadier-General Commanding Third Division.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,
OFFICE OF PROVOST MARSHAL, October 21, 1864.

P. M. Farrington, Provost Marshal Headquarters:

Sir:—I have the honor to forward you, under guard, the following property captured by the first cavalry division in the engagement of the 19th inst. at Cedar Creek, Va., to wit: 22 guns or pieces of artillery, 8 caissons, 28 army wagons, 34 ambulances, 143 mules, 112 horses, 255 sets of harness incomplete, 349 prisoners of war (privates), 6 prisoners of war (commissioned officers). Two of the above army wagons were loaded with small-arms.

I have the honor to state that, by direction of the Brigadier-General commanding the first cavalry division, I destroyed twelve (12) army wagons and twenty-eight (28) muskets found on the pike between Strasburg and Woodstock on the 20th inst., and also two (2) caissons and contents.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOMAS W. BEAN,
Captain and Provost Marshal, First Cavalry Division.

Some idea may be formed of the amount and value of property destroyed in the valley by the subjoined report of the Provost Marshal of the first cavalry division, made about two months after the order of destruction was issued. Two other divisions were engaged in the same

duty, and it is fair to presume that this one report is an average of what each division accomplished: that is, it gives a third of the whole amount.

Barns, 630, $1,593,000; mills, 47, $314,000; tons of hay, 3445, $103,607; bushels of wheat, 410,742, $1,025,-105; saw-mills, 4, $8000; furnaces, 3, $45,000; woolen mills, 1, $10,000; acres of corn, 515, $18,000; bushels of oats, 750, $750; cattle driven off, 1347, $30,380; sheep, 1231, $6340; swine, 725, $8000; barrels of flour, 560, $6720; tons of straw, 255, $2550; tons of fodder, 272, $2720; tanneries, 2, $4000; wagons loaded with flour, 2, $500; railroad depots, 2, $3000; locomotives, 1, $10,000; box cars, 3, $1500: total, $3,193,172.

In round numbers, we may put the amount destroyed at $10,000,000.

Before leaving our mention of the battle of Cedar Creek, it may not be inappropriate to quote a few sentences from the report of a rebel correspondent in Early's army to the Richmond Enquirer:

"Little I thought ten days ago, when I was writing about our cavalry, that one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, stampede of this war—and a stampede of infantry too—had yet to take place. A whole day of glory and a few minutes of shame; a splendid beginning, but a monstrous end.

"We surprised the Yankee camps at the break of day as completely as a camp can be surprised. We swept pickets, hill-sides, and breastworks, and formed our lines within the breastworks and camps, with seven pieces of artillery taken, before they could fire three rounds, and a running foe before us. All this is very well; but pending this time another work goes on that is far, very far, from being quite as good. All our men are so confident that the enemy is whipped that they only want to secure

their share of the booty. But alas! war is a game that two can play. The Yankees are not quite blind. They bring up a new line an hour and a quarter before sundown, and push it to the front, and our left division—Gordon's—gives way.

"They give; but that is nothing. The best of men must give way sometimes. But why do n't they rally? I say why do n't they rally? For this is our trouble and misfortune on that ill-fated 19th of October. But rally they won't. They just slip back with their muskets poised in their hands as if they were deploying backwards as skirmishers. The Yankees lose no time. Kershaw's division now was struck. It gives way too in its turn, after having tried hard to stand its ground. There was no rally of a brigade, regiment, or company. Talk of our cavalry's stampeding! Here is a set-off for them. This, it is hoped, will close the exhibition, and we will pass to some new exercise; for this running business is growing stale; it won't pay; it has not even the merit of novelty."

And here we may appropriately introduce the famous poem of "Sheridan's Ride," as we were among the actors in the scenes so beautifully and touchingly delineated.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? What to do? A glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line, mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

CHAPTER LV.

ADJUSTING OUR FRONT FOR WINTER.

OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1864.

AFTER the brilliant action of Cedar Creek, little of thrilling interest in the way of fighting occurred in the valley till February 27, 1865, when Sheridan began his splendid raid, moving out of Winchester on his war-path to Petersburg. Reconnoissances, skirmishes, the cleaning up of northern Virginia, the burning out of guerrillas, and the camp scenes in winter quarters furnish our history for the next three months.

October 25th. Had a pleasant visit from our former commander, now General Duffie, commanding a cavalry division in West Virginia. On the next day he was captured by guerrillas, and all sorts of rumors were afloat in respect to him—that he was shot, and his body mutilated; that he was hung. The Richmond Sentinel, of October 29th, had:

"The capture of General Duffie! Has Mosby hung him? Mosby has captured General Duffie, of the Federal army. If he has not already hung him, in pursuance of the system of 'No quarter' which the enemy has adopted against him, let him take Duffie and other select prison-

ers, and drive them at the head of his column whenever he makes a charge. The Yankees would scarcely be so base as to fire on their own friends; and thus Mosby would be relieved from their murderous purposes against himself."

Another Richmond paper, on the General's arrival at Libby Prison, said, "General Duffie would be considered a gentleman in any other than Yankee company." From this time till the close of the war the General remained in Libby Prison.

October 27th. Major Turner and Captain Baker, with a portion of the regiment, accompanied General Torbert on a tour of inspection of the cavalry of the Middle Military Division, visiting Martinsburg, Hagerstown, Williamsport, Shepardstown, and other places, returning to headquarters November 4th.

November 7th. Witnessed the review of the Nineteenth Army Corps, under General Emory, by General Sheridan—a splendid sight.

November 8th. Election day for President. In accordance with orders, election was held in the regiment. The votes of our command, as duly sent to the Secretary of State, were as follows: Lincoln and Johnson, seventy; McClellan and Pendleton, seven: majority for Lincoln, sixty-three.

November 9th. The infantry of our army fall back nearer to a base of supplies, leaving only the cavalry to hold the front. There being nothing in front of us but the picket line, we have to be ready for action at a moment's warning. We lie on the ground without any covering, and fail to secure sleep; so we are glad to stand the rest of the night shivering over a fire.

November 10th. At daylight the pickets commenced popping at each other. Falling back, the enemy fol-

lowed us. We enter camp, about three miles from Winchester.

November 13th. As the rebel cavalry made themselves too neighborly, one division of our cavalry was sent to drive them off, which they did after some fighting, bringing back as trophies two guns and two hundred prisoners.

November 18th. Major Turner having been mustered out by expiration of term of service, Captain Baker on the 21st assumed command of the regiment. Orders were received to be ready to move the next morning with all available men and horses.

November 22d. The entire corps started off on a reconnoissance. Rained continually all the afternoon. Tired and drenched, arrived at Woodstock at night, having marched over thirty miles. Very cold. Slept in the court-house, the windows of which had been knocked out.

November 23d. Woke up early. Our clothes and blankets frozen stiff. Started off at daylight. Weather very cold. Had to dismount and walk, to keep from freezing. Passed through Edinburg and Mount Jackson. Two miles beyond the town we find the rebels holding an elevation, with six guns in position. Shells began to fall, and our skirmish line advanced. The rebels threw forward two heavy lines of infantry. We plant two rifled cannon on a hill near us, and commence shelling. Says Sargent: "We strike up the 'Star Spangled Banner,' the guns playing bass and coming in on the explosives. This, with the cracking of carbines and cheering of men, makes a lively scene.

"The rebel cavalry try to flank us on the right, but our reserves are sent to check them. While our boys are falling back they make good use of their seven-shooters.

On the right the firing is pretty animated, the rebels trying to cut us off from a bridge. Some of our regiment had to fight their way across; others swam the stream. The losses on either side were not heavy. Having gained the information we sought, we returned. This expedition made us think of a hornet's nest on a large scale: after stirring up the insects we clear out, from fear of being stung." Again stopped at Woodstock.

November 24th. Off at daylight. Arrived at camp in the afternoon; found turkeys sent us by the Philadelphians for Thanksgiving. Noble Philadelphians!—not content with feeding all the troops that passed through their city, but must send food to us on the front. The soldiers will ever remember them with gratitude and honor.

November 25th. "Preparations for a Thanksgiving dinner; potatoes, onions, hard-tack; stick run through a turkey and placed on two stakes over a fire and roasted; tin plate, fork, and knife—or jack-knife; seated on large stones or sticks of wood. The attack is made with great success. Toasts after dinner—'Our Chief Magistrate—the longest *Link on* our chain of Presidents;' 'Our Country—united in the holy bonds of wedlock, never more to be divorced;' 'The Boys in Blue—ready to *pepper* the rebs, take a fort by *a salt*, or *charge* on a sutler, or be *mustered* for pay.'"

November 26th. More turkeys arrive; these cooked and stuffed, from the citizens of Rhode Island—a happy reminder that we are not forgotten by the dear ones at home. Our blessings were on the givers.

So many of our regiment were now away as orderlies and couriers for generals, and on special service, and so many had served out their three years and left us, that our available force now together was only about a hun-

dred—scarcely enough to perform the duties of the headquarters of our corps.

December 6th. This week the first division of our cavalry crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains and made a grand raid through the upper parts of Loudon and Fauquier Counties—the chief haunts of Mosby and his rangers. Everything was laid waste in their wide path. As a result of the raid there were captured 388 horses, 8 mules, 5520 cattle, 5837 sheep, 1141 swine, and property destroyed to the amount of $2,508,756.

Those who were Union citizens had to suffer with the rest, for, as one of these said, "If you do not burn my grain the rebels will take it when they come this way, and I will help you." At the same time he lit a match and set fire to the only stack of wheat he had, and had depended upon to feed his family, consisting of himself, his wife, and eight small children. Such was the price paid for loyalty to our Government. It is, however, due to our Government to state that this man, with many others who could prove their loyalty, received rations from the Government, and after the war received pay for the property destroyed.

December 8th. Major Farrington, having been relieved from duty as Provost Marshal, assumed command of the regiment, which, having been relieved at cavalry headquarters by the First United States Cavalry, returned to duty with the cavalry reserve brigade.

December 12th. His term of service, most faithfully performed, having expired, Major Farrington was mustered out, greatly to our regret. And here it is but due to him to say that, had the promises made to him of his promotion, by the Governor, to the grades above the one he held, been fulfilled in season so that he could have been mustered to those grades, a commission as Brig-

adier-General of Cavalry would have been awarded him by the War Department. For this statement we have the authority of General Torbert, who knew and appreciated the courage, ability, and experience of the Major.

December 13th. About six inches of snow; weather very cold. One of our cavalry pickets froze to death.

December 15th. Captain Rogers, having been relieved from duty at division headquarters, assumed command of the regiment.

December 16th. Roaring of artillery—a salute in honor of Sherman's victorious march to the sea. All loyal hearts respond.

December 17th. Another grand salute, in honor of Thomas' great victory in Tennessee. Great cheering in the different camps. The band were ordered out with their best airs. Music could be heard in all directions. "The rebel commander had been knocked into a *worsted Hood.*"

December 19th. The cavalry of the army started on a raid, and pushed through Chester Gap to strike the Virginia Central Railroad at Charlottesville or Gordonsville. An engagement occurred, in which we captured two pieces of artillery. Failing to reach Gordonsville or strike the road, the force returned to Winchester via Warrenton.

In parting with the officers and men whose terms of enlistment had expired, we who remained were made sad. It was not easy to grasp their hands and say "good-by." Our moist eyes betrayed our beating hearts, and our throats grew thick from emotion. They had served their country faithfully, and seemed like a part of our lives. Their scars testified to their valor. Major Farrington, by his bravery, coolness, and judgment, shown in so many battles and hours of danger and suf-

fering, had indissolubly wedded himself to our hearts. In Surgeon W. H. Wilbur and Assistant Surgeon A. A. Mann we had found kind, able, efficient, patriotic and noble medical officers, whose attention to their arduous, delicate, responsible duties had saved many of us when wounded and sick. Their excellent, honorable record is better felt by us than portrayed by our pens. In fact, all our officers and men were endeared to us by a thousand ties of soldierly affection and regard that may not be described, and can never be obliterated.

The regiment being now reduced in number to less than four full troops, for better organization the following order was issued consolidating the eight troops into a battalion of four troops:

HEADQUARTERS, MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION,
December 21, 1864.

[SPECIAL ORDERS No. 118.]

[Extract.]

6. The original term of service of the First Rhode Island Cavalry having expired, and those enlisted thereto having been mustered out of service, the men whose term has not expired will be formed into a battalion of four (4) companies, with the following named officers: Assistant Surgeon Albert Utter, Captain John Rogers, Captain Allen Baker, Jr., Captain George N. Bliss, Captain Willis C. Capron, Lieutenant Joseph W. Dewey, Lieutenant Samuel C. Willis, Jr., Lieutenant John R. Umfreville, Lieutenant Andrew G. Lorimer, Lieutenant James M. Fales, Lieutenant Hebron H. Steere, Lieutenant George W. Darling.

By command of
Major-General SHERIDAN.

C. KINGSBURY, Jr.,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

The regiment was therefore consolidated as follows: Troops F and G formed Troop A; Troops E and H formed Troop B; Troops B and C formed Troop C;

Troops A and D formed Troop D. And the battalion was officered as follows:

Captain JOHN ROGERS, commanding.
Lieutenant J. R. UMFREVILLE, Acting Adjutant.
Lieutenant H. H. STEERE, Acting Quartermaster.
ALBERT UTTER, Assistant Surgeon.

TROOP A.—Captain, JOHN ROGERS; First Lieutenant, SAMUEL C. WILLIS, Jr.; Second Lieutenant, JAMES M. FALES.

TROOP B.—Captain, ALLEN BAKER, Jr.; First Lieutenant, J. R. UMFREVILLE; Second Lieutenant, H. H. STEERE.

TROOP C.—Captain, GEORGE N. BLISS; First Lieutenant, J. W. DEWEY; Second Lieutenant, —— ——.

TROOP D.—Captain, WILLIS C. CAPRON; First Lieutenant, A. G. LORIMER; Second Lieutenant, GEORGE W. DARLING.

The vacancy of Second Lieutenant, Troop C, was subsequently filled by the promotion of Sergeant William H. Tallman.

The following was the strength of the battalion:

1. Present. Officers, 12; enlisted men, 188: total, 200.

2. Absent. Officers, 7; enlisted men, 105: total, 112.

Aggregate, 312.

This showed a loss since May 1st, by casualties and discharges, of one hundred and twenty-one.

December 27th. O. A. Draper (Troop B) was taken prisoner while on the raid to Gordonsville.

But we must not omit Sargent's notice of Christmas. "About ten o'clock in the evening we were called to Sheridan's headquarters to play. Savannah had gone

up, and we were to aid in the glorification. The house used as headquarters was illuminated from cellar to garret with candles. After pumping wind till midnight, some of the staff officers took our band and started on a journey around town to wake up the secesh. The first thing was a solo on the kettle and bass drums, performed while marching through the principal street, but not *so low* but what the inhabitants heard it. Festivities were kept up till morning."

December 29th. Captain Baker received orders to proceed to Rhode Island to make arrangements for recruiting the command. We were now in comfortable quarters for the winter, about three miles from Winchester, on the left of the Staunton pike, having only light duties to perform. And here we saw the close of 1864.

CHAPTER LVI.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER.

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1865.

JANUARY 1st. The winters in Virginia did not differ appreciably from those near the coast in New England; they were equally stormy and nearly as cold, particularly where we were. The blasts of wind and storms of snow and rain poured freely through the mountains upon the Shenandoah Valley. Cloth tents and rude barracks made feeble resistance to the gales and icy assaults of the irate season. But our spirits were warmed and comforted by the great progress manifest in suppressing the monstrous rebellion. The "chivalry" of Slavery was quailing before the marches and strokes of the "mud-sills" and "greasy mechanics" of Freedom. Our sabres commanded the Shenandoah.

We can not forbear sketching a camp scene. Lieutenant Willis was known to have, as his servant, the most pious negro in the regiment—John Lockra, who led the prayer-meetings of the colored fraternity, and who was considered as very wise in expounding the Scriptures, and very gifted in the conduct of religious exercises.

One night we heard devotions going on in Lockra's

tent, which was often open for such purposes. The hymn, "I want to go," etc., was sung, when Lockra gave them what he called "de send-off"—a short sermon. Then followed "de bredren," singing, praying, or speaking. But, while one "good bruder" was praying, the Chaplain's colored boy—not having the fear of God before his eyes—came thundering into the tent, whistling a medley of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." The praying brother raised his voice to be heard above the confusion produced by the Chaplain's negro, who still poured forth his profane notes.

Lockra now interposed and said, "Stop dat ar prayer; stop de music, while I tro dat ar scoundrel of a Chaplain's nigger fru de door;" and suiting the action to his word, seized the wicked intruder by the hair, while others assisted at the extremities, and, administering a measure of pounding, pitched him unceremoniously head-first from the tent. For a moment, silence reigned supreme, but Lockra resumed, "Dat ar black thief of a Chaplain's nigger haint got no more 'ligun nor a hoss; but I reckon he won't 'sturb dis yer meetin' agin ternight. Go on, Bill, wid dat ar prayer." So the meeting proceeded, and no more disturbance was expected.

But the worshipers were doomed to disappointment. "Dat ar Chaplain's nigger" procured about forty cartridges, and, stealthily approaching the back of the tent, threw them down the chimney. The result was, when the heat of the ashes and coals penetrated the paper—which was quickly done—an explosion occurred that filled the tent with smoke, coals, and ashes, which, with the noise and odor, caused a sudden exodus of "de bredren" through the door and sides of the tent in search of better air. In the meantime, "dat ar Chaplain's nigger" was making swift tracks through the

woods, not stopping to whistle much. This scene greatly amused Lieutenant Willis, from whom we have the account of it.

February 1st. General Sheridan reviewed the cavalry of his army on the plains to the north of Winchester: a force mustering near twelve thousand strong, under brevet Major-General Merritt. The men and horses of the corps were in excellent condition, and made a most imposing appearance. Our regiment was complimented by the General, as was also our band.

February 5th. Sheridan's scouts, with detachments from the cavalry regiments, were sent out to scour the country for guerrillas, who were harassing our lines. Having marched one hundred and sixty miles in fifty-five hours, they brought in as captives the noted guerrilla chief, Harry Gilmor, and twenty of his associates, with about a hundred horses.

Notwithstanding orders had been issued by the War Department that there should be no more recruiting for cavalry, yet at the special request of General Sheridan—which was a compliment to us—an order was issued allowing the First Rhode Island Cavalry to recruit. According to that order, General Sheridan detailed the following named recruiting party to proceed to Rhode Island, and on the 14th of February they left for their duty: Captain Allen Baker, Jr., First Sergeant E. C. Martin, Sergeant Adam Hurdis, Corporals G. F. Cummings, John A. Spaulding, Alfred Palmer, and private Thomas A. Earl.

February 21st. Orders were received to have all our horses shod and our arms and equipments in perfect order. Summoned to headquarters, we heard the Adjutant read the grand news—"The capture of Charleston, S. C." Says Sargent: "When he got through we

gave three rousing cheers with a will, and shortly after heard the same noise from the other camps—it being an official order, read to every regiment. Now that the *nest* where treason was *hatched* is captured, it will prove to be an unfortunate *egg* for J. Davis & Co. General Sherman showed Hardee some tactics not laid down in his book. The prospect of affairs begins to look bright. The breaking of the rebellion's back, which has been accomplished so many times on paper, will, by the looks of things, take place at no distant day. The biggest part of both armies will be concentrated around Richmond and Petersburg, where a grand death struggle will occur, resulting in the caving in of the so-called Southern Confederacy, leaving it a thing of the past."

Though in the middle of winter, Sheridan was now ready to commence his ever memorable raid; and his first step was to move up the valley, advancing on Staunton.

February 27th. In the morning we marched from Winchester up the Valley pike; in haversacks, five days' rations; in wagons, fifteen days' rations of coffee, sugar, and salt; thirty pounds of forage on each horse; one wagon for each division headquarters; eight ambulances and an ammunition train; a ponton train of eight boats; no other wagons to accompany the command. This looked like earnest work. The valley and surrounding mountains were covered with snow, now dissolving and rendering the streams nigh impassable; for heavy rains had fallen. But we crossed Cedar Creek, Tumbling River, and Tom's Brook, and went into bivouac at Woodstock, having marched thirty miles.

February 28th. At six in the morning we were in saddle. Marched through Edinburg; crossed the north fork of the Shenandoah by ponton; passed through New-

market, and camped at Lacy's Springs, nine miles north of Harrisonburg, having marched twenty-nine miles.

March 1st. Early to horse and on our way. Pushed through Harrisonburg and Mount Crawford, and bivouacked at Kline's Mills, on Middle River. On our way guerrillas harassed our flanks. At Mount Crawford the boasting rebel General Rosser attempted to burn the bridge over the middle fork of the Shenandoah, but failed. Capehart's regiments swam the river above the bridge (cool swimming), charged Rosser and routed him (warm work), driving him swiftly to Kline's Mills, and then pushed on almost to Staunton, taking thirty prisoners and twenty ambulances and wagons. Our loss was but five men wounded.

Colonel Stagg's brigade, of General Devin's division, destroyed the railroad bridge over Christian Creek, between Staunton and Waynesboro. General Early, who was at Staunton, learning of our advance and heavy striking, retired to Waynesboro, leaving word that in the latter place he should make a stand and give us battle; so we entered Staunton with but little opposition. The roads, from the pouring rains of preceding days, were in a horrible condition. "Horses and men could scarcely be recognized for the mud which covered them." We were, however, prepared for the battle of Waynesboro, of which we shall speak in the next chapter.

CHAPTER LVII.

SECOND BATTLE OF WAYNESBORO.

MARCH, 1865.

MARCH 2d. General Custer advanced upon Waynesboro and found Early in a wisely chosen position, with two brigades of infantry shielded by breastworks, and his cavalry under his pet Rosser. Custer—ever ready and bold—instantly moved to the attack, sending three regiments round the enemy's flank, and in person leading the other two brigades—partly mounted and partly on foot—smote and triumphantly carried the rebel front. Early was not *early* enough for Custer. The Eighth New York and First Connecticut Cavalry, in columns of four, charged clean over the rebel breastworks, and then continued the pursuit of the enemy through the town, sabring the foe as they went. Nor did they stop till they had crossed the south fork of the Shenandoah, immediately in Early's rear. Here, forming as foragers, with drawn sabres, they held the east bank of the river. A splendid stroke for these cavaliers. Who can forget such sabres and spurs! Finding themselves rolled back and surrounded, the rebels threw down their arms and surrendered, and even cheered, as brave

spirits might, for the bold and brilliant stroke by which they had been captured.

In this engagement on the rebel side were Generals Early, Long, Wharton, Lilley, and Rosser; but all in vain were their skill and chivalry. And by what stealth they escaped capture remains a wonder. Did they practise disguise *a la* Jeff Davis?

Colonel Capehart's brigade continued in pursuit of the enemy's train, that now stretched away for miles over the mountains. The other brigades followed swiftly in his steps, with orders to bivouac on the east side of the Blue Ridge; for the battle stroke had opened to us the passage through Rock Fish Gap and given us all we had hoped to obtain.

In this quick and dashing battle we captured eleven pieces of artillery, with horses and caissons; about two hundred wagons and teams loaded with subsistence, camp and garrison equipage and officers' baggage; seventeen battle flags, and sixteen hundred officers and enlisted men. Early's army was disabled. Now we could cross the Blue Ridge by the most favorable road, with only the snow as an obstacle. Custer's division bivouacked at Brookfield, on the east of the mountains. Devin's division remained for the night at Waynesboro. Sending out a force to Swoop's Depot, on the Lexington Railroad, we destroyed a large amount of rebel property.

March 3d. Our prisoners were sent back to Winchester under guard of about seven hundred cavalry, commanded by our former Lieutenant-Colonel, now Colonel J. L. Thompson, First New Hampshire Cavalry. Our regiment was a part of the guard, that was made up of seven small regiments. Yet quite a number of our men and our band remained to accompany Sheridan in his onward dash. On our return as guard, no forage was

provided for the horses, and, except a small quantity of coffee and sugar, no rations for our men and prisoners.

On reaching Staunton we informed the citizens of the state of affairs, and required them to provide food for our prisoners. They affirmed they had none, and were even themselves suffering from want. Knowing there were provisions—flour and bacon—in the insane retreat for its three hundred inmates, we informed the people that we should draw from these supplies unless they furnished us from the stores which we knew they had concealed. So flour and bacon were taken from the asylum, upon which we subsisted our prisoners till we arrived at Winchester. But of our march.

General Rosser, collecting his scattered command—many of which had been furloughed for the winter—ordered a general rendezvous at Mount Jackson, the point where the Shenandoah crosses the road. With our prisoners we arrived at this place about noon, March 6th, and found the fords strongly held by the enemy. There was also a strong force in our rear, which had been harassing us night and day since our departure from Staunton. The river was not fordable even for horsemen, except at a single point, which was too strongly held to be forced. The rebels outnumbered us, and we were encumbered by fifteen hundred prisoners. Besides, we were hungry, wet from the rains, and jaded from the three days' march on bad conditioned roads. The rebels were fresh from their homes. Our situation was anything but flattering. That winter night, weary, wet, and hungry, we watched, fearing that the morning would find us prisoners and our prisoners released.

March 7th. In the morning it was found that the river had fallen so as to be fordable. The First New Hampshire Cavalry were our rear-guard. Colonel Thompson

called for the First Rhode Island, on whom he knew he could rely, and ordered us to charge the ford and dislodge the enemy in front. The order was promptly obeyed and handsomely executed. We drove the rebels, and took a number of them prisoners, opening the passage across the stream. Meantime, the enemy in the rear made several desperate charges upon our lines, but each time were repulsed with loss, the First New Hampshire bearing the brunt of the attacks. Thus the Rhode Island and New Hampshire boys were again one in heart and hand, fighting together, as on so many hard-fought fields before, under Colonel Thompson, equally beloved by them and us. This new battle was a new bond between us.

Now came the cold bath. The prisoners forded the river in parties of fifties, each party forming a body in the shape of a wedge, with the point up the stream; each man firmly holding his neighbor by the arm. The stream was breast high and running rapidly; single persons would have been swept away. This kind of winter bathing belonged to war.

The enemy fled. This was the last seen of Rosser and his cavalry, of which he had boasted so much when he came into the valley in the preceding autumn,—"the cavalry to clean Phil Sheridan up." We reached Winchester without the loss of a single prisoner, but had added about one hundred to the number.

On this march, from the difficulty of foraging, encumbered with prisoners and assailed by the enemy, and the scarcity of provision in the valley from former army strokes, our men suffered much from hunger. The prisoners suffered less, as the food taken at Staunton was expressly for them, and our men also gave them some of our own when we obtained any—a striking con-

trast to the treatment measured to our men when captured by the Confederates.

For his gallant conduct in the action at Mount Jackson and his other deeds, Colonel Thompson was breveted Brigadier-General: an honor worthily bestowed, and one we were glad to see him wear.

CHAPTER LVIII.

SHERIDAN'S RAID.

MARCH, 1865.

WE return to the front. Although the larger portion of our regiment, on account of the victory of Waynesboro, was sent back as a part of the guard in charge of prisoners, a good number, as orderlies to generals and for special service, with the band at the headquarters of the Regular brigade, went forward with Sheridan on his raid. One of our men, Frank Thurber (Troop C), was Sheridan's orderly. A portion also of the First New Hampshire Cavalry—some of the troops formerly a part of our regiment—accompanied the raiding force. We now follow this part of our regiment.

The force with which Sheridan started (February 27th) from Winchester was about ten thousand, as follows: First cavalry division, General T. C. Devin, 5047, and one section of the Fourth United States Artillery, 54; third cavalry division, General G. A. Custer, 4840, and one section of United States Artillery, 46. The Chief of Cavalry was Major-General Wesley Merritt. Each division consisted of three brigades.

In our notes we shall largely follow Sargent's journal

and Sheridan's report. Sargent thus describes the general order of marching: "Reveille would blow every morning at four, the head of the column starting about six. At four in the afternoon the head of the column would go into camp, the different brigades getting as near together as possible. Our position in the column would be different every day—our division in the advance every other day. Our brigade would be at the head of the division one day, at the rear the next day, and in the centre the third day. The regiments would also change positions in the brigade, moving up one ahead every day. Take a regiment in the rear of the column: the next day it would be the next to the rear in the brigade—the brigade in the centre of the advance division; next day, the third in the brigade—the brigade in the advance of the rear division; and so on till finally the regiment came to the van of the column."

March 3d. The advance division (General Custer's), now through Rock Fish Gap, at Brookfield, moved on towards Charlottesville. General Devin, leaving Gibbs' brigade to destroy the iron bridge over the Shenandoah and burn and destroy captured wagons and contents, pressed through the mountains after the advance division, which, by Custer's order, on its march, at Greenwood Depot and Ivy Station, destroyed much rebel subsistence and the railroad and large bridge over Mechanic's River, and reached Charlottesville at four o'clock P. M. The city could make no resistance, and its officers surrendered the keys of the public buildings.

As the roads from Waynesboro to this place, from incessant rains and thaws, were terribly cut and deep with mud, we halted here for two days, to rest and allow General Gibbs to come up with our train. Meanwhile, parties were sent out towards Gordonsville and Lynch-

burg to break the railroad, preventing troops from being massed on us. We also demolished large iron bridges over the north and south forks of the Rivanna River, and left no railroad tracks or Confederate property in our rear.

Let Sargent speak of the march over the mountains through Rock Fish Gap: "It was dark as Egypt, and the rain falling. The road was perfectly awful, full of large rocks and deep gullies, in some places just wide enough for a team to pass, while at our side would be a steep precipice to make one shudder. With the wind strong and cold, I was wet and chilled through, my hands so numb that there was no feeling in them. I never before suffered so much in one night. About midnight we got to the level country, but it rained like Jehu all night."

At Charlottesville the negroes exclaimed: "Lor' bress ye! I'se neber so glad in all my life. I knowed ye'd cum sum time nudder. I'se prayed an' prayed fur yer, an' now yees got here. Glory ter God!" One colored woman produced some biscuits, "which we ate with some sorghum—going right to the spot."

March 6th. We resumed our march. Negroes accompanied us, old and young, male and female, trudging through mud and water, animated with the thought of freedom. The two divisions took different routes—one towards Lynchburg, going within sixteen miles of the city, and burning several bridges; the other marched to Scottville, with orders to move along the James River canal and destroy every lock as far as Newmarket.

March 7th. Roads rough and mountainous. Passed through Lexington Court House.

March 8th. Sent a brigade to Buffalo Creek to burn a bridge; reached Newmarket after dark. Rainy afternoon and night. Both divisions again together.

The rain and mud still impeded us, and the command—particularly the transportation—was much worn and fatigued. However, by replacing our worn-out mules by those captured from Early, we reached Columbia on the evening of March 10th. Here we were rejoined by Colonel Fitzhugh's brigade, which had destroyed the canal for eight miles east of Goochland—a heavy blow to Lee's army.

Our train of negroes now numbered thousands, and was constantly increasing. Moving by the side of the column, they talked, laughed, and asked questions, often travelling with us twenty or twenty-five miles a day, through mud and water, fording streams, and at night huddling around camp fires.

March 11th. Stopped at Columbia all day. Drew five days' rations of coffee and sugar, the first Government food we had drawn since leaving Winchester.

March 12th. Marched early. Struck the Virginia Central Railroad about noon at Frederickshall Station, entering the place so suddenly that the postmaster and telegraph operator fled, leaving their letters, papers, and despatches—some of them of red-hot language—"no subjugation," "fight to the last ditch"; others more calm—"fearing for the cause."

Our troops were kept busy, tearing up rails, twisting them over burning ties, and demolishing water tanks and bridges. One division destroyed the track towards Richmond as far as Beaver Dam; the other division did the same from Louisa Court House to Frederickshall.

Learning from scouts that the enemy was massing forces to cut us off, Sheridan played a ruse by moving towards Richmond, and compelling the assailants to meet us at Ashland.

March 13th. Left Frederickshall in the afternoon;

towards evening had a little skirmish. Reached Beaver Dam.

March 14th. Dashed within seventeen miles of Richmond; some of the troops reached within eleven miles, where they burned a train of wagons.

March 15th. Reveille at one in the morning. Reports that ten thousand infantry and Fitz Lee's cavalry are near and endeavoring to cut us off. In the forenoon halted near Ashland. Troops drawn in line of battle; skirmishing commenced, and continued at intervals. Our ruse being a success, preventing the foe from cutting off our line, we withdrew, leaving our skirmishers engaged for a time. While our feint was going on, Merritt, with Devin's division, destroyed the North and South Anna and Little River bridges. "In the attack upon the South Anna railroad bridge the Fifth United States Cavalry charged up to the bridge, dismounted, dashed across it, and drove the rebel artillery defending it, turning upon them their own guns—four twenty pounder Parrotts."

March 16th. Reached Mangohick Church.

March 17th. Marched all day; camped at night near Prince William Court House; food scarce.

March 18th. Reached Indiantown; nothing to eat during the day; pounded corn, soaked it, and boiled it for breakfast.

March 19th. Commenced early to cross the Pamunkey, dismounted, on a long, rickety bridge, two abreast. Reached White House, and camped half a mile from the landing. Happy to reach this point, as we were nigh exhausted. In twenty-one days from Winchester, had travelled about five hundred miles, for fifteen days living on the country; three or four hours of sleep a day. The guard had to wake the orderlies, and the orderlies

had to shake and roll their men to wake them. We always marched by fours, and the length of the column, with train and wagons, would stretch eight or ten miles. Lost a large number of horses from sore backs and hoof-rot. About eight hundred men, losing their horses, had to play infantry. At White House we found supplies in abundance, and a brigade of infantry to guard them, sent by General Grant.

Says Sheridan, "There perhaps never was a march where nature offered such impediments and shrouded herself in such gloom. Incessant rain, deep and almost impassable streams, swamps, and mud, all overcome with constant cheerfulness on the part of the troops. Officers and men were buoyed up by the thought that we had completed our work in the Shenandoah Valley, and were on our way to help our brothers in arms, in front of Petersburg, in the final struggle."

The amount of rebel property and the lines of rebel communication and supplies destroyed were beyond estimation. Every bridge on the central railroad between Richmond and Lynchburg, save one on the Chickahominy and one over the James at Lynchburg, were destroyed, with many of the culverts. The James River canal was disabled beyond immediate repair. The captures had been as follows: Prisoners of war, 1603; horses and mules, 2154; battle flags, 16; pieces of artillery, 17; small arms, 2010. Captured between August 1, 1864, and March 1, 1865: Prisoners, 13,000; artillery pieces, 101; artillery recaptured, 24; battle flags, 49. Our losses were: Killed, 1938; wounded, 11,893; missing, 3121. Our loss from Winchester to White House "did not exceed one hundred men, and some of these we left by the wayside, unable to bear the fatigues of the march." The host of negroes that came into our lines with us were sent on steamers to Washington.

CHAPTER LIX.

CAPTIVITY OF R. F. ELDRIDGE.

MARCH—APRIL, 1865.

"GERMAN P. Thurber and myself, on detached service at headquarters, cavalry reserve brigade (Brigadier-General Gibbs commanding), about three in the afternoon of March 12th, were sent out to forage, near Frederickshall Station. It was a rule while on our march for a certain number to leave the line to forage for a certain number, and when they returned another squad would go out for the same purpose. We went to a house near the column, and found dry picking. We then saw a house on a hill in sight of the column, and, having good horses and arms, ventured to it, hitching our horses, and cautiously entering. Asking a middle-aged lady, who seemed to be a paralytic, if she had any flour or meat, she, after certain questions, told us where we could find some.

"Going up stairs, we found seven unbroken barrels of flour, and soon filling our bags and taking each a piece of bacon, came down and were about to mount to our saddles, when, to our surprise, fourteen horsemen appeared and demanded our surrender. A part of them belonged to the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and a part were

guerrillas. When asked who they were, one said, 'Get on to those horses d—d quick, and we will show you who we are.' We could only obey. To my inquiry what he was going to do with us, the officer replied, 'We are going to kill you,' but the twinkle of his eye belied his words. We were asked where Sheridan was going, but about that time we belonged to the Know Nothing fraternity.

"They stopped at a house and gave us some refreshments. We then went on a few miles and bivouacked for the night, with a strong guard over us. The next morning our horses were taken from us, and all the guard left us, save a Lieutenant and two men. They were mounted, but we took the foot train. Yet we were in good hands. The name of the Lieutenant was Willis Gooch, who said he would take us to a Lieutenant Vaughan, a paroling officer, four miles further on, to be paroled. Arriving at Vaughan's, Lieutenant Gooch said, 'The best I can do for you is to take you to my house to-night, and then take you to Gordonsville and send you to Richmond.' Before reaching Gooch's house he said, 'Don't mind if my father talks harsh.' At the house the old man made his appearance, swearing, and asking, 'Why don't you shoot the d—d Yanks, instead of bringing them here?' The Lieutenant said, 'These are soldiers, and I am one myself, and I know how I would like to be treated.'

"We were put into a cosy room to wait for supper. An old gray-headed negro put his head through the door. Gooch asked him, 'Do you see the Yanks?' Old Joe answered, 'Yas, Massa, I see de Yanks, but I don't see no horns.' We had a good supper, and were well used by Mrs. Gooch, mother of the Lieutenant, and had a good bed. Up at six in the morning and had

breakfast, and made ready to go to Gordonsville. Mrs. Gooch did up a bundle of bread and butter and ham, and said, 'Take that; it will last you all day. I have three sons in the Confederate army, and if you ever take them prisoners, use them well for my sake.' We never forgot her.

"We were taken to Gordonsville and kept five days; then taken to Richmond and put into Libby Prison, where we remained until preparations were made to evacuate Richmond, when we were taken by steamer to Aiken's Landing and put aboard our steamer—the old Canonicus, of Rhode Island. The rebels were in such a hurry that they did not stop to parole us. We were carried to College Green Barracks, and from thence to Parole Camp, Annapolis. After receiving a furlough I reported to my regiment."

CHAPTER LX.

FALL OF RICHMOND.

MARCH—APRIL, 1865.

MARCH 24th. Advancing; reached the Chickahominy.

March 25th. Crossed the river on pontons; passed through Charles City Court House; bivouacked near Harrison's Landing.

March 26th. Hastened on all day; crossed the James on pontons at Jones' Landing, and camped near the river.

March 27th. Crossed the Appomattox; entered Grant's lines. Passing the front, his army, knowing our exploits, turned out to cheer us. We inquired if they had seen anything of Early. Caught a peep at Petersburg, and camped in front of it, near Hancock Station.

March 29th. Grand movement on foot. With the armies moved out at six in the morning; marched around the left of Grant's lines; passed Reams' Station; saw skulls of the dead lying in the road; crossed Hatcher's Run; camped near Dinwiddie Court House. At Malon's crossing we constructed a bridge, and there encountered rebel pickets, capturing a few, and at Dinwiddie pushed

back the rebel picket line. Were obliged to corduroy the horrible roads. We were charged with the duty of aiding in turning the right flank of Lee's army.

April 1st. Cannonading in front; infantry hurried up; we were off on the double-quick; near the front found musketry rattling. Our division was sent to the extreme left, through woods and fields, over fences and ditches, and formed in brigades in a cleared field at the edge of woods, slightly protected by an elevation, while the shells were coming thick and fast, knocking off limbs and felling small trees. The infantry at our right were in action. We had orders to charge. Imagine the work of breasting thousands of blazing muskets. The men unsling their carbines, and, resting the butts on their hips, charge in solid ranks, spreading out to the right and left as they advance. A band in our division strikes up "Yankee Doodle," putting new life into our men, who go with a shout. The rebels are posted behind fences and hastily constructed breastworks of rails. We give them the contents of our seven-shooters and resume our position. Again we are ordered to charge, this time with sabres. Meanwhile, part of the cavalry were sent to the right and rear of the rebels to cut them off in case we were successful.

When the infantry were ready we charged simultaneously, having by our previous charge learned the lay of the land and how to strike. Now work was done. Talk of lively and exciting scenes—two such forces coming together with a welding heat and stunning blows. The rebel lines begin to waver, and soon the enemy is in full retreat. The rest of our cavalry follow quickly with us, capturing guns, colors, and men. It was a short and sharp engagement, both sides losing heavily. But ours were the honors of Five Forks. That night

we bivouacked in a forest and guarded the prisoners, belonging mostly to North Carolina regiments.

This action determined the fate of Petersburg and of Richmond. Lee, instead of breaking the grasp of our army, as he had hoped, was himself fatally broken.

April 2d. Petersburg evacuated! Lee is endeavoring to escape with his army. Richmond is abandoned! Jeff Davis and his junto and the chivalry of the Confederate capital betake themselves to flight. Times are ripening. We dash on to cut off Lee. In the afternoon we struck the Southside Railroad.

April 3d. Federal troops enter Richmond to find it set on fire by the flying rebels, instead of being their "last ditch." We come up with the enemy this afternoon, but they keep falling back, continually skirmishing till after dark. We halt in an open field, separated from the enemy by a ribbon of woods, the skirmishers of both armies being in the edge, popping at each other all night, with occasional charges to get possession of the woods. We sleep on our arms.

April 4th. Up early; our brigade has the advance of the corps. Found the enemy's ground abandoned; they left about midnight. About two miles on we are fired upon from a thicket beyond a small stream. Forming in squadrons, while a small party makes a reconnoissance, we are saluted with shell. Our artillery coming up, we skirmish for about an hour, when the rebels again retreat. We ford the stream and follow them on the double-quick. It was the rear of Lee's force trying to detain us to win time for their trains and infantry to get off. A flank movement on our part put them to flight. Our brigade followed them, and, striking them in front and flank, sent them whirling on, leaving their dead and wounded and many prisoners in our hands.

They finally left in the road a caisson filled with shell and set on fire to check our progress. Pieces of shells flew close to our heads. But we passed the caisson and pressed on. They made another stand, but soon broke in confusion, and the greater part of them we captured, only those having good horses escaping. As we were now six miles in advance of our army, we halted for a time, then returned, carrying two hundred rebel cavalry men prisoners.

After a few hours' rest, finding the direction Lee's army had taken, we dashed on again. This was the most exciting race we ever had, chasing the invincible rebels for about twelve miles, through mud and water, up hill and down, across meadows and brooks, through plantations and villages. They could not find the "last ditch."

April 5th. Our brigade was sent off on an expedition by itself. Halted a little at Amelia Court House. Learned that Lee, Longstreet, Ewell and others held a consultation the previous night in a room over the depot. Part of their army left here this morning. On the road, in the afternoon, we picked up a number of exhausted rebels. Striking across the country towards night, we joined our division, and found that during the day they had a big fight, capturing thirty-three battle flags, seven general officers, and thousands of prisoners.

April 6th. Off again in the morning, passing the long line of prisoners preparing to move to the rear. At Custer's headquarters floated the captured battle flags. These were war times, and our patriotic spirits were up. The prisoners seemed half starved, having had, as they said, nothing to eat for two days. As we marched by, we tossed them hard-tack, for which they pushed and scrabbled like desperate men. Finding the enemy be-

hind breastworks of earth and rails, we had a short fight, and again routed them. Through this and the following day there was fighting nearly all the time. The retreating rebels, when closely pressed, would turn and give battle, while the rest hurried on to build new breastworks for a new stand; but all their works were successively carried. They retreated so rapidly that they left their dead and wounded behind. Strange scenes. Dead men became so common as hardly to attract attention. They lay scattered singly and in groups behind the piles of rails used as a protection.

CHAPTER LXI.

SURRENDER OF LEE.

APRIL, 1865.

APRIL 8th. Leaving the infantry, we struck off on another road. About four in the afternoon, passing Prospect Station, we reached Appomattox Depot, having marched twenty-eight miles. We here found that Custer had captured four trains of cars loaded with supplies for Lee's army. Shells flew over our heads. We crossed the track, ascended the hill, and formed in an open field, with a small belt of woods separating us from a rebel battery, that was dealing to us grape and canister, rattling through the trees like hailstones. We could see the flash from every gun. Our brigade was ordered to advance through the wood—a very difficult task. The men lost their caps, tore their clothes, and scratched their faces. At the order to charge, the men dashed off with a shout and uplifted sabres, and soon the battery was ours—the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, said to be the best in the Confederate service.

The other brigades were not idle. Our division, that afternoon and night, captured between thirty and forty pieces of artillery, over two hundred wagons, three trains

of cars, all loaded, and a great number of prisoners. Our brigade lost heavily in men and horses. But Lee and his army of Northern Virginia—the head and spinal column of the Confederacy—were now almost in our grasp. So we forgot our sufferings.

April 9th. In saddles at daylight; waited two hours for orders. The rebels commenced the attack. Very early the colored division of the Twenty-Fourth Corps passed down the road, followed by white troops, having travelled all night. As they passed we cheered them, and added, "Give it to them. We've got them in a tight place. Show them what the colored soldiers can do. Remember Fort Pillow." They answered with shouts and waving of caps.

The firing became nearer. A portion of our line fell back a little. The infantry were hurried ahead on the double-quick, and were soon engaged. The whole cavalry corps was sent to the right flank, where we were kept moving from one position to another all the forenoon. About noon our division was formed ready to charge, when, lo! a flag of truce was seen. It came in among the sabres and spurs, to our gallant General Custer. The firing ceased. War paused. Pregnant moment. General Grant was sent for. Lee came into our lines. Grant and Lee met at the small house of Mr. McLean, in the village of Appomattox Court House, within rifle shot of our division. There Lee surrendered his sword. How we looked on that scene! How unutterably we felt. Yes, sabres and spurs of the First Rhode Island Cavalry were permitted to aid and exult in the event. The head of the Confederacy was bowed in defeat.

About four in the afternoon the news of the surrender was heralded through the army. Salutes were fired.

Bands played. Standards waved. Shouts swelled to the heavens. Such cheering was never before heard on this continent. The soldiers could not sufficiently utter their feelings. Their joy was unbounded. The object for which we had been fighting four years was substantially achieved. The men long continued cheering and shouting, shouting and cheering.

On Grant's bright sword the law was found;
The knees of Lee salute the ground.
Historic act! historic spot!
Let patriot hearts forget it not:
As humble captives on that field
Full five and twenty thousand kneeled.

City to city the victory tells;
Streaming of banners and ringing of bells;
Booming of cannon and lighting of fires;
Singing of mothers and cheering of sires;
Soldiers in hospitals shout mid their pains;
Suffering prisoners leap in their chains;
Liberty shouts from our Capitol dome,
Answered by anthems from every home.

Says Sheridan: "The first and second cavalry divisions, which belonged to the Army of the Shenandoah, had marched in midwinter over three hundred miles, in constant rains, over almost impassable roads and swollen streams, to participate in the campaign, and were rewarded by the honor of having the flag of the Army of Northern Virginia presented to them on the morning of the surrender."

We continued with Sheridan, who pushed on after the remnant of the rebel army under Johnston.

April 10th. Left Appomatox for Petersburg. Camped at Prospect Station.

April 11th. Reached near Burkesville.

April 13th. Reached Nottoway Court House, where we had orders to prepare to move down to the assistance of Sherman in North Carolina.

April 24th. Left Petersburg by the Boydton plank road, via Dinwiddie Court House, Boydton, and Abbeville, and reached South Boston on the 28th; our marching averaging twenty-five miles a day. Here we learned that Johnston had surrendered to Sherman. Again the shouts went up. Turned back.

May 3d. Reached Petersburg and passed through in platoons, with drawn sabres, "Little Phil" reviewing us from a balcony as we passed. That was a splendid sight! Bronzed veterans covered with dust and glory from great battle fields and great marches, with sabres still keen, flags flying, and bands playing their exultations.

Passing, in due time, through Manchester, and Richmond, and Alexandria, we reached Washington, where, after participating (May 23d and 24th) in the Grand Review—the grandest ever known in America—we, in due season, reported to the main portion of our regiment on its reaching Maryland, preparatory to our final discharge and the homeward turning of our faces.

CHAPTER LXII.

RETURN OF THE COMMAND.

APRIL—AUGUST, 1865.

WE now turn back to our regimental headquarters in the valley. From recruits received the battalion was brought up to its minimum strength, and Captain Rogers, who had received a Major's commission, was mustered to that rank March 23d. Lieutenant George W. Darling was commissioned as Captain and assigned to Troop A, though he remained on duty at Conscript Camp, New Haven, Conn., until the close of the war. Lieutenant Fales, on being exchanged as a prisoner of war, was mustered out of service March 6th. Sergeant Stephen H. Pickering was commissioned as Second Lieutenant.

April 15th. Lieutenant-Colonel Farrell, of Mosby's command, came under a flag of truce to our lines, on the Kerntown road, and arranged with General Hancock to surrender Mosby's forces on the terms accorded to General Lee, these forces being recognized as a part of the Army of Northern Virginia.

April 17th. At noon Mosby surrendered his forces to General Chapman at Berryville. General Rosser was

also permitted to have his troops included in the cartel. The number of men in Mosby's command was about seven hundred, and during the remainder of our stay in the valley some of them visited our camp and shared our hospitalities, recalling the scenes in which we had confronted each other, and paying us high compliments for our soldierly qualities and conduct. Some of these men were truly F. F. V's.

April 19th. Ordered up the valley, over roads and fields, where so many hard battles had been fought; but now on an entirely different service; we went to parole rebel soldiers.

April 20th. Arrived at Mount Jackson, where we remained two days, and paroled about fifteen hundred Confederates. But many others had fled to their homes before the surrender.

April 22d. Commenced our return march.

April 23d. Encamped south of Winchester, about two miles on the road to Front Royal. Though anxious to reach our homes, we could afford to wait a little to do up some small work, and attend to red tape.

Asa K. Read (Troop D) died in hospital, at Baltimore, Md., April 18th. Corporal E. P. Gardner (Troop B) died of consumption, in hospital at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md., May 16th.

May 19th. Lieutenant Hebron H. Steere was promoted to be First Lieutenant.

May 28th. Sergeant Edward C. Martin was promoted to be Second Lieutenant.

Affairs of the war were now fast winding up. During the month of May, Taylor in Mississippi and Kirby Smith in Texas surrendered to General Canby. Jeff Davis, in his ignoble flight and cowardly plight, had become a prisoner.

When the war closed the Federal army numbered more than a million of men, and the navy counted more than fifty thousand; and the expense to the Government was three and a half millions of dollars per day. Three millions of men, first and last, had been engaged in defending the Union. Not less than three hundred thousand had been killed in action and died of wounds and diseases.

June 1st. Moved near Kerntown, on the east of the pike.

June 17th. All the cavalry moved their camps four miles north of Winchester, in the woods.

General Reno, our brigade commander, informed the officers of our regiment that, if they chose to remain in the service and would appear before an examining board, we should be consolidated with troops from another State, preserving our battalion organization, and form one of the Regular regiments of the United States then contemplated. But while accepting the honor of being selected to remain in the service and be counted as Regulars, the officers unanimously declined serving any longer than was actually necessary; and as to appearing before an examining board, they thought that three years and nine months of war service was a sufficient guarantee for their ability to serve their country in time of peace. The requirement of examination would, however, be waived with the officers, if it would make a difference in their decision; still they declined the complimentary proposition, preferring to resume their former peaceful occupations.

June 22d. In obedience to orders to report at Monrovia, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, we commenced our march towards home. With short and slow marches we could enjoy the beautiful views of the country. Pass-

ing through the several towns, we were welcomed and hospitably entertained. On reaching Maryland, men, women, and children came out to greet us. The colored people were particularly jubilant, as the war had happily changed their status.

June 24th. Peace reigned. Men were working in the fields: delightful scenes. On reaching Newmarket, near Monrovia, we found the people engaged in welcoming home their Union volunteers. Our command was invited to attend the picnic in the grove, and our band furnished the music suited to the occasion: a pleasant scene.

On arriving at Monrovia we reported by telegraph to General Wallace at Baltimore. He directed us to report to General Kenly at the Relay House. Troop A was ordered to the Relay House, and the remainder of the command was directed to remain at Monrovia. A New York battery was stationed with us. Major Rogers was placed in command of the post.

July 4th. The patriot day was duly observed in town by a jubilant parade. The battery with us fired the proper national salute, and spoke of freedom as never before heard in Maryland. Fireworks and the flames of old worn-out war barracks—apt symbols—illumined the evening.

July 25th. Orders received that the command should be mustered out of the service, and Captain Baker was charged with the duty. How welcome! The war-path ended. As soon as relieved by the Second United States Cavalry we were to proceed to the Relay House, and finally report to Major Wharton, U. S. A., the mustering officer at Baltimore. Must wait for red tape.

July 28th. Second United States Cavalry arrived, and we took up our last mounted march, happy, as we

looked forward to our free Northern homes; but oh! how filled with saddening, unutterable emotions, as we looked backward upon the battle fields and prisons where silently slept our martyred comrades—brothers never to return—brothers never to be forgotten.

Leaving Monrovia at seven in the morning, at evening we encamped near the Catholic College, close by Carrol Manor. Here we were kindly received and entertained by the Professors, who, as we left them, gave us the "God bless you."

July 29th. Reached the Relay House at ten, and encamped. Now came the glad ceremonies of mustering out. Our horses were sent to Baltimore. By August 2d our muster rolls were completed. All property not retained by the men was transferred to the Government. Our organic life as a war body terminated. Our pen feels a thrill as we write this sentence.

When mustered out the strength of the command was:

1. Present. Officers, 11; men, 295.
2. Absent. Officers, 2; men, 70.

Aggregate, 378.

August 2d. The muster out officer was Captain D. L. Beckwith. Our muster out dated August 3d. At seven in the evening we took train for Baltimore, where, after refreshments, at ten at night we hastened on, bidding adieu to Maryland—"My Maryland"—and the mountains and scenes of Virginia, now sinking in the distance to the outward eye, but never to cease in the view of memory.

August 3d. Reached Philadelphia at nine in the morning, where we received a warm and bountiful breakfast. God bless the patriotic, large-hearted Philadelphians. At eleven A. M. we took cars that landed us in New York at five in the evening, where we found

quarters at the Battery. In the New York papers appeared handsome notices of our command, with mention of the battles on our roll.

August 4th. Shared the kindness and services of Colonel Almy, our State Agent at New York, a man ever on the alert to do all in his power for our troops as they passed through that city. Embarked at five in the evening on steamer Oceanus, of the Neptune line, and turned swiftly towards the Plantations of Little Rhody.

August 5th. Every man astir before reaching Newport. To look on Rhody's shores was good for the eyes: who can tell how good to our hearts? Narragansett Bay was never so fair to us as on this summer morning: no war bugles broke on its silence; all was sweet peace.

Reaching Providence at six in the morning, we were met by the Providence Horse Guards and escorted to Washington Hall, where a fine collation was furnished under the tasteful direction of Colonel Henry Crandall, Assistant Commissary-General. Our happy band enlivened our march and moved the cheers of citizens by the choicest strains—the music of loyalty—the music of freedom—the music of victory—the music of home. After hearty greetings, we were dismissed till orders should be sent to re-assemble in Providence to be paid off.

August 11th. Henly A. Allen (Troop A) died of disease, in Providence.

August 15th. Assembled at barracks in the Cove Grounds, and were paid off by Major Hapgood, the men receiving, in due official form, their honorable discharges. And surely the "honorable" had been earned. The bugles that were first blown in September, 1861, calling us to arms in defense of freedom and our priceless, beneficent Government, and had so often rallied us to great and desperate battles, now sounded the sweet re-

call to peace and home, while our nation had proclaimed "liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." With inexpressible joy and pride we now turned to hang our sabres and spurs in the halls of our thrice hallowed homes.

During our term of service, first and last, there had been connected with the command one thousand, five hundred and fifty-one men: eleven hundred and twenty-two with the Rhode Island battalions, four hundred and twenty-nine with the New Hampshire battalion.

Of the original members of the regiment that left the State in March, 1862, one hundred and twenty-three returned with the command; eighty-three of them had been prisoners—some of them twice, and thirty-seven of them had been wounded. With the command returned only three of the original officers; two of them had been wounded, the other had been a prisoner. The roll of our battles, which we subjoin, may also speak for us.

LIST OF ENCOUNTERS WITH THE ENEMY.

1.	Near Warrenton Junction,	April 16, 1862.
2.	Rappahannock Crossing,	April 18, 1862.
3.	Front Royal,	May 30, 1862.
4.	Columbia Bridge,	June 2, 1862.
5.	Miller's Bridge,	June 4, 1862.
6.	Mountain Road,	June 9, 1862.
7.	Cedar Mountain,	August 9, 1862.
8.	North Rappahannock,	August 21, 1862.
9.	Catlett Station,	August 21, 1862.
10.	Rappahannock Station,	August 23, 1862.
11.	Sulphur Springs,	August 26, 1862.
12.	Groveton,	August 28, 1862.
13.	Second Bull Run,	August 30, 1862.
14.	Chantilly,	September 1, 1862.

15.	White's Ford,	October 12, 1862.
16.	Mountville,	October 31, 1862.
17.	Hazee Run,	November 16, 1862.
18.	Fredericksburg,	December 13, 1862.
19.	Hartwood Church,	February 25, 1863.
20.	Kelly's Ford,	March 17, 1863.
21.	Near Kelly's Ford,	April 29, 1863.
22.	Rapidan River,	May 1, 1863.
23.	Ellis Ford,	May 4, 1863.
24.	Brandy Station,	June 9, 1863.
25.	Middleburg,	June 17, 1863.
26.	Jones Cross Roads,	July 10, 1863.
27.	Hazel Run,	September 13, 1863.
28.	Rapidan Station,	September 14, 1863.
29.	Near Warrenton,	October 12, 1863.
30.	Near Auburn,	October 14, 1863.
31.	Bristoe Station,	October 14, 1863.
32.	Beverly Ford,	December 1, 1863.
33.	Bowling Green,	May 29, 1864.
34.	White House Landing,	June 20, 1864.
35.	Deep Bottom,	July 28, 1864.
36.	Berryville,	August 13, 1864.
37.	Near Front Royal,	August 16, 1864.
38.	Halltown,	August 22, 1864.
39.	Shepardstown,	August 25, 1864.
40.	White Post,	September 4, 1864.
41.	Opequan,	September 19, 1864.
42.	Luray,	September 24, 1864.
43.	Waynesboro,	September 28, 1864.
44.	Fisher's Hill,	October 9, 1864.
45.	Cedar Creek,	October 19, 1864.
46.	Near Winchester,	November 10, 1864.
47.	Near Mount Jackson,	November 23, 1864.
48.	Second Waynesboro,	March 2, 1865.

49.	Mount Jackson,	March 7, 1865.
50.	Ashland,	March 15, 1865.
51.	Five Forks,	April 1, 1865.
52.	Deep Creek,	April 3, 1865.
53.	Jettersville,	April 4, 1865.
54.	Sailor's Creek,	April 6, 1865.
55.	Appomattox Depot,	April 8, 1865.
56.	Appomattox Court House,	April 9, 1865.

PATRIOT SERVICE.

Henceforth be the flag of our country respected;
  The breasts of the free are a shield for the right;
By lords and by monarchs though scorned and neglected,
  Yet here has the true been defended by might.

Forever the graves of our martyrs shall witness
  That virtue and valor are twin in our land;
The rule of the people has proven its fitness
  Not less for self-sacrifice than for command.

To us the Great Ruler of nations has given
  A mission of majesty fraught with renown—
To reach the grand goal for which nations have striven—
  Exalting the banner that kings have trod down.

That ensign now floats on our hills in its beauty,
  And hailed as a symbol and pledge by the world
That the free and the brave shall be crowned in their duty,
  While Slavery's hosts from the earth shall be hurled.

Let far generations declare the devotion
  Of all who for Freedom poured forth their life blood;
And, inheriting spirits of kindred emotion,
  Lay as freely their gifts on the altar of God.

CHAPTER LXIII.

ARMY HYMNS.

AT the urgent request of the veterans of the regiment we here insert most of the little hymns written for the command by the Chaplain, and printed in 32mo form, and pasted into our pocket Bibles and Testaments. How many sacred, tender Sabbath services and funeral occasions they will recall. A few of the minor stanzas are omitted, as are the passages of Scripture at the head of the hymns in the original manual.

ARMY HYMN.

S. M. TUNE—*St. Thomas.*

When fled the pilgrim band
  From tyranny and wrong,
They sought, Great God, thy guiding hand,
  And raised to Thee their song.

Along this western strand,
  Inspired by love to Thee,
With costly sacrifice they planned
  A home for Liberty.

To Freedom's sons, O Lord,
  The strength and courage give
To wield, in righteousness, the sword,
  That Freedom still may live.

Helmet and shield be Thou;—
  Thine arm our mighty stay,—
Till every hostile force shall bow,
  And truth hold peaceful sway.

ARMY HYMN.

L. M. TUNE—*Old Hundred.*

Thee we adore, Eternal King,
  Whose word to worlds their order gave;
Thy wisdom, power, and grace we sing,
  And trust Thy arm alone to save.

The holy armies of the skies
  Delight Thy mandates to fulfill;
So let the hosts of earth arise,
  And joyful wait to do Thy will.

Our fathers in the camp and field
  Were wont to pray and hymn Thy praise;
Be Thou alike to us a shield,—
  O'er us Thy mighty banner raise.

Our sins forgive, our foes subdue,
  Our rulers bless, our country own;
O guide us safe life's warfare through
  And prove the mercy of Thy throne.

ARMY HYMN.

C. M. TUNE—*Coronation.*

Thy people in their camps of yore
  Declared, Great God, Thy praise;
The cloudy pillar moved before
  Through all their dangerous ways.

Before us in each conflict go—
  Thine arm success imparts;
Subdue around us every foe
  And change disloyal hearts.

In days of sacrifice and war
  Thy hand led forth our sires;
Once more, O Lord, to bless appear,
  And guard our altar fires.

Far hence remove our nation's guilt;
  Let Treason be o'erthrown;
Our State in Thy great name be built,
  And wide Thy grace be known.

ARMY HYMN.

7's. TUNE—*Pleyel's Hymn.*

Father, wondrous in thy ways,
Hear our humble notes of praise;
Thine the power and thine the grace,
Whence the nations draw success.

When thine ancient servants prayed,
All Thy foes were sore dismayed;
Washington in prayer was found;
Thou the patriot struggle crowned.

Guide our armies in the field;
O'er them spread Thy mighty shield;
Bid them battle for the right;
Arm them with victorious might.

Break each false Confederate league;
Breathe success round Freedom's flag;
Law and love on earth enthrone,—
All the praise shall be thine own.

ARMY HYMN.

H. M. TUNE—*Lenox.*

Exalted be Thy name,
  Eternal God, our King;
Thy mercy be our theme,
  While we Thy sceptre sing.
At Thy command let mortals rise,
And lift their anthems to the skies.

When Israel was Thy choice
And keeper of Thy law,
Earth heard Thy mighty voice
And nations stood in awe;
A bannered host at Thy behest
Possessed, by arms, the land of rest.

Be Thou our help, O God,
Against each desperate foe;
Destroy oppression's rod
By justice's righteous blow;
Redeem our land from every wrong,
And praise shall rise from every tongue.

ARMY HYMN.

6's and 4's. TUNE—*America.*

O, Lord, inspire each heart
To act the loyal part
To man and Thee;
Thy spirit and Thy word,
More potent than the sword,
Be round us like a guard,
And make us free.

Throughout our land be known
The favor of Thy throne
For liberty.
Preserve our equal laws;
Maintain our righteous cause;
Determine Freedom's wars
In victory.

Through all our warrior host,
Be this our only boast,—
"Thy will be done."
And when life's war is o'er,
Receive us evermore
Upon the heavenly shore,
Through Christ Thy Son.

ARMY HYMN.

8's, 7's and 4's. TUNE—*Greenville.*

Mighty Ruler, all commanding,
Reigning on thy heavenly throne,
Forth to earth Thy spirit sending,
Winning conquests for Thy Son,
Lead our armies
Till rebellion be cast down.

Let thy angels, by direction,
Round our loyal forces tent,
Granting all divine protection
Till the battle storm be spent;
Lead our armies;
Guide us till our foes relent.

Let Thy gospel, freely sounding
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Speedy stay all human wounding;
Claim our country as Thy own;
Lead our armies
Till Thy righteous will be done.

ARMY HYMN.

S. M. TUNE—*No More Sorrow There.*

O honored native land,
Home famed afar and blest,
Enshrined before me thou dost stand,
In hallowed memories drest.

Chorus—Fair land the pilgrims trod,
Dear home of noble sires,
Land bought by sacred patriot blood,
And lit by Freedom's fires.

Long live the dear domain,
Where truth strikes free her chords,
And lifts to God the glad refrain,
For all his rich awards.

Fair land, &c.

O Sovereign Ruler, own
  Our heartfelt, patriot lay;
Our land with constant blessings crown,
  And lead us in Thy way.
    Fair land, &c.

ARMY HYMN.

8's and 7's. TUNE—*Wilmot.*

In Thy statutes, Saviour, lead us,
  Like thine ancient chosen host;
On the march of life succeed us,
  That our souls in Thee may boast.

In the Christian's armor dress us;
  Bid our sins and foes retire;
In our camps and conflicts bless us,—
  Lead us with Thy cloud and fire.

For our glory be our warring—
  All our victories crowned with right;
Truth upon our standard bearing,
  Give us conquest through Thy might.

Guide o'er hill and plain and river;
  Grant us courage to endure;
Safe our souls at last deliver
  Victors on the heavenly shore.

ARMY HYMN.

7's and 6's. TUNE—*Yarmouth.*

The Lord lift up our banner
  And grant our arms success,
That loud be our hosanna
  In honor of his grace;—
The grace that conquers sinning
  And clothes the soul with might,
For duty and for winning
  In battling for the right.

O chant the heavenly story—
  Our hope of liberty;
The cross be all our glory
  And pledge of victory;—
The law of God our banner—
  The love of Christ our song—
Then shout we our hosanna
  And roll the strain along.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M. TUNE—*Old Hundred.*

Conspire ye powers of heaven and earth
To set Jehovah's glory forth;
Let every tongue of every host
Bless Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

C. M. TUNE—*Ortonville.*

In Him alone let armies boast,
  From whom proceeds all power;
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
  Be praise for evermore.

FOR BURIAL SERVICE.

TUNE—*Hebron.*

Thus dust to dust and earth to earth,
  We lay our brother down to rest;
Yet God shall call the body forth
  To be with life immortal dressed.

Our Manual of Song, under the text, "The Lord is our shield," was printed in Providence, by A. Crawford Greene. The order of services for our worship was printed on the cover. The date of the manual was, "Camp Hallett, R. I., November 18, 1861."

CHAPTER LXIV.

OUR FALLEN COMRADES.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Captain WILLIAM P. AINSWORTH.
First Lieutenant L. D. GOVE.
Second Lieutenant JOSEPH A. CHEDELL, Jr.
" " H. L. NICOLAI.
" " CHARLES A. SAWYER.
" " JAMES P. TAYLOR.
" " GEORGE T. SLOCUM.
" " JOHN L. PERLEY, Jr.
Quartermaster-Sergeant GEORGE W. HARRIS.

SERGEANTS.

JOHN H. AUSTIN,
JOHN S. BROWN,
R. V. BARROWS,
CHARLES B. DELANAH,
J. FITZGERALD,
M. L. PARMERTER,
GEORGE P. STREETER.

CORPORALS.

THOMAS BURTON,
GEORGE W. GORTON,
E. P. GARDNER,
J. C. KIERNAN,
ALLEN R. PAYNE,
J. R. PETERSON,
GEORGE T. REYNOLDS.
JOSEPH W. VINCENT.

CHAPTER LXV.

ROLL OF THE REGIMENT.

FIELD AND STAFF.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Colonels.			
Robert B. Lawton,	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged July 1, 1862.
Alfred N. Duffie,	Staten Island, N. Y.	July 6, 1862.	Brig.-General of Volunteers, June 24, 1863.
Lieutenant-Colonels.			
Willard Sayles,	Providence, R. I.	Feb. 22, 1862.	Resigned July 7, 1862.
John L. Thompson,	New Hampshire.		Resigned March 24, 1864.
Majors.			
Willard Sayles,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Lieutenant-Colonel, Feb. 21, 1862.
William Sanford,	" "	" "	Resigned June 14, 1862.
John L. Thompson,	New Hampshire.		Lieutenant-Colonel, July 11, 1862.
Robert C. Anthony,	Providence, R. I.	April 1, 1862.	Resigned July 7, 1862.
John Whipple, Jr.,	New York, N. Y.	July 27, 1862.	Resigned Feb. 17, 1863.
D. B. Nelson,	New Hampshire.		Resigned June, 1862.

Edmund C. Burt,	New Orleans.		Mustered out Aug. 7, 1862.
Preston M. Farrington,	Providence, R. I.		Wounded March 17, 1863, at battle of Kelly's Ford, Va.; mustered out Dec. 13, 1864.
Stephen R. Swett,	New Hampshire.		Resigned April 7, 1863.
William H. Turner, Jr.,	Warren, R. I.	March 1, 1863.	Mustered out Nov. 18, 1864.
Adjutants.			
John Whipple, Jr.,	New York, N. Y.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Captain Troop D, Feb. 21, 1862.
Augustus W. Corliss,	Waltham, Mass.		Never mustered.
Charles S. Treat,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 16, 1861.	Resigned Nov. 30, 1862.
Ezra B. Parker,	New Hampshire.		Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; resigned May 31, 1864.
Charles E. Blanchard,	Washington, D. C.	Sept. 17, 1864.	Mustered out Dec. 18, 1864.
Quartermaster.			
Charles A. Leonard,	Pawtucket, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out May 13, 1865.
Commissary.			
Leonard B. Pratt,	Providence, "		Mustered out Dec. 14, 1864.
Surgeons.			
Timothy Newell,	" "	Nov. 4, 1861.	Resigned May 23, 1862.
James B. Greeley,	New Hampshire.		Wounded Aug. 21, 1862; honorably discharged Aug. 31, 1862.
William H. Wilbur,	Westerly, R. I.		Mustered out Dec. 21, 1864.
Assistant Surgeons.			
James B. Greeley,	New Hampshire.	Dec. 3, 1861.	Surgeon June 4, 1862.
Augustine A. Mann,	Central Falls, R. I.	June 12, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 24, 1864.
Albert Utter,	Westerly, "	Jan. 20, 1863.	Trans. to new organization Dec. 21, 1864.
Chaplains.			
Frederic Denison,	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Resigned Jan. 19, 1863.
Ethan R. Clarke,			Mustered out Dec. 21, 1864.

FIELD AND STAFF—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Sergeant-Majors.			
Alfred S. Childs,	New Haven, Conn.		2d Lieutenant Troop A, Dec. 6, 1862.
Joseph W. Dewey,	Hanover, N. H.		Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st Lieut. Troop G, Oct. 24, 1864.
John R. Umfreville,	Warren, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	1st Lieutenant Troop H, Nov. 29, 1864.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Charles E. Ellison,	Roxbury, Mass.		Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to new organization Dec. 21, 1864.
Commissary-Sergeants.			
Eli C. Marsh,	New Hampshire.		Transferred to V. R. C. Nov. 1, 1863.
Samuel C. Willis,			1st Lieutenant Troop F, Oct. 24, 1864.
Thomas A. Richards,	Providence, R. I.	Nov. 11, 1861.	Trans. to new organization Dec. 21, 1864.
Hospital Steward.			
Edward C. Capwell,		Aug. 8, 1862.	" " " " "
Saddler Sergeant.			
John A. Babcock,			Disch. Oct. 6, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.
Chief Trumpeters.			
Edward H. Gurney,			" Feb. 25, 1863, " "
John W. Day,			Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; paroled; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; discharged to receive promotion.
William R. Kay,		Nov. 1, 1862.	Trans. to new organization Dec. 21, 1864.

FIRST BATTALION.

Quartermaster.			
Leonard B. Pratt,	Providence, R. I.		Appointed Regimental Commissary.
Sergeant-Major.			
Edward E. Chase.		Dec. 14, 1861.	2d Lieut., Battalion Adjutant, Feb. 14, 1862; 1st Lieut., Troop E, Aug. 4, 1862.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Benjamin Weaver		" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Commissary Sergeants.			
Samuel P. Mason.			Transferred to Troop E.
James P. Taylor.		" "	2d Lieutenant Troop C, Dec. 24, 1861.
Hospital Steward.			
Nathaniel G. Stanton.		" "	Mustered out Sept. 12, 1862.
Saddler Sergeant.			
Frederic Ocherhausen.			Not accounted for on the rolls.
Veterinary Surgeon.			
Crawford A. Scranton.		Sept. 18, 1862.	Transferred to Non-Commissioned Staff, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Veterinary Sergeant.			
William Spooner.		Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Aug. 30, 1863.

SECOND BATTALION

Sergeant-Major.			
James W. Henrys.		Dec. 14, 1861.	2d Lieutenant Troop L, Dec. 21, 1862; resigned in accordance with special orders.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Thomas Manchester.		" "	Transferred to Troop L.
Commissary-Sergeant.			
Ira Wakefield.		" "	Transferred to Troop G.
Hospital Steward.			
Joseph A. Chedell.			2d Lieutenant Troop C, Jan. 1, 1863.

THIRD BATTALION.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Battalion Adjutant.			
George T. Cram,	Boston, Mass.		Resigned June 6, 1862.
Sergeant-Majors.			
Charles C. Harris.			Not accounted for on rolls.
Eugene M. Bowman.			Transferred to Troop K as Sergeant.
Quartermaster-Sergeants.			
Jacob B. Cooke.			2d Lieutenant Troop H, Aug. 4, 1862; 1st Lieutenant Troop C, Feb. 13, 1863.
Henry E. Newton.			Not accounted for on rolls.
Commissary Sergeant.			
Eli C. Marsh.			Regimental Com.-Sergt.; trans. to V. R. C.
Hospital Steward.			
Edwin D. White.			Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Dec. 29, 1864.
Veterinary Sergeant.			
Edward Brown.			In Troop K.

TROOP A.

Captains.			
Joseph J. Gould,	Middletown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to Troop G.
Joshua Vose,	Westerly, "	July 20, 1862.	Mustered out Dec. 6, 1864.
First Lieutenants.			
William H. Turner, Jr.,	Warren, "	Nov. 18, 1862.	Captain Troop H, Feb. 21, 1862.
James P. Vose,	Newport, "	Feb. 22, 1862.	Resigned Dec. 28, 1862.

Lothrop B. Shurtliff,	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 14, 1863.	Mustered out Dec. 6, 1864.
Andrew G. Lorimer,	" "	Dec. 2, 1864.	Transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Second Lieutenants.			
James P. Vose,		Dec. 14, 1861.	1st Lieutenant Troop A, Feb. 21, 1862.
Leonard B. Pratt,	" "		Transferred to Troop I.
Richard J. Burgess,	" "	" "	1st Lieutenant Troop F, Dec. 6, 1862.
Alfred S. Childs,			Dismissed the service Aug. 24, 1863.
Quartermaster Sergeants.			
Ambrose W. Sweet,	Newport, "	" "	Wounded April 14, 1862; disch. June 13, '62.
George H. Harris,			Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; died May 19, 1864, in hospital.
Sergeants.			
Henry S. Nicolai,	Newport, "	" "	2d Lieut. Troop M, Nov. 3, 1862; killed March 17, 1863.
John R. Umfreville,	Warren, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; severely wounded; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Sergeant-Major.
Charles E. Blanchard,		" "	Q. M. Sergt., 2d Lieut. Troop C, June 24, '63.
John F. Scott,	Newport, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 28, 1864.
Jonathan W. Pratt,	Lensington, Me.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; 2d Lieut. Third R. I. Cavalry, Aug. 7, 1863.
Corporals.			
Edward A. Kelley,	Newport, R. I.	" "	Sergeant; wounded Sept. 14, 1863; mustered out Nov. 12, 1864.
Henry B. Hammond,	" "	" "	2d Lieutenant July 16, 1863; not mustered.
Daniel W. Joshlyne,	Oneida, N. Y.	" "	Discharged Nov. 30, 1862.
George T. Slocum,	Middletown, R I.	" "	2d Lieut. May 14, 1863; not mustered; taken prisoner Dec. 1, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga.
George W. Curtis,	Peacedale, "	" "	Prisoner Aug. 27, 1862; deserted July 5, '63.

TROOP A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Corporals—Continued.			
Charles G. Sweet,	Middletown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to V. R. C. Nov. 15, 1863.
Peter W. Wilkie,	Newport, "	" "	Sergt.; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Navy April 7, 1864.
Allen C. Sweeting,	Valley Falls, "	" "	Taken prisoner Dec. 1, 1863; exchanged; transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864, as Sergeant.
Musicians.			
Owen Dooner.		" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
William M. Mowry,	E. Greenwich, "	" "	Discharged at Camp Arnold.
James H. Collins,	Boston, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner Nov. 13, 1863; transferred to Troop D, new organization Dec. 21, 1864.
William R. Hay.			Trans. from Troop F; Chief Trumpeter, and trans. to N. C. Staff, Aug. 1, 1864.
Farriers.			
Chauncey L. Salsbury,	Burrillville, R. I.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Martin W. Curley.		" "	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 21, 1863.
William F. Peck,	Providence, "	Jan. 16, 1862.	Transferred from Troop F; transferred to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Saddlers.			
Edward F. Brown,	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Feb. 10, 1862.
Lewis R. Whiting.		" "	Re-enlisted March 12, 1864; transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.

Wagoner.			
William H. Angell,	Scituate, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Privates.			
Adams, John	Ireland,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Dec. 2, 1864.
Atkinson, John	New Castle, Del.	July 26, 1862.	Transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Brown, Samuel	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Burdick, Isaac F.		" "	Discharged Sept. 3, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Brown, Jerry H.		Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Bateman, Charles	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Nov. 23, 1864.
Bachelor, Charles H.	Northampton, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted June 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Borden, Holden B.	Tiverton, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; " " June 18, " " " " Oct. 12, " " re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Babcock, J. A.		Aug. 8, 1862.	Saddler Sergeant, March 10, 1863.
Bliss, Charles C.	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to Troop C.
Cooke, William H.	Dutchess, N. Y.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; taken prisoner Sept. 24, 1864; exchanged; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Capwell, Edward C.	Hopkinton, R. I.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Hospital Steward, April 1, 1863.
Colvin, Stephen G.	Scituate, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Nov. 5, 1864.
Cross, John J.	England,	Mar. 10, 1862	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Caswell, Allen C.	Taunton, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted June 18, 1862.

TROOP A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Caughlan, Jeremiah	Ireland,	Feb. 19, 1862.	Corporal; wounded Sept. 14, 1863; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Dawley, Whitman	Jamestown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged May 26, 1862.
Dunmore, Charles A.	Newport, "	" "	Deserted Feb., 1862.
Eldridge, James P. O.	" "	" "	Deserted July 5, 1862; returned from desertion June 6, 1865; trans to Troop D, new organization.
Eagan, Nicholas	Westerly, "	Aug. 14, 1862.	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Falker, George		" "	Transferred to Troop F, Sept. 1, 1863.
Fuller, Freeman L.	Sutton, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new org., Oct. 21, 1864.
Grennelle, Charles H.	Jamestown, R. I.	" "	Discharged Jan. 10, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Gould, Charles E.	E. Douglas, Mass.	" "	Prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; exchanged; prisoner March 31, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Gould, Amos	" "	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 12, 1864.
Goddard, Abraham F.	Holden, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Gougenham, John	Germany,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

Gorton, Charles A.	Pawtucket, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to Batt. at Camp Arnold.
Godfrey, Othello W.	Seekonk, Mass.	" "	Mustered out Dec. 4, 1864.
Harrington, Samuel F.	Newport, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Aug. 27, 1862; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 7, 1864.
Hudson, Cyrus M.	S. Wilbraham, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Deserted April 7, 1864.
Hunt, Caleb W.	Valley Falls, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Nov. 13, 1863; died Aug. 1, 1864, in prison at Andersonville, Ga.
Hickie, John, Jr.	Boston, Mass.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Herrick, William A.	Voluntown, Conn.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Herrick, Amos H.	Holland, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; " " June 18, " " " " Oct. 12, " " Nov. 27, 1864; mustered out Jan. 15, '65.
Irving, Thomas G.	Richmond, Vt.	" "	Deserted Aug. 1, 1862.
Knowlton, Daniel W.	Ireland,	" "	Discharged Feb. 4, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Kenyon, John			Drowned Aug. 28, 1863, at Alexandria, Va.
Keating, William	"	" "	Mustered out Oct. 28, 1864.
King, Gilbert F.	Suffield, Conn.	" "	Discharged April 4, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Kay, William R.			Chief Trumpeter Nov. 1, 1864.
Lewis, Courtland		Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Linerhan, Thomas	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 29, 1864.
Lyon, William	E. Douglas, Mass.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Leach, M.		" "	Missing in action Oct. 12, 1863, supposed captured.
Lynch, Michael C.	Ireland,	" "	Taken pris. June 18, '63; exch.; taken pris. Oct. 12, '63; exch.; taken pris. March 31, '64; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Munroe, William G.	Portsmouth, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged April 2, 1864, on Surg. certif.
Myer, William E.	Prussia,	" "	Mustered out Oct. 28, 1864.
Martin, George H.	Westerly, "	Aug. 13, 1862.	Prisoner Nov. 13, 1863; taken pris. June 18, 1863; exchanged; transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Monroe, Thomas C.	Newport, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Munroe, Samuel P.	N. Kingstown, "	" "	Wounded Oct. 14, 1863; re-enlisted March 28, 1864; transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Millington, James W.	Rhode Island,	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; " " Nov. 13, " transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Nolan, Bernard	Ireland,	" "	Deserted at Camp Arnold, Dec. 1861.
Oatley, Edward F.	Narragansett, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Peck, William	Providence, "	Jan. 16, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Pierce, Charles E.	Portsmouth, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Jan. 26, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Pendleton, Edward B.	Westerly, "	Aug. 15, 1862.	Prisoner June 18, '63; exch.; trans. to V. R. C, March 19, '64; mustered out Aug. 22, '65.
Quinn, William J.	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Dec. 2, 1864.
Raynor, John G.	Westerly, R. I.	Aug. 6, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Rathbone, Albert J.	Southbridge, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged March 12, 1862.

Rawcliffe, Joseph W.	Wrentham, Mass.	Mar. 12, 1862.	Taken prisoner Nov. 13, 1863; died Feb. 23, 1864, at Danville, Va.
Rathbone, Jeremiah	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Dec. 1, " died at Andersonville, Ga., July 31, 1864.
Ripley, John S.	Westerly, "	Aug. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; paroled; not accounted for on the rolls.
Smith, Philip B.	Newport, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Pris. Dec. 1, 1863; died at Andersonville, Ga.
Slocum, Stephen F.	" "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 26, 1864.
Scullon, Edward	Ireland,	" "	Discharged July, 1862.
Sanders, Charles H.	Stonington, Conn.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Discharged Nov. 30, 1862.
Salisbury, Chauncey M.	Scituate, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Dec. 4, 1864.
Salisbury, Samuel	Burrillville, R. I.	" "	Died Dec. 13, 1862, at Falmouth, Va.
Soule, Edward B.	Stonington, Conn.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Sullivan, John	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Tucker, William A.	Smithfield, R. I.	" "	Discharged Feb. 1862.
Tallman, William H.	Tiverton, "	" "	Corporal; Sergeant; taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; transferred to Troop F, Sept. 1, 1863.
Vincent, Joseph W.	Westerly, "	Aug. 8, 1862.	Corporal; wounded March 17, 1863; died March 26, 1863, of wounds.
Wright, Samuel G.	England,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 26, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Wood, Thomas J.	E. Douglas, Mass.	" "	Discharged Dec., 1861, at Camp Arnold.
Wadkins, Albert J.	Douglas, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
West, George W.	Warwick, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Dec. 1, 1863; transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Wilcox, Nathan S.	Charlestown, Mass.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, '64.

TROOP A—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
West, Hiram	Warwick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; prisoner Mar. 31, 1864; transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Winsor, John	Smithfield, "	" "	Died July 22, 1862.
York, Isaac F.	Westerly, "	Aug. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Dec. 1, " transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP B.

Captains.			
E. C Burt,		Dec. 14, 1861.	Major July 11, 1862.
Augustus H. Bixby,	Francistown, N. H.	July 15, 1862.	Transferred to Troop D, Jan. 14, 1863.
Charles H. Thayer,	Providence, R. I.	Feb. 14, 1863.	Wounded and taken prisoner March 17, 1863; mustered out Dec. 21, 1864.
First Lieutenants.			
Allen Baker, Jr.,	" "	Oct. 9, 1861.	Captain Troop E, July 15, 1862.
Hiram P. Barker,	Boston, Mass.	Aug. 5, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; mustered out Dec., 1864.
Second Lieutenants.			
Richard J. Burgess,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to Troop A.
Charles C. Leonard,	Pawtucket, "	July 15, 1862.	1st Lieutenant Troop E, March 1, 1863.
George W. Darling,	Providence, "	March 1, 1863.	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Edmund C. Gladding,	Pawtucket, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Oct. 18, 1864.

Sergeants.			
James A. Smith,	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Not accounted for on rolls.
John R. Arnold,	" "	" "	Discharged Oct. 6, 1862.
Thomas A. Harris,	Canada,	" 15, 1862.	Q. M. Sergt. Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Thomas A. Earle,	Pawtucket, R. I.	" 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Owen L. Leach,	Providence, "	" "	Not accounted for on rolls.
John E. Bennett,	" "	" "	Wounded March 17, 1863; mustered out Oct. 9, 1864.
Corporals.			
Stephen Booth,	" "	" "	Not accounted for on rolls.
Richard A. Angell,	" "	" "	" " " " "
John S. Brown,	Attleboro, Mass.	" "	Sergeant; taken prisoner Aug. 20, 1862; killed in battle Aug. 14, 1863.
Stephen H. Pickering,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Sergeant Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Willard H. Bates,	Warwick, "	" "	Sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
John W. Leckie,	Pawtucket, "	" "	Mustered out Oct. 18, 1864.
James O. Skinner,	Providence, "	" "	Transferred to V. R. C., July 1, 1863.
Elisha G. Lawton,	Cranston, "	" "	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 2d Lieutenant Troop H, 3d Rhode Island Cavalry, April 12, 1864.
Musicians.			
Kinder Fish,	River Point, "	" "	Discharged June 18, 1862, on Surg, certif.
Joseph W. Pulsifer,	Boston, Mass.	" 17, "	" Dec. 13, " "
Oliver S. Adams,	Reading, "	" 14, "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Farriers.			
Henry Randall,	Foster, R. I.	" "	Discharged.
Leonard F. Wood,	" "	" "	Transferred to V. R. C. Aug. 1, 1863.

TROOP B—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Saddler.			
Daniel A. Smith,	Smithfield, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Wagoner.			
Henry A. Whitaker,	Fiskeville, "	" "	Mustered out Oct. 9, 1864.
Privates.			
Allen, Moses R.	New York, N. Y.	" "	Wounded at Luray, Va.; disch. Sept. 23, '62.
Allen, James R.	" "	" "	Corporal; discharged April 20, 1863, to accept promotion.
Andrews, Crawford G.	Coventry, R. I.	" "	Mustered out Dec. 14, 1864.
Angell, Jesse W.	Smithfield, "	" "	Killed, thrown from horse, Aug. 13, 1864.
Brown, Charles W.	Coventry, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 14, 1864.
Burke, James A.	New York, N. Y.	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; exchanged Dec. 3, 1864.
Burdick, Isaac F.		Aug. 8, 1862.	Transferred to Troop A.
Barber, Ezra S.	Warwick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged.
Babcock, Joseph A.		Aug. 8, 1862.	Discharged.
Bennett, George	Foster, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged May 28, 1864, on Surg. certif.
Bates, Elijah B.	Worcester, Mass.	" "	Died April 17, 1862, at Warrenton Junction.
Crocker, Thomas C.	Brewster, "	" "	Discharged May 20, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Cummings, George F.	Auburn, "	" "	Corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Crane, Thomas	Ireland,	" "	Discharged June 30, 1863.
Church, Benedict G.	Hopkinton, "	Aug. 7, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, '64.

Chase, Amos B.	Bristol, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 30, 1862.
Carey, Thomas F.	Ireland.	" "	Not accounted for on rolls.
43 Carpenter Oscar N.	Lonsdale, R. I.,	" 17, "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Cunningham, Patrick		Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Dowd, Oliver	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged.
Draper Alvin A.		Oct. 25, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Dec. 27, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Doyle, James		Nov. 28, 1862.	Deserted Dec. 11, 1862.
Eldridge, Ransom F.	Central Falls, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Ernest, Henry	Olneyville, "	" 2, 1862.	Deserted Jan. 1, 1864.
Fitzmorris, Charles		Nov. 28, 1862.	Deserted Dec. 11, 1862.
Field, Henry	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Fairbanks, Manfred	Warwick, "	March 10, 1862.	Discharged Oct. 7, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Graves, Charles A.	Allendale, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Died Dec. 26, 1861, of typhoid fever.
Gavit, Philetus O.	Coventry, "		Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Gallagher, Michael	Providence, "	" "	Deserted March 13, 1862.
Hacket, John	" "	" "	Discharged Aug. 31, 1862.
Hawkins, George C.	" "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Hendrick, Whipple W.	Cranston, "	" "	Wounded and taken prisoner March 17, 1863; mustered out Oct. 14, 1864.
Johnson, Welcome A.	Allendale, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP B—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Kenyon, John T.	Hopkinton, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Oct. 4, 1864.
Kelley, John		Nov. 28, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Kittelle, James	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; died July 6, at Andersonville, Ga.
Kelley, John	" "	" "	Mustered out Dec. 2, 1864.
Luther, James H.	Providence, "	" "	Mustered out Oct. 9, 1864.
Lovell, Isaac B.	Allendale, "	March 3, 1862.	Re-enlisted March 9, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Leedham, John	Lonsdale, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863 paroled; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Luther, Samuel O.	Providence, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Mathewson, Amasa L.	Scituate, "	" "	Bugler; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Meyers, George W.	Bristol, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; paroled; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization Dec. 21, 1864.
Moon, William	Providence, "	Feb. 24, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Moshier, Joseph H.	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Monegan, James		Aug. 4, 1862.	Transferred to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21 1864.
Medbury, Abram S.	Allendale, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged March 16, 1864, on Surg. certif.

Meyers, Edward B.	Bristol, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Aug. 20, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Mulick, Charles A.	Providence, R. I.	Feb. 24, 1862.	Deserted Oct. 4, 1863.
McKee, William H.	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Northup, George S.	" "	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; paroled; mustered out Oct. 10, 1864.
Nichols, Harrison T.	W. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; paroled; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Pierce, George M.	Bristol, "	" "	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Pierce, Preserved R.	Warwick, "	" "	Discharged Aug. 5, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Rothwell, John W.	Bristol, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; paroled; taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; exchanged; transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Rourke, John	Providence, R. I.	Sept. 18, 1862.	Trans. to " " " " " " "
Robbins, Albert O.	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Ass't Surg. 2d Reg't R. I. V., Nov. 9, 1863.
Shaw, Cornelius O.		" 3, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Spaulding, George H.	Lonsdale, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Spaulding, John A.	" "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Spence, Eben	Warwick, "	" "	Discharged Aug. 10, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Sheldon, Albert G.	Richmond, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Sutton, William H.	Providence, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 15, 1864.
Thurber, Frank A.	Central Falls, "	" 17, "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP B—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Taylor, Hiram	Olneyville, R. I.	Dec. 15, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Tourjee, William H.	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Taylor, Solomon	Providence, "	" "	Discharged Dec. 24, 1861, on Surg. certif.
Ward, Thomas Jr.	Pawtucket, "	" "	Re-enlisted March 9, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Watson, Charles		Nov. 28, 1862.	Deserted Dec. 11, 1863.
Wilson, William M.	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 9, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Wood, Henry A.	Foster, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Wellspeak, Lewis	Montreal, Canada,	" "	Deserted.
Williams, William J.	Newburyport, Mass.	" "	Transferred to Troop G.
Williams, James	Cranston, R. I.	" "	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 30, 1863.
Wellman, Henry	Olneyville, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 28, 1864.
White, William G.		March 24, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.

TROOP C.

Captains.			
Lycurgus Sayles,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Resigned 1862.
George N. Bliss,	Pawtucket, "	Aug. 4, 1862.	Woun'd and pris., Sept. 28, '64, Waynesboro, Va.; trans. to Troop C, n. org., Dec. 21, '64.

First Lieutenants.			
John Whipple, Jr.	New York, N. Y.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Adj't Dec. 23, 1861; Captain Feb. 21, 1862.
Charles A. Leonard,		Feb. 22, 1862.	Quartermaster.
Charles H. Thayer,		July 15, 1862.	Captain Troop B, Feb. 14, 1863.
Jacob B. Cook,	Charlestown, Mass.	Feb. 14, 1863.	Resigned Sept. 22, 1863.
George A. Robbins,	Hillsboro, N. H.	Oct. 1, 1863.	Transferred to Troop L.
Bernard Ellis,	Washington, D. C.	March 1, 1864.	" " G, Aug. 29, 1864.
Second Lieutenants.			
Charles H. Thayer,		Dec. 14, 1861.	1st Lieutenant Troop C, July, 1862.
James P. Taylor,	Newport, R. I.		Died Aug. 10, 1862.
Edwin Vaughan,	New Hampshire,	Aug. 5, 1862.	1st Lieutenant Troop G, Jan. 1, 1863.
Joseph A. Chedell,	Barrington, R. I.	Jan. 14, 1863.	Killed in action June 18, 1863, near Middleburg, Va.
Charles E. Blanchard,		July 31, 1863.	1st Lieutenant and Adjutant June 1, 1864.
Quartermaster Sergeant.			
Christopher C. Burrows.	Bustead, N. Y.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged to accept a commission in the 22d U. S. C. T., April 20, 1864.
Sergeants.			
Lothrop B. Shurtliff,	Dighton, Mass.	" "	2d Lieutenant Troop E, June 12, 1862.
Raphael Dexter,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Thomas C. Clark,	Hudson, N. Y.	" "	Transferred to Troop E, July 15, 1862.
William T. Holmes,	Long Island, N. Y.	" "	Discharged May 22, 1862.
George T. Moore,	England,	" "	Transferred to Troop F.
Corporals.			
Alvah Eaton,	Cranston, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; mustered out Oct. 5, 1864.
James H. Angell,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Deserted Sept., 1862.
Ichabod W. Cook,	Mendon, Mass.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.

TROOP B—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Taylor, Hiram	Olneyville, R. I.	Dec. 15, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Tourjee, William H.	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Taylor, Solomon	Providence, "	" "	Discharged Dec. 24, 1861, on Surg. certif.
Ward, Thomas Jr.	Pawtucket, "	" "	Re-enlisted March 9, 1864; transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Watson, Charles		Nov. 28, 1862.	Deserted Dec. 11, 1863.
Wilson, William M.	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 9, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Wood, Henry A.	Foster, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Wellspeak, Lewis	Montreal, Canada,	" "	Deserted.
Williams, William J.	Newburyport, Mass.	" "	Transferred to Troop G.
Williams, James	Cranston, R. I.	" "	Transferred to V. R. C. Sept. 30, 1863.
Wellman, Henry	Olneyville, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 28, 1864.
White, William G.		March 24, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.

TROOP C.

Captains.			
Lycurgus Sayles,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Resigned 1862.
George N. Bliss,	Pawtucket, "	Aug. 4, 1862.	Woun'd and pris., Sept. 28, '64, Waynesboro, Va.; trans. to Troop C, n. org., Dec. 21, '64.

First Lieutenants.			
John Whipple, Jr.	New York, N. Y.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Adj't Dec. 23, 1861; Captain Feb. 21, 1862.
Charles A. Leonard,		Feb. 22, 1862.	Quartermaster.
Charles H. Thayer,		July 15, 1862.	Captain Troop B, Feb. 14, 1863.
Jacob B. Cook,	Charlestown, Mass.	Feb. 14, 1863.	Resigned Sept. 22, 1863.
George A. Robbins,	Hillsboro, N. H.	Oct. 1, 1863.	Transferred to Troop L.
Bernard Ellis,	Washington, D. C.	March 1, 1864.	" " G, Aug. 29, 1864.
Second Lieutenants.			
Charles H. Thayer,		Dec. 14, 1861.	1st Lieutenant Troop C, July, 1862.
James P. Taylor,	Newport, R. I.		Died Aug. 10, 1862.
Edwin Vaughan,	New Hampshire,	Aug. 5, 1862.	1st Lieutenant Troop G, Jan. 1, 1863.
Joseph A. Chedell,	Barrington, R. I.	Jan. 14, 1863.	Killed in action June 18, 1863, near Middleburg, Va.
Charles E. Blanchard,		July 31, 1863.	1st Lieutenant and Adjutant June 1, 1864.
Quartermaster Sergeant.			
Christopher C. Burrows.	Bustead, N. Y.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged to accept a commission in the 22d U. S. C. T., April 20, 1864.
Sergeants.			
Lothrop B. Shurtliff,	Dighton, Mass.	" "	2d Lieutenant Troop E, June 12, 1862.
Raphael Dexter,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Thomas C. Clark,	Hudson, N. Y.	" "	Transferred to Troop E, July 15, 1862.
William T. Holmes,	Long Island, N. Y.	" "	Discharged May 22, 1862.
George T. Moore,	England,	" "	Transferred to Troop F.
Corporals.			
Alvah Eaton,	Cranston, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; mustered out Oct. 5, 1864.
James H. Angell,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Deserted Sept., 1862.
Ichabod W. Cook,	Mendon, Mass.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.

TROOP C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Corporals—Continued.			
Martin L. Carey,	Cooper, Me.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Sergeant; 2d Lieut. 3d R. I. Cavalry, Aug. 25, 1863; wounded Sept. 14, 1863; discharged Dec. 24, 1863, on Surgeon's certif.
Christopher H. Shultz,	Boston, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; paroled; mustered out Oct. 11, 1864.
Simeon A. Brown,	Burrillville, R. I.	" "	Sergeant; 2d Lieut. Troop G, Jan. 14, 1863.
William H. Latham,	Smithfield, "	" "	Wounded and taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
William A. Fisk,	E. Greenwich, "	" "	Discharged May 19, 1862.
Musicians.			
Ethan S. Brown,	Smithfield, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Allen T. Brown,	" "	" "	Discharged May 4, 1862.
Farriers.			
Ebenezer L. Briggs,	Dighton, Mass.	" "	Mustered out Oct. 5, 1864.
Asa T. Hicks,	Tiverton, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Saddler.			
Robert A. Hutchinson,	Scotland,	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Wagoner.			
Halsey Ballou,	Cumberland, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

Privates.			
Atwood, Nathan	Warwick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Sergeant; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Aylesworth, Lyman	N. Kingstown, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Brooks, George M.	Schuylerville, N. Y.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Bitgood, Stephen		Sept. 22, 1862.	Discharged Oct. 10, 1862.
Bixby, Russell W.		Aug. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 12, 1863; exchanged; trans. to V. R. C., Sept. 30, 1863; mustered out June 26, 1865.
Brown, John S.	Topsham, Vt.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Burke, James	Smithfield, R. I.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Oct. 12, " died July 23, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Bliss, Charles C.	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred from Troop A; taken prisoner March 17, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Bevar, Joseph	Canada,	" "	Taken pris. Feb. 25, 1863; taken pris. June 18, 1863; trans. to V. R. C., Oct. 12, 1863.
Barlow, William	Ireland,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Bond, Addison S.	Brimfield, Mass.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Barney, William H.	New York, N. Y.	" "	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; mustered out Oct. 17, 1864.
Cook, Henry R.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Corporal; Sergeant; discharged April 17, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.

TROOP C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Carter, Edward S.		Sept. 22, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Cronan, Lawrence	England,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; wounded June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Crossman, Otis H.	Blackstone, Mass.	" "	Corporal; Sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Corey, James B.	N. Providence, R. I.	" "	Corporal; mustered out Oct. 5, 1864.
Capron, Charles C.	Cumberland, "	" "	Mustered out Oct. 17, 1864.
Cavanagh, James	" "	Aug. 7, 1862.	Wounded and taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Oct. 12, " " transferred to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Colburn, Charles H.	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Wounded and taken pris. June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Carey, Foster H.	" "	Aug. 12, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Card, John F.	E. Greenwich, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Dec. 14, 1864.
Dimond, James	Ireland,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Dyer, John	S. Providence, R. I.	Aug. 25, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Oct. 12, " transferred to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.

Ellis, John A.	Boston, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 5, 1862.
England, Abraham	New York, N. Y.	" "	Taken prisoner Aug. 21, 1862; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 5, 1864.
Eddy, Samuel T.	Cranston, R. I.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Elton, Henry	N. Bedford, Mass.	Aug. 19, 1862.	Transferred to navy April 24, 1864.
Ford, William B.	Smithfield, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Fox, Charles E.		Aug. 14, 1862.	Corporal; Sergeant; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Fuller, Manley J.		Dec. 18, 1864	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Fenner, Alonzo B.	Exeter, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Nov. 30, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Fuller, George H.		Sept. 23, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Field, Charles F.	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; Sergeant; mustered out Oct. 5, '64.
Field, James L.		Sept. 26, 1862.	Trans to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Fuller, Joseph	Cumberland, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Feb. 2, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Greene, Samuel R.	Warwick, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Glancey, William J.	Belleville, N. J.	" "	Taken prisoner Aug. 20, 1862; discharged Feb. 26, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.
Graves, Abraham		Sept. 22, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Hawkins, Benoni	Cranston, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; trans. to V. R. C., Sept. 9, 1863.
Hutchinson, Robert A.	Scotland,	" "	Saddler; disch. Jan. 12, '63, on Surg. certif.
Hunter, John B.	N. Bedford, Mass.	Aug. 25, 1862.	Transferred to navy April 29, 1864.
Hall, Theodore A. G.	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Died at City Point, Aug. 2, 1864.
Healy, Alonzo		Sept. 30, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D; taken pris. Oct. 12, '63; died at Andersonville, Ga., June 29, '64.
Hill, Ambrose B.	Paris, N. Y.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Died Feb. 2, 1864, in hospital.

TROOP C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Hunt, William H.	Seekonk, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864,
Hubart, Caleb	Temple, Me.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 5, 1864.
Ide, Daniel W.	Seekonk, Mass.	" "	Corporal; mustered out Oct. 11, 1864.
Ingraham, David	N. Providence, R. I.	" "	Discharged June 10, 1862.
Ingraham, Cyril	Scituate, R. I.	" "	Mustered out Nov. 24, 1864.
Ingraham, Asa	Granby, Mass.	" "	Discharged June 25, 1862.
Jacob, Albert N.	Dover, N. H.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Kindred, Henry E.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Loramore, Robert S.	" "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Lee, James	Douglas, Mass.	" "	Discharged Jan. 5, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Lovett, William P.	Boston, Mass.	" "	Corporal; wounded and taken pris. March 17, 1863; exch.; re-enlisted Jan 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Mott, James L.	Coventry, R. I.	" "	Discharged June, 1862.
Miller, John	Cumberland, "	Aug. 4, 1862.	Trans. to V. R. C., Feb. 15, 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865.

Marsh, William W.	Ellington, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; wounded March, 17, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec 21, 1864.
May, John	Ireland,	" "	Deserted Dec. 25, 1863.
Morse, Andrew	Wareham, Mass.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Mathewson, Elisha	Coventry, R. I.	" "	Discharged June 30, 1862.
Murin, John		Aug. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 12, 1863; exchanged; deserted April 7, 1864.
McLees, John	Scotland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted June 22, 1862.
Mulholland, Christopher	Ireland,	" "	Discharged May 18, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Oliver, James	Cumberland, R. I.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Parmenter, Winslow B.		Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Pierce, Richard E.	Swanzey, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	In hospital Oct. 7, 1862.
Page, Barney		Sept. 30, 1862.	Deserted Feb. 4, 1863.
Ray, Samuel	Canada,	Sept. 27, 1864.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Ray, David S.	Swanzey, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; Q. M. Sergeant; mustered out Oct. 5, 1864.
Ray, Frank P.	Wrentham, "	" "	Trumpeter; mustered out Nov. 6, 1864.
Steere, John		Sept. 15, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Steere, John H.	Smithfield, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 25, 1862.
Shehan, Patrick	Woonsocket, "	Aug. 4, 1862.	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; deserted April 15, 1863.
Springer, Benjamin O.	Tiverton, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to Troop E.
Sutherland, Hugh	Cumberland, "	Aug. 2, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Taylor, John W.	New York, N. Y.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Taylor, Samuel	England,	" "	Discharged Oct. 9, 1862.
Tallman, Peleg G.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.

TROOP C—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Tallman, Benjamin G.	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop C, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Towel, Timothy	" "	" "	Deserted.
Talbot, George A.		" "	Absent without leave.
Webb, John S.		Sept. 1, 1862.	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Wilcox, Tillinghast P.	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged July 1, 1863.
Ward, Thomas	" "	Oct. 9, 1862.	Discharged
Williams, Albert N.	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 10, 1862.
Winterbottom, James	Smithfield, "	Aug. 4, 1862.	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Waithey, John	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Feb. 26, 1863, on Surg. certif.

TROOP D.

Captains.			
Robert C. Anthony,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Major Feb. 21, 1862.
John Whipple, Jr.	New York, N. Y.	Feb. 22, 1862.	Major June 27, 1862.
Charles N. Manchester,	Pawtucket, R. I.	June 21, 1862.	Resigned Jan. 19, 1862.
Augustus H. Bixby,			Transferred from Troop B; wounded June 18, 1863; Transferred to Troop L.
Willis C. Capron,	Woonsocket, "	Nov. 16, 1863.	Taken prisoner Aug. 20, 1862; trans. from Troop L; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
First Lieutenants.			
Willis C. Capron,	Woonsocket, "		Captain Troop L, Aug. 15, 1863.

Frank Allen,	New Hampshire,	July 15, 1862.	Captain Troop G.
Charles G. A. Peterson,	Providence, R. I.		Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Dec. 16, 1864.
Second Lieutenants.			
Charles N. Manchester,		Dec. 14, 1861.	Captain Troop D, June 12, 1862.
Charles A. Sawyer,		Aug. 4, 1862.	Died Nov. 15, 1863, at Alexandria, Va.
First Sergeant.			
Charles G. A. Peterson,	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	2d Lieutenant Troop G, June 6, 1862.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Hebron H. Steere,	N. Providence, R. I.	" "	2d Lieutenant Troop E, Jan. 14, 1863.
Sergeants.			
James A. Thornton,	Warren, "	" "	2d Lieutenant 3d R. I. Cavalry, Mar. 19, '64.
Henry T. Cole,	Providence, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Frederic Woodward,	" "	" "	Transferred to V. R. C., March 24, 1864.
George W. Harris,	Smithfield, "	" "	Quartermaster-Sergeant; trans. to Troop A, Aug. 1, 1863.
Corporals.			
Albert L. Phillips,	Burrillville, "	" "	Sergeant; taken prisoner March 17, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 15, 1864.
Isaac King,	Sutton, Mass.	" "	Sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Cornelius Brassbine,	E. Cambridge, Mass.	" "	Discharged June 24, 1862.
Edward Conley,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Sergeant; trans. to V. R. C., Oct. 23, 1863.
Richard Skinner,	Newport, "	" "	Transferred to V. R. C., Oct. 12, 1863.
Allen R. Paine,	Providence, "	" "	Died July 20, 1862, of fever.
John R. Peterson,	" "	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 16, 1863; died April 18, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Edgar B. Wood,	" "	" "	Sergeant; deserted Jan. 1, 1863.
Musicians.			
Philo S. White,	Glocester, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP D—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Musicians—Continued.			
Ebenezer C. Fifield,	Meredith, N. H.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Dec. 14, 1864.
John Gilman,	Germany,	" "	Deserted Dec. 15, 1861.
George H. Flint,	Reading, Mass.	" "	Transferred to Troop F, Dec. 14, 1861.
Farriers.			
Lawrence Gibney,	Ireland,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
William Gibson,	Winchester, N. H.	" "	Discharged July 12, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Saddler.			
Thomas G. Ney,	Richmond, R. I.	" "	Deserted July 8, 1862.
Wagoner.			
Loring P. Wilbur,	Lonsdale, "	" "	Discharged July 12, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Privates.			
Arnold, George	S. Kingstown, "	" "	Discharged May 22, 1862.
Ashworth, George	England,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Allen, Charles N.	Providence, "	Aug. 26, 1862.	Taken prisoner Dec. 1, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Aldrich, George	Douglas, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged July 12, 1862.
Arnold, Daniel L.			Discharged Dec. 2, 1861, on Surg. certif.
Butterworth, Addison	Warren, R. I.	" "	Discharged June 6, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Bennett, George L.	E. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Corporal; severely wounded June 18, 1863; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 15, 1864.

Brownell, Major W.	Quidneck, R. I.	Aug. 19, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Ballou, Elias S.	Woonsocket, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged March 14, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Bryant, Gardner	Providence, "	Aug. 13, 1862.	Discharged Sept. 16, 1863.
Barnes, J.	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out May 15, 1865.
Bennett, William H.	Phenix, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 10, 1864.
Bullock, Philip M.			Discharged Dec. 13, 1861.
Brown, Oscar	Bethel, Maine,	" "	" June 14, 1862.
Beckton, James C.	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Dec. 1, 1863; transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Colwell, Edward F.	Hebronville, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Dec. 1, " transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Cook, Joseph W.	Wrentham, "	Aug. 5, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Cantello, Stephen	Bradford, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Collins, Gilbert L.	Warwick, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to navy April 29, 1864.
Capwell, Willard T.	Sterling, Conn.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Card, William	Plainfield, Conn.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Cleveland, Henry A.	Coventry, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Nov. 6, 1864.
Dodge, Edward O.	Eastport, Conn.	" "	" " Oct. 15, 1864.
Dowling, William	Pascoag, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Doty, Elton P.	Wallingford, Vt.	" "	Corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP D—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Dunn, George E.	Northbridge, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged.
Durfee, Andrew	Fall River, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Oct. 12, " transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Fish, Delos	Canterbury, "	" "	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Falligan, Patrick	Anthony, "	" 15, "	Deserted.
Gougenhorn, John	Germany,	" 14, "	Transferred to Troop A.
Gibney, Charles P.	Ireland,	" "	Discharged May 28, 1862.
Green, Albert A.	Douglas, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Garrett, William J.	Ireland,	" "	Deserted Sept. 13, 1864.
Gorton, George W.	W. Greenwich, R.I.	" "	Corporal; wounded June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64; killed in battle July 11, '64.
Gammons, W. H.	Fairhaven, Mass.	" "	Mustered out Oct. 15, 1864.
Healey, Alonzo		Sept. 30, 1862.	Transferred to Troop C.
Hackley, William	Fall River, "	Aug. 11, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Hock, Peter		Oct. 7, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; deserted April 7, 1864.
Hickie, John Jr.	Boston, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to Troop A.
Hunt, Caleb W.	Valley Falls, R. I.	" "	" " "
Johnson, James B.	Warwick, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop

Joslin, James A.	Bellingham, Mass.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Saddler; prisoner June 18, '63; exchanged. trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, '64;
Jackson, William	Pawtucket, R. I.	Aug. 23, 1862.	Claimed as deserter by commanding officer of 1st Massachusetts Cavalry.
Johnson, Alfred A.	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged May 6, 1862.
Jillson, Welcome R.	Cumberland, "	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Kiernan, John	Montreal, Canada.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; wounded March 17, 1863; died of wounds March 27, 1863.
Luther, Marcus M.	S. Douglas, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Lawton, William H.	Cranston, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 15, 1864.
Laveran, Peter		Oct. 9, 1862.	Died Jan. 9, 1863, at Falmouth, Va.
Legg, Charles H.	Masonville, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
McDonald, Richard		Sept. 23, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Murrin, Bernard		Oct. 10, 1862.	Wounded March 17, 1863; discharged Nov. 6, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.
Miller, George H.	Franklin, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Sergeant; mustered out Oct. 8, 1864.
Mitchell, Thomas	Ireland,	Feb. —, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C., March 24, 1864.
Macanney, Patrick	"	Sept. 26, 1862.	Corporal; wounded Sept. 14, 1863; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
McDermott, Patrick	"	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged April 8, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Millis, Henry	N. Bedford, Mass.	Aug. 19, 1862.	Transferred to navy April 25, 1864.
McCoy, Edward		July 27, 1864.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Mulvy, John	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Killed in battle Aug. 9, 1862.
Minor, Stephen	Johnston, R. I.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Oct. 12, 1863; died June, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Nichols, Frank	S. Kingstown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged May 8, 1862.

TROOP D—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Nield, Samuel	Crompton, R. I.	Sept. 4, 1862.	Discharged Nov. 30, 1862.
Newell, Henry C.	Cumberland, "	Feb. 26, 1862.	"
O'Brien, William	Milford, Mass.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Phillips, Reuben A.	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; Sergeant; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; discharged April 12, 1864, on Surgeon's certificate.
Palmer, William H. H.	Hopkinton, "	Aug. 9, 1862.	Discharged Oct. 17, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Parker, Alvin C.	Foster, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Jan. 1, 1863.
Pette, David		Oct. 10, 1862.	Died Dec. 24, 1863, in hospital.
Potter, Harris O.	Coventry, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Parker, Luther	Dover, N. H.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Pierce, Horace H.	Mendon, Mass.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Palmer, Alfred P.	N. Baltimore, N. Y.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Plympton, Warren H.	Medfield, Mass.	" "	Mustered out Dec. 2, 1864.
Perry, Sylvester	Michigan,	" "	Discharged Feb. 28, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Ropes, William B.	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 6, 1862.	Trans. to 11th N. Y. Battery Jan. 1, 1863.
Reynolds, George T.	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; died July 7, 1863, in Libby Prison.

Riches, Algernon S.		Sept. 30, 1862.	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; exchanged; trans. to V. R. C., Nov. 20, 1863.
Rutherford, John	England,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; taken pris. Sept. 28, 1864; transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Ranklin, John	Scotland,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Sweet, Marcus W.	Smithfield, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 16, 1863; died June 23, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Smith, Albert A.	Cumberland, "	Aug. 6, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C., March 31, 1864; mustered out Aug. 5, 1865.
Slocum, John F.	Wickford, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; discharged Aug. 20, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.
Stewart, William	Middletown, Va.	Sept. 25, 1864.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Smith, Edward H.	Worcester, Mass.	Aug. 7, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Shaw, William	England,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Sunderland, William H.	River Point, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Shurd, Joseph	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Died Oct. 9, 1862, at Pooleville, Md.
Snow, George	E. Douglas, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Wounded March 17, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Swindley, John		Sept. 30, 1862.	Wounded March 17, 1863; transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 1, 1863.
Stearns, George W.		Dec. 14, 1861.	Wounded and missing June 18, 1863; mustered out Nov. 23, 1864.
Stephens, E. J.	Woonsocket, R. I.	Oct. 1, 1862.	Deserted Oct. 19, 1862.
Seymour, Joseph		Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged.
Steere, James M.	Burrillville, "	Feb. 17, 1862.	Discharged Feb. 15, 1863, on Surg. certif.

TROOP D—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Thornton, Charles D.	Warren, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged May 14, 1862.
Taylor, George		Oct. 6, 1862.	Deserted Dec. 23, 1862.
Towne, Allen W.	Union, Conn.	Dec. 19, 1861	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Tucker, William A.	Smithfield, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to Troop A.
Wellman, William A.	Attleboro, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 5, 1864.
Wilcox, Lyman Jr.	Cumberland, R. I.	Aug. 6, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Whitman, Harley P.	Foster, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Dec. 17, 1861.
Whitehead, George	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Deserted Oct. 10, 1863.
Warfield, George B.	Northbridge, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 27, 1862.
Wilcox, Samuel	Bellingham, "	Aug. 14, 1862.	Killed in battle June 17, 1863.
Wilcox, Henry B.	Richmond, R. I.	July 29, 1862.	Trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP E.

Captains.			
Preston M. Farrington,	Providence, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Major July 11, 1862.
Allen Baker, Jr.	" "	July 15, 1862.	Wounded March 17, 1863; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
First Lieutenants.			
Charles S. Treat,	" "	Dec. 16, 1861.	Adjutant Aug. 4, 1862.
Edward E. Chace,	" "	Aug. 4, 1862.	Captain Troop H, Feb. 14, 1863.
Charles C. Leonard,		March 1, 1863.	Dismissed the service Aug. 3, 1863.

Second Lieutenants.			
Leonard B. Pratt,	Providence, R. I.		Quartermaster 1st Batt.; trans. to Troop A.
George H. Rhodes,	" "	March 3, 1862.	1st Lieutenant Troop L, July 19, 1862.
Rufus Higgins,		July 5, 1862.	1st Lieutenant Troop H, Aug. 6, 1862.
Lothrop B. Shurtliff,			1st Lieutenant Troop A.
Hebron H. Steere,	" "	Jan. 26, 1863.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
First Sergeant.			
Edward P. Abbott,	Manchester, N. H.	March 3, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; 2d Lieut. Troop I, July 16, 1863.
Quartermaster-Sergeants.			
Charles E. Ellison,	Roxbury, Mass.	" "	Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant.
Samuel P. Mason,		" "	Discharged.
Sergeants.			
Joseph H. Otis,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Discharged April, 1862.
Edward M. Brown,	Willimantic, Conn.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Milton Minor,	New Haven, "	" "	Discharged March 12, 1862.
William L. Smith,	Warwick, R. I.	" "	" June 13, "
Corporals.			
John C. Brown,		" "	Discharged Sept. 17, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Leverett C. Stephens,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Henry F. Steere,	N. Providence, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Ansoleum Walker,	Roxbury, Mass.	" "	Sergeant; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Samuel P. Eldridge,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Feb. 27, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec 21, 1864.
Ray G. Gorton,	Warwick, "	" "	Re-enlisted Feb. 6, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Corporals—Continued.			
Thomas J. Tasker,	Providence, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Sergeant; transferred to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Frank H. Sprague,	" "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Musicians.			
Edward H. Kimball,	Lynn, Mass.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Herman P. Kingman,	Pelham, "	" "	Discharged April 5, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Farrier.			
John Harrington,	Boston, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Wagoner.			
George L. Wilcox,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Died April 28, 1862.
Privates.			
Atwood, Leonard	Taunton, Mass.	Oct. 29, 1862.	Taken prisoner Feb. 1, 1864; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Barrows, Rolindo V.	Johnston, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Corporal; Sergeant; taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; died Mar. 15, 1864, of typhoid fever.
Baker, Obid P.		Sept. 29, 1862.	Discharged Feb. 20, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Commins, James	Ireland,	March 3, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Crowell, Joseph	Providence, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Cassada, William		" "	Discharged May 3, 1862.

Card, William	N. Shoreham, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Childs, Alfred S.	New Haven, Conn.	" "	Regimental Sergeant-Major.
Cusick, Morris			Discharged Jan. 6, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Clarke, Thomas C.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Transferred from Troop C; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Carpenter, Patrick	Boston, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Creed, Philip		" "	Taken prisoner June 9, 1862; transferred to V. R. C., April 19, 1864.
Conway, James	Providence, R. I.	" "	Discharged April 25, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Davaul, Albert A.	Scituate, "	" "	Discharged May 7, 1862.
Donato, Saluator		" "	Deserted Jan. 26, 1863.
Dooly, Thomas H.	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Doherty, Andrew	Providence, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Doland, Franklin		" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Dyer, George P.	Hope Village, "	Aug. 5, "	Discharged Nov. 13, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Farrell, Martin	Providence, "	March 3, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Fales, James M.	Warren, "	" "	Sergeant; 2d Lieut. Troop F, Aug. 15, 1862.
Fletcher, John	S. Providence, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Foster, Horatio		" "	Died May 23, 1862, at Warrenton Junction.
Grayson, Thomas	Providence, "	" "	Discharged June 21, 1862.
Grady, Michael	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 30, 1862.	Deserted Jan. 21, 1863.

TROOP E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Corporals—Continued.			
Thomas J. Tasker,	Providence, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Sergeant; transferred to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Frank H. Sprague,	" "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21 1864.
Musicians.			
Edward H. Kimball,	Lynn, Mass.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Herman P. Kingman,	Pelham, "	" "	Discharged April 5, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Farrier.			
John Harrington,	Boston, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Wagoner.			
George L. Wilcox,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Died April 28, 1862.
Privates.			
Atwood, Leonard	Taunton, Mass.	Oct. 29, 1862.	Taken prisoner Feb. 1, 1864; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21 1864.
Barrows, Rolindo V.	Johnston, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Corporal; Sergeant; taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; died Mar. 15, 1864, of typhoid fever.
Baker, Obid P.		Sept. 29, 1862.	Discharged Feb. 20, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Commins, James	Ireland,	March 3, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Crowell, Joseph	Providence, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Cassada, William		" "	Discharged May 3, 1863.

Card, William	N. Shoreham, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Childs, Alfred S.	New Haven, Conn.	" "	Regimental Sergeant-Major.
Cusick, Morris			Discharged Jan. 6, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Clarke, Thomas C.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Transferred from Troop C; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Carpenter, Patrick	Boston, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Creed, Philip		" "	Taken prisoner June 9, 1862; transferred to V. R. C., April 19, 1864.
Conway, James	Providence, R. I.	" "	Discharged April 25, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Davaul, Albert A.	Scituate, "	" "	Discharged May 7, 1862.
Donato, Saluator		" "	Deserted Jan. 26, 1863.
Dooly, Thomas H.	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Doherty, Andrew	Providence, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Doland, Franklin		" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Dyer, George P.	Hope Village, "	Aug. 5, "	Discharged Nov. 13, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Farrell, Martin	Providence, "	March 3, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Fales, James M.	Warren, "	" "	Sergeant; 2d Lieut. Troop F, Aug. 15, 1862.
Fletcher, John	S. Providence, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Foster, Horatio		" "	Died May 23, 1862, at Warrenton Junction.
Grayson, Thomas	Providence, "	" "	Discharged June 21, 1862.
Grady, Michael	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 30, 1862.	Deserted Jan. 21, 1863.

TROOP E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Gardner, Joseph W.	Johnston, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Killed in battle March 17, 1863.
Gorton, Edwin	E. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Discharged.
Gardner, E. Pendleton	Johnston, "	March 9, 1862.	Re-enlisted March 14, 1864; Corporal; taken prisoner July 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Greene, Henry		March 3, 1862.	Died May 22, 1862.
Hall, Chandler	Uxbridge, Mass.	" "	Discharged May 22, 1862.
Harvey, Stephen D.	N. Providence, R. I.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Hamilton, George		" "	Deserted.
Hamilton, Thomas	Coventry, R. I.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Hayward, George W.	Halifax, Mass.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Hope, George H.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Trans. to V. R. C., Nov. 15, 1863; mustered out Dec. 12, 1865.
Hurdis, Adam	Johnston, "	" "	Sergeant; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted March 14, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Hunt, Henry	N. Providence, R.I.	" "	Corporal; mustered out Dec. 11, 1864.
Jones, Henry		" "	Deserted.
Jackson, Thomas	E. Greenwich, "	" "	Transferred to Troop H.
Kenyon, Charles L.	Westerly, "	" "	Died April 21, 1862, at Warrenton Junction.
Kimball, Lewis	Coventry, R. I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Kenney, Martin		" "	Deserted.

Kempton, George A.	Uxbridge, Mass.	March 3, 1862.	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Kavanaugh, John	Northbridge, "	March 8, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Linn, Terrence	Ireland,	" 3, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Lacoste, Auguste	New York, N. Y.	Oct. 10, 1862.	Deserted July 23, 1863.
Looby, Michael		Sept. 22, 1862.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Leary, Timothy	Providence, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Corporal; taken prisoner Aug. 28, 1862; exchanged; deserted Feb. 20, 1863.
Mulholland, Hugh	Valley Falls, "	March 12, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted March 14, 1864; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Mullen, John	Patchogue, N. Y.		Deserted Jan. 1, 1862.
McGrath, Richard 2d,		March 3, 1862.	Deserted March 12, 1862.
Mathewson, William A. L.	N. Providence, R.I.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Maine, Charles H.	Pawtucket, "	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 1, 1864; transferred to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Maguire, James	S. Providence, R. I.	" "	Discharged April 21, 1863, on Surg. certif.
McDermott, John	Providence, "	" "	Transferred to V. R. C., Dec. 31, 1863; mustered out March 2, 1865.
Marshall, Charles J.	Dover, Mass.	" "	Discharged.
McDonald, John		" "	Deserted.
Mee, Peter	Providence, R. I.	" "	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate.
McGrath, Peter 1st,	Pawtucket, "	" "	Died while on sick furlough, Pawtucket, R.I.
Murphy, Jeremiah	Providence, "	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner Jan. 8, 1863; exchanged; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP E—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Page, George H.	New York, N. Y.	March 3, 1862.	Deserted April 30, 1862.
Pelle, Geatend		Dec. 4, 1862.	Deserted from hospital, Washington, D. C.
Pitnee, Francois		" "	Deserted March 28, 1863.
Pearce, David S.	Newport, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Pease, Aurelius G.	Worcester, Mass.	Sept. 18, 1862.	Deserted June 25, 1863.
Rice, Jeremiah	Providence, R. I.	March 3, 1862.	Discharged June 21, 1862.
Remington, William H.	W. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Feb. 6, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Roberts, Ephraim,		" "	Deserted Dec. 4, 1863.
Robinson, Oliver	New York, N. Y.	July 3, "	Deserted Sept. 6, 1863.
Smith, Cyrus	Johnston, R. I.		Died Jan. 15, 1862, of brain fever.
Shaw, William S.		Mar. 3, "	Discharged June 21, 1862.
Stone, George F.	Barre, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Springer, Benjamin O.	Tiverton, R. I.	" "	Discharged March 27, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Stebbins, Henry	Bangor, Maine	Jan. 13, 1863.	Transferred from 2d R. I. Cav., Nov. 13, 1863; deserted April 7, 1864.
Stone, Charles E.	Barre, Mass.	March 3, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Sergeant; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Stevens, Leverett C.	Providence, R. I.	Sept. 18, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; taken pris. Oct. 12, 1863; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

Scouler, Emmet R.	Blackstone, Mass.	Mar. 3, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Solatti, Antoine	New York, N. Y.	Sept. 29, 1862.	Deserted June 4, 1863.
Travers, Patrick 2d,	Wrentham, Mass.	Mar. 3, "	Transferred to V. R. C., Jan. 15, 1864.
Tiore, Francis		Dec. 4, "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Tolman, William F.		Mar. 3, "	Deserted.
Travers, Frank	" "	" "	Died Aug 9, 1862, from wounds received in battle.
Willard, Hubbell H.	Worcester, "	Sept. 18, 1862.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP F.

Captain.			
John Rogers,	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
First Lieutenants.			
Richard Waterman,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Resigned Dec. 5, 1862.
Richard J. Burgess,	" "	Dec. 22, 1862.	Mustered out Oct. 15, 1864.
Samuel C. Willis,	Oxford, Mass.	Nov. 1, 1864.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Second Lieutenants.			
Joshua Vose,	Westerly, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	1st Lieutenant Troop H, June 12, 1862.
James M. Fales,	Warren, R. I.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; transferred to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
First Sergeant.			
William Gardiner,	Pawtucket, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Charles C. Leonard,	" "		2d Lieutenant Troop B, July 15, 1862.
Sergeants.			
John F. May,	E. Greenwich, "	" "	Deserted June 20, 1862.
George A. Earle,	Pawtucket, "	" "	Wounded May 1, 1863; taken prisoner; exchanged; trans. to V. R. C., Oct. 4, 1863.

TROOP F—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Sergeants—Continued.			
F. E. Nicholas,	Pawtucket, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted.
Rufus Higgins,	Warren, "	" "	2d Lieutenant Troop F, July 15, 1862.
William H. Tallman,	Tiverton, "	" "	Trans. from Troop A; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64; trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Corporals.			
Nehemiah Steere,	Glocester, "	" "	Sergeant; trans. to V. R. C., Feb. 15, 1864.
Edwin M. Wilson,	" "	" "	" " " July 31, "
Benjamin F. Straight,	N. Kingstown, "	" "	Disch. Sept. 27, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
C. H. Jencks,	Valley Falls, "	" "	Q. M. Sergeant; discharged Nov. 19, 1862.
William Foster,	New Bedford, Mass.	" "	Disch. July 18, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
Charles W. Bowen,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Andrew G. Lorimer,	" "	" "	Sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; 1st Lieut. Troop A, Nov. 29, 1864.
Alonzo Smith,	" "	" "	Farrier; disch. Mar. 26, '63, on Surg. certif.
Musicians.			
George H. Flint,	Reading, Mass.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Daniel F. Hackett,	Boston, Mass.	" "	Saddler; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Farriers.			
M. S. Greene,	Westerly, R. I.	" "	Battalion Veterinary Sergeant May 1, 1862.
William F. Peck,		Jan. 16, 1862.	Wounded Sept. 5. 1862; trans. to Troop A.
Saddler.			
George H. Evileith,	Dorchester, Mass.	Dec. 17, 1861.	Discharged Dec. 5, 1862.

Wagoner.			
R. J. Lillibridge,	Exeter, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Oct. 26, 1864.
Privates.			
Amnan, William	Pawtucket, R. I.	" "	Disch. July 11, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
Adlington, Henry F.	Providence, "	Dec. 8, 1862.	Wounded March 17, 1863; discharged June 2, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.
Allen, George W.	Middletown, "	Jan. 23, 1863.	Taken pris. Feb. 25, 1863; paroled; deserted.
Avery, Stephen	Manchaug, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Disch. Sept. 25, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
Abbott, Allen G.	Canada,	Dec. 15, 1862.	Taken pris. Mar. 17, 1863; paroled; deserted.
Avery, Eleazer	Manchaug, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Disch. Feb. 13, 1863, on Surg. certificate.
Brewer, James		March 1, 1862.	" June 16, 1862, "
Burton, Thomas	Quidnick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corp.; killed June 18, 1863, in battle near Middleburg, Va.
Bowditch, Isaac	Newport, R. I.	July 3, 1863.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; died Jan. 7, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Bollman, George	Canada,	Jan. 23, 1863.	Deserted May 28, 1863.
Bennett, George B.	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Corp.; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Bennett, James	England,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Bacon, William M.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Brannon, Thomas	Greenwich, "	Sept. 1, 1862.	Taken pris. Feb. 25, 1863; paroled; deserted.
Bowen, Charles W.	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corp.; wounded at Luray, Va.; taken prisoner June 18, '63; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Baker, William G.	" "	Dec. 27, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C., March 31, 1864; mustered out Aug. 16, 1865.

TROOP F—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Burke, John	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Nov. 30, 1862.
Barrus, Albert	Bristol, "	" "	Disch. Jan. 26, 1863, on Surg. certificate.
Clarke, Henry	Oruble, N. Y.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Crane, Morris	N. Providence, R. I.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Coughlan, Patrick	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Sept. 1, 1862.	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; transferred to Troop A, new org'n, Dec. 21, 1864.
Copeland, Hiram W.	Easton, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1862.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Durdeen, Robert	Warwick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Aug. 9, 1862; exchanged; taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; died Aug. 5, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Dodge, Jasper L.	N. Shoreham, R. I.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; paroled; deserted.
Edwards, John H.	W. Greenwich, R.I.	" "	Discharged on Surgeon's certificate.
Farrell, James	Providence, "	" "	Disch. Dec. 23, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
Falker, George			Trans. from Troop A Sept. 1, 1863; wounded Sept. 14, 1863; deserted June 14, 1864.
Falk, Hugo		Oct. 27, 1862.	Deserted Oct. 27, 1862.
Felker, George	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Wounded Sept. 14, '63; not accounted for on rolls.
Greene, Hiram	Westerly, "	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.

Grimley, James Jr.	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Sept. 15, 1862; exchanged; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Hudson, Stephen	Johnston, "	" "	Mustered out Oct. 26, 1864.
Henrys, Thomas	" "	July 2, 1863.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; died June 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Harris, Thomas A.	Canada,	Dec. 15, 1862.	Sergeant; trans. to Troop B, Sept. 1, 1864.
Harrington, B. J. Jr.	Coventry, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Hammel, John	Providence, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Sept. 15, 1862; exchanged; killed in battle June 9, 1863.
Hughes, Patrick	Pawtucket, R. I.	" "	Killed in battle June 9, 1863, near Stevensburg, Va.
Harrington, Amos	Warwick, "	" "	Disch. Dec. 22, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
Hughes, Thomas	Johnston, "	Aug. 26, 1862.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Harding, Jacob	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Healey, James S.	Greenwich, "	Aug. 15, 1862.	Taken pris. Feb. 25, 1863; paroled; deserted.
Haskins, John	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged April 21, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Hiscox, Benjamin F.	Warren, "	March 4, 1862.	Taken prisoner April 29, 1863; exchanged; taken prisoner Aug. 25, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Ide, George W.	Scituate, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Kay, William R.	Westerly, "	" "	Transferred to Troop A; bugler.
Kiernan, John	Providence, "	" "	Killed Aug. 9, 1862, battle of Cedar Mountain, Va.
Knight, Jeremiah	Johnston, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; mustered out Oct. 21, 1864.
Leach, L. D.	Quidnick,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; died June '64, at Andersonville, Ga.

TROOP F—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Lavin, John	Westerly, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Dec. 5, 1862.
Lewis, Francis E.	Valley Falls, R. I.	" "	" Sept. 1, "
Luther, James C.	Johnston, "	" "	Wagoner; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Lowther, Henry	Warwick, "	Dec. 31, 1861.	Deserted July 20, 1862.
Mullen, John	Pascoug, N. Y.	Dec. 16, 1861	Not accounted for on the rolls.
McMillan, William	Warwick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 13, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Mathewson, David A.	S. Scituate, R. I.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Madison, Russell	Moosup, Conn.	" "	Discharged for disability.
Mitchell, James A.	N. Shoreham, R. I.	" "	Deserted.
Nason, Charles H.	Arctic, "	" "	Discharged Jan. 17, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Newell, George F.	Glocester, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 20, 1864; transferred to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
O'Shea, Morris F.	Milford, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Parkinson, Benoni	Warwick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; taken prisoner Sept. 15, 1862; transferred to V. R. C., Oct. 12, 1863.
Potter, George D.	Cranston, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner April 29, 1863; exchanged; taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Peck, Thomas H.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Corp.; wounded Sept. 14, 1863; discharged Dec. 30, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.
Prescott, John H.	Wheelock, Vt.	" "	Discharged Feb. 28, 1863, on Surg. certif.

Pearce, George L.	E. Attleboro, Mass.		Discharged April 1, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Phillips, Job	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Dec. 2, 1864.
Perry, Edwin R.	Valley Falls, "	" "	Discharged March 9, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Pitcher, Joseph W.	Cranston, "	" "	" " 12, " " "
Peck, William	Providence, "	Jan. 16, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Rheind, Gustav		Oct. 7, 1862.	Deserted Oct. 27, 1862.
Rogers, Benjamin H.	Middletown, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Bat. F, 1st R. I. L. A.; wounded Oct. 14, 1863; mustered out Oct. 10, 1864.
Riley, Lawrence,	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Aug. 30, 1862.	Deserted from hospital.
Sherman, Abel G.	S. Kingstown, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Straight, Joseph	E. Greenwich, "	Sept. 1, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Stone, Richard	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged March 1, 1864, on Surg. certif.
Smith, Henry	Boston, Mass.	Dec. 24, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Sutton, Edward B.	Seekonk, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 14, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Spencer, Jasper	E. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Tebo, John	Manchaug, Mass.	" "	Bugler; taken prisoner June 17, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Taylor, William	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Turner, Ezekiel T.	Johnston, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Tillman, Herman	Prussia,	July 2, 1863.	Deserted April 7, 1864.
Turner, Patrick			Not accounted for on the rolls.
Tarney, Patrick	Johnston, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Wescott, Isaac	" "	" "	Pris. April 29, '63; exch.; wounded Sept. 1, '63; re-enlist. Jan. 5, '64; pris. Aug. 17, '64; trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Wells, William	New York, N. Y.	Jan. 9, 1863.	Deserted July 1, 1863.

TROOP G.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Captains.			
J. B. Wood,	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Resigned May 22, 1862.
Joseph J. Gould,	" "	" "	Trans. to Troop A; trans. to Troop I, Jan. 1, 1863; trans. from Troop I; resigned Aug. 27, 1864.
Frank Allen,	New Hampshire,	Jan. 1, 1863.	Transferred to Troop I.
First Lieutenants.			
George N. Bliss,	Providence, R. I.		Captain Troop C, Aug. 4, 1862.
Charles G. A. Peterson,	" "		Transferred to Troop D.
Frank Allen,	New Hampshire,	July 15, 1862.	Transferred to Troop D.
Edwin Vaughan,	" "	Jan. 1, 1863.	Resigned April 8, 1864.
Bernard Ellis,		March 1, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, Aug. 29, 1864; mustered out Oct. 15, 1864.
Joseph W. Dewey,	Hanover, N. H.	Nov. 1, "	Trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Second Lieutenants.			
William B. Dennis,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Resigned May 23, 1862.
Otis C. Wyatt,	New Hampshire,	Aug. 4, 1862.	1st Lieutenant Troop H, Jan. 1, 1863.
Simeon A. Brown,	Massachusetts,	Jan. 14, 1863.	Wounded June 18, 1863; honorably discharged Nov. 2, 1863.
First Sergeant.			
Joseph A. Rhodes,	Warwick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Disch. to accept commission Sept. 1, 1863.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Matthew Verne,	Springfield, Mass.	" "	Deserted Jan. 3, 1862.

Sergeants.			
Edward C. Martin,	Baden, Germany,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Charles B. Delanah,	Utica, N. Y.	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 13, 1863; died April 19, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Morris Jones,	Berlin, Prussia,	" "	Deserted.
Jeremiah Fitzgerald,	Ireland,	" "	Killed in battle Kelly's Ford, March 17, '63.
Corporals.			
Pliny S. May,	Worcester, Mass.	" "	Discharged Dec. 19, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Seth G. Hodges,	Boston, "	" "	Transferred to V. R. C., April 10, 1864.
Charles R. Cross,	Chesterfield, N. H.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Daniel S. Cook,	Suffolk Co., Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Rowland N. Garrett,	Kent Co., R. I.	" "	Discharged July 31, 1863, on Surg. certif.
George A. Brock,	Suffolk Co., Mass.	" "	Transferred to Troop H, July 1, 1862.
Edwin B. Franklin,	Pawtucket, R. I.	" "	Deserted.
Thomas C. Doherty,	Bangor, Maine,	" "	Mustered out Dec. 4, 1864.
Musicians.			
Sylvester Chace,	Douglas, Mass.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Vernon Long,	Boston, "	" 15, "	Mustered out Dec. 15, 1864.
Farriers.			
Joseph Peck,	Swanzey, "	" 14, "	Died at Washington, D. C.
Patrick Collins,	Ireland,	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.

TROOP G—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Saddlers.			
Daniel Dugan,			Not accounted for on the rolls.
John Durgin,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	" " "
Wagoner.			
Patrick Sullivan,	Ireland,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Privates.			
Adams, Henry C.	Milton, Mass.	March 1, 1862.	Sergeant; transferred to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Avery, James P.	Woonsocket, R I.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Dismissed from W. Philadelphia, Hospital, Aug. 10, '63; trans. to R. I. Jan. 18, 1864.
Brown, William	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Died March 26, 1862.
Blake, Edmund R.	Danville, N. H.	" "	Trans. from Troop M, March 1, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Brown, John	Ireland,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Bidmead, John B.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Oct. 12, 1863; died June 13, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Barbour, William M.	New London, Conn.	" "	Discharged July 16, 1862.
Battey, Edwin H.	Scituate, R. I.	" "	Mustered out Dec. 6, 1864.
Bates, Leander H.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Discharged March 19, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Butman, Warren	Franklin, Mass.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, '64.

Coburn, Frank	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Case, William	Cranston, "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to navy April 28, 1864.
Comstock, Walter	Woonsocket, "	Aug. 5, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; " " Oct. 12, " transferred to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Crossen, James	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 28, 1864.
Curtis, James	Trenton, N. J.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Conlin, James	England,	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 28, 1864.
Conlin, John	Ireland,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; died Sept. 7, '63, in hos'l at Annapolis, Md.
Coyle, Jerome	Taunton, Mass.	Dec. 15, 1861.	Deserted Jan. 15, 1862.
Cook, Salma	Cumberland, R. I.	March 1, 1862.	Discharged March 4, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Doyle, Patrick	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Doherty, John	Aroostook, Me.	" "	Transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 15, 1863.
Denvin, Martin	Norfolk, Va.	" "	Discharged June 1, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Dalwigh, George B. Von	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Doherty, William F.	Levant, Me.	Feb. 10, 1862.	Corporal; Sergeant; taken pris. Feb. 25, '63; trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Dana, William	Wilbraham, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Jan. 10, 1862.
Emerson, Nathaniel S.	Worcester, "	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Farnham, John	Ireland,	" "	Discharged Jan. 15, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Farnham, Michael	"	" "	Deserted.
French, Henry C.	Taunton, Mass.	" "	Sick in hospital June 30, 1865.

TROOP G—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Feeley, Thomas	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Jan. 1, 1862.
Fish, Rufus	Bristol, R. I.	" "	Discharged Feb., 1862.
Guhl, Carl	Boston, Mass.	June 25, 1863.	Transferred to Battery C, Rhode Island Light Artillery, Sept. 3, 1863.
Goulding, Edwin	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Jan. 3, 1862.
Gladis, Adelbert Von	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Wounded Sept. 14, 1863; in hospital April 13, 1864; not accounted for on the rolls.
Guild, Emmons D.	Wrentham, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Sergeant; taken prisoner Oct. 12, '63; trans. to Troop C, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Gardens, Joseph	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Deserted July 17, 1863.
Grumley, James	Providence, R. I.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Greene, Samuel N.	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Hall, David B.	Raynham, Mass.	Sept. 18, 1862.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Hall, Calvin	" "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Helmrich, Louis Von	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Hoxie, John	Greenwich, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Hook, Anson Von	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; died Aug. 27, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Harrigan, Peter	Providence, R. I.	Feb. 17, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C.
Hartley, Richard	Fairfax Co., Conn.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Jan. 3, 1862.
Hilchley, Charles B.	Nova Scotia,	Sept. 24, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 12, 1863; exchanged; taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863.

Hall, John A.	Kent Co., R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Dec. 3, 1864.
Ide, Munroe W.	Douglas, Mass.	Dec. 31, 1861.	Transferred to V. R. C., March 15, 1864.
Jacques, George H.	Woonsocket, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Jordan, Henry P.	Centreville, "	Aug. 15, 1862.	Wounded March 17, 1863; discharged Aug. 28, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.
Luther, Samuel O.	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to Troop B.
Lange, Louis	Prussia,		Deserted Oct. 16, 1863.
Lapham, George B.	Woonsocket, R. I.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Lyon, John	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted.
Mullin, Patrick	Worcester, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Mullin, Michael	" "	" "	Mustered out Nov. 15, 1864.
Medbury, John A.	Seekonk, R. I.	" "	" " Dec. 14, 1864.
Murphy, Patrick	Ireland,	" "	" " " 2, 1864.
McElroy, John	"	" "	Deserted.
Nevins, John	Providence, R. I.	" "	Wagoner; mustered out Nov. 28, 1864.
Peck, Whipple		Aug. 5, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 1, 1863.
Perry, Theodore A.	Boston, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Parker, Patrick	Ireland,	March 1, 1862.	Taken prisoner Sept. 15, 1862; transferred to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Rogan, Michael	"	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted.
Rounds, Philip J.	Swanzey, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; died Aug. 12, '64, in hospital.
Reynolds, Owen	Ireland,	" "	Died May 25, 1862.
Rice, Caleb	Warwick, R. I.	" "	Disch. Feb. 13, 1863, on Surg. certificate.

TROOP G—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Sheridan, John	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; died Aug. 5, 1864, of wounds, in hospital.
Sisson, Isaac	Woonsocket, R. I.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Sherman, William C.	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; not accounted for on the rolls.
Scott, Charles H	Woonsocket, "	Aug. 8, 1862.	Blacksmith; transferred to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Short, Myron	Seekonk, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Wounded March 17, 1863; transferred to V. R. C., Feb. 15, 1864.
Spink, William R.	Warwick, R. I.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; wounded June, 1864; transferred to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Sayles, Smith O.	Franklin, Mass.	" "	Discharged June 14, 1862.
Shannon, Thomas	Ireland,	Mar. 1, 1862.	Trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Tabour, Otis	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Disch. Dec. 2, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
Thurber, German P.	Central Falls, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Corporal; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Thompson, Leander	Douglas, Mass.	Dec. 19, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; died Feb. 29, 1864, at Douglas, Mass.
Welldon, Albert F.	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted.
Wilson, John	" "	" "	Taken prisoner Aug. 20, '62; not accounted for on the rolls.

Walsh, William	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 4, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Woods, Franklin L.		Aug. 7, 1862.	Transferred to Troop M.
Williams, Henry	Scituate, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Q. M. Sergeant Jan. 5, 1862; discharged.
Williams, Horace E.	" "	" "	Mustered out Dec. 9, 1864.
Wakefield, Ira			Taken pris. Sept., 1862; discharged, 1863.
Williams, Augustus E.	" "	" "	Disch. Feb. 26, 1863, on Surg. certificate.
Williams, William J.	Newburyport, Mass.	" "	Transferred from Troop B; mustered out Oct. 9, 1864.
Weeden, Henry H.	N. Kingstown, R. I.	" "	Deserted July 21, 1862.
Willis, Samuel C.	Oxford, Mass.	Dec. 19, 1861.	Q. M. Sergt.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Regimental Commissary Sergt., March 1, 1864.
Warnache, Charles	Boston, Mass.	June 25, 1863.	Trans. to Bat. C, 1st R. I. L. A., Sept. 3, '63.

TROOP H.

Captains.			
William H. Turner, Jr.	Warren, R. I.	Feb. 22, 1862.	Major, March 1, 1863.
Edward E. Chase,	Providence, R. I.	Mar. 1, 1863.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out March 1, 1865.
First Lieutenants.			
William B. B. Greene,	E. Greenwich, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Resigned May 23, 1862.
Joshua Vose,	Westerly, "	June 12, 1862.	Captain Troop A, July 20, 1862.
Rufus Higgins,	Warren, "		Transferred from Troop E, Aug. 6, 1862; resigned Dec. 10, 1862.
Otis C. Wyatt,	New Hampshire,	Jan. 1, 1863.	Resigned April 12, 1864.
John R. Umfreville,	Warren, R. I.	Dec. 6, 1864.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Second Lieutenants.			
Hiram P. Barker,	Chelsea, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Quartermaster 2d Battalion, Jan. 1, 1862; 1st Lieutenant Troop B, Aug. 5, 1862.

TROOP H—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
2d Lieutenants—Continued.			
Jacob B. Cooke,	Charlestown, Mass.		1st Lieutenant Troop C, Feb. 14, 1863.
Leonard J. Whiting,			Never served with regiment; on detached duty as Aid-de-camp on General Palmer's staff; resigned Dec. 21, 1863.
First Sergeant.			
George W. Darling,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	2d Lieut. Troop B, Feb. 14, 1863; wounded and missing March 17, 1863.
Quartermaster-Sergeants.			
William S. Stone,	" "	" "	Discharged Aug. 25, 1862.
George A. Brock,	" "	Dec. 26, 1861.	Trans. from Troop G; discharged March 17, 1863, on Surgeon's certificate.
Sergeants.			
George P. Streeter,	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Died June 16, 1862.
William A. Abbott,	" "	" "	Deserted March 6, 1862.
Henry A. Carder,	E. Greenwich, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop D, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Thomas A. Richards,	Providence, "	" "	Q. M. Sergt.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Commissary Sergt. Non-Com. Staff, Nov. 1, '64.
Corporals.			
John A. Austin,	" "	" "	Sergt.; taken prisoner Oct. 12, '63; died July 13, 1864, in prison at Andersonville, Ga.
Henry Duxbury,	" "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Nov. 10, 1864.
William H. Durfee,	E. Greenwich, "	" "	Sergeant; taken prisoner June 9, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop A, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.

Leonard Mitchell,	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
William A. Chappell,	Warwick, "	" "	Discharged May 19, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Franklin B. Tefft,	Richmond, "	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Charles T. Lee,	E. Greenwich, "	" "	Sergeant; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Com. Sergt.; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Robert Mulligan,	New York, N. Y.	" "	Deserted April 20, 1862.
Musicians.			
John Hickey,	Boston, Mass.	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
John Day,	Gloucester, Mass.	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
William J. Day,	Great Falls, N. H.	" "	Chief Trumpeter, May 1, 1863.
Saddler.			
George R. Pierce,	Central Falls, R. I.	" "	Discharged April 30, 1862.
Wagoner.			
William P. Rogers,	Scituate, "	" "	" " 17, "
Privates.			
Albro, Samuel W.	W. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Disch. Jan. 3, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
Allen, Henry	Pennsylvania,	June 23, 1863.	Trans. to Bat. C, 1st R. I. L. A., Sept. 3, '63.
Adams, William H.	Boston, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged April 17, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Anthony, Samuel	Providence, R. I.	Dec 21, 1861.	Discharged Jan. 3, 1862.
Armington, Willard	" "	Aug. 2, 1862.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Bailey, James H.	Valley Falls, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Nov. 15, 1864.
Bruto, John		Nov. 26, 1862.	Deserted Jan. 27, 1863.
Borne, George H.	Providence, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.

TROOP H—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Bauer, George	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Baker, Eugene	" "	" "	Discharged Nov. 17, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Buckley, Francis		Sept. 24, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; accidentally shot Aug. 29, 1863.
Brannin, John	Olneyville, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Dec. 28, 1861.
Ballou, Reuben F.	Providence, "	Dec. 4, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Burt, William	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Disch. Jan. 3, 1862, on Surg. certificate.
Brailey, Ebenezer H.	" "	July 22, 1862.	" " 17, " " "
Coggeshall, Edwin L.	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Nov. 11, 1864.
Charmoise, Alphonse		Nov. 26, 1862.	Taken pris. June 9, 1863; paroled; deserted.
Clarke, George L.	" "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Wounded Sept. 14, 1863; taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Carney, William	Woonsocket, "	Aug 1, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to V. R. C., March 16, 1864; mustered out Aug. 16, 1865.
Caldwell, James A.	Olneyville, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Cuddy, John	" "	" "	Deserted March 8, 1862.
Card, Benjamin S.	Warwick, "	" "	" July 18, "
Carroll, Philip B.	Nova Scotia,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; Sergeant; trans. to Troop D, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.

Donnaly, John	Milford, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Jan. 10, 1862.
Decker, Thomas	Bristol, R. I.	Jan. 15, 1863.	Taken prisoner June 9, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Deman, Joseph	Olneyville, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged June 20, 1862.
Donahue, Michael	Providence, "	" "	Discharged Dec. 24, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Donally, Patrick R.	" "	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Earle, Daniel D.	Olneyville, "	" "	Deserted Dec. 29, 1861.
Everleth, Francis	Providence, "	" 20, "	Trans. from Troop M; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Earnest, Henry		Dec. 2, 1862.	Transferred from Troop B, April 1, 1863.
Emerson, Orin M.	New Hampshire,	Sept. 16, 1862.	Trans. from Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Freelove, Henry B.	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Freeman, William W.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Transferred to V. R. C., Sept. 1, 1863.
Foster, Jacob B.	Germany,	June 27, 1863.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new org'n, Dec. 21, 1864.
Givens, Theodore J.	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged March 10, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Gross, Carl	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Deserted Jan. 15, 1864.
Gould, Thomas B.	Strathan, N. H.	Oct. 10, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, '64.
Greene, Albert C.	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; exchanged; died May 4, 1864, in hospital.
Greene, William O.	" "	" "	Discharged Nov. 20, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Handy, William D.	Barneysville, "	" "	" March 8, 1863, "
Hemphill, Joseph	New Bedford, Mass.	Oct. 13, 1862.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Harrigan, Philip	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP H—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Hockberg, Charles A.	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Wounded Sept. 14, '63; deserted Apr. 7, '64.
Henry, Thomas	Scituate, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged April 17, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Heine, Jacob			Transferred to 1st R. I. Light Artillery.
Hopkins, Nelson, Jr.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Hackett, Charles	Olneyville, "	" "	Discharged from hospital.
Ingraham, Rufus L.	Warwick, "	" "	Discharged May 2, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Ide, Stephen R.	Foster, "	" "	Taken prisoner Feb. 11, 1864; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, '64.
Jenkins, William	S. Providence, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Jolly, Edward		Nov. 26, 1862.	Deserted April 21, 1863.
Jennings, James A.	N. Providence, R.I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Corporal; mustered out Nov. 12, 1864.
Jackson, Thomas A.	E. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Trans. to Troop E; discharged June 1, 1863.
Kane, Peter	Providence, R. I.	" "	Deserted June 19, 1862.
King, Richard E.	Smithfield, "	" "	Died Jan 20, 1863, in hospital, at Washington, D. C.
Kettle, George	W.Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Kempton, Harrison W.	Uxbridge, Mass.	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 1, 1864; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Leach, Lyman L.	Cranston, R. I.	" "	Discharged July 16, 1863, on Surg. certif.

Latour, Ernest		Dec. 2, 1862.	Deserted July 5, 1863.
Luzach, Alexander	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861	Discharged May 4, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Lillibridge, Lewis	Glocester, "	" "	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Lawton, Benjamin N.	E. Greenwich, "	Dec. 19, 1861.	Mustered out Dec. 19, 1864.
Lillibridge, Willett R.	Br'd's I. Works"	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 29, 1863.
Miller, Henry	Concord, N. H.	Dec. 1, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
McNillidge, Robert	Pawtucket, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to V. R. C.. March 24, 1864.
McNamare, Edward		Oct. 10, 1862.	Transferred to navy, April 29, 1864.
Newman, James	Providence, "	Aug. 15, 1864.	Trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Northup, Edmund	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Mar. 12, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Nichols, James	W. Greenwich, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Osconom, Emile	Germany,	June 27, 1863.	Deserted Nov., 1863.
Pulsifer, Joseph W.	Boston, Mass.	Dec. 17, 1861.	Musician; transferred to Troop B.
Perry, Ferdinand	Valley Falls, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged May 6, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Potter, Benjamin	W. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Aug. 9, 1862; transferred to V. R. C., Dec. 15, 1863.
Pinkerton, Thomas	Central Falls, R. I.	" "	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new org., Dec. 21, 1864.
Potter, Pardon T.	W. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Discharged May 20, 1862, on Surg. certif.
Richards, George H.	Olneyville, R. I.	" "	Bugler; trans. to V. R. C., Nov. 7, 1863.
Scranton, Crawford A.		Sept. 18, 1862.	Vet. Surg. Nov. 1, 1863.
Sibley, James	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 24, 1863.
Sheldon, Frank	Reading, Mass.	" "	Corporal; discharged Dec. 15, 1862, on Surgeon's certificate.
Spink, Darius C.	E. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.

TROOP H—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Segar, David	Kingston, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Oct. 24, 1864.
Smart, Carl		June 30, 1863.	Wounded Sept. 14, 1863; deserted May, 1864.
Shaum, Henry	Lancaster, Pa.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted Jan. 7, 1862.
Sargent, George A.		" "	Bugler; transferred to Troop L April 20, 1862; discharged at Concord, N. H., July 15, 1865; S. O. No. 44, C. S. under G. O. W. D. 94.
St. George, Jeremiah	Providence, R. I.	" "	Discharged July 14, 1863, on Surg. certif.
Spencer, John J.	W. Greenwich, R.I.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; mustered out Dec. 19, 1864.
Scratius, Napoleon		Nov. 8, 1862.	Corporal; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; exchanged; transferred to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Sure, Charles		Nov. 21, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Scott, John	England,	Jan. 9, 1863.	Deserted April 2, 1863.
Tarbox, George W.	W. Greenwich, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Deserted June 20, 1862.
Vieille, Edward		Sept. 29, 1862.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Wishard, William	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864; trans. to Troop B, new organization, Dec. 21, 1864.
Whitford, Elisha	W. Greenwich, R. I.	Dec. 26, 1861.	Mustered out Nov. 16, 1864.
Wilson, Charles	Olneyville, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Discharged Jan. 8, 1862.
Woods, George H.	Providence, "	Dec. 11, 1861.	Not accounted for on the rolls.
Walter, Joseph		June 30, 1863.	Deserted Oct., 1863.
Zengen, Leopold Von		" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 12, 1863; deserted.

FIELD AND STAFF—(NEW HAMPSHIRE BATTALION.)

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Majors.			
David B. Nelson,	Manchester,	Dec. 3, 1861.	Resigned June 3, 1862.
John L. Thompson,	Plymouth,	July 3, 1862.	Promoted to Lieut.-Col. July, 1862; trans. to 1st N. H. Cav.; Brevet-Brig.-General.
Adjutant.			
George T. Cram,	Manchester,	Dec. 10, 1861.	Pro. Capt. Co. G, 1st N. H. Cav., July 15, '64.

TROOP I—(N. H. BATTALION.)

Captains.			
David B. Nelson,	Manchester,	Oct. 9, 1861.	Promoted to Major, Dec. 3, 1861.
John L. Thompson,	Plymouth,	Dec. 3, 1861.	" " July 3, 1862.
First Lieutenants.			
John L. Thompson,	"	Oct. 9, 1861.	" Captain, Dec. 3, 1861.
George T. Cram,	Manchester,	Dec. 3, 1861.	" Adjutant, Dec. 10, 1861.
Arnold Wyman,	"	Dec. 10, 1861.	" Captain, Aug. 4, 1862.
Second Lieutenants.			
George T. Cram,	"	Oct. 9, 1861.	" 1st Lieutenant, Dec. 3, 1861.
Frank Allen,	Nashua,	Dec. 3, 1861.	" " " July 15, 1862.
First Sergeant.			
Otis C. Wyatt,	Hanover,	Dec. 17, 1861.	" 2d " Aug. 4, 1862.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
William H. Moulton,	Andover,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.

TROOP I—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Dewey, Joseph W.	Hanover,	Dec. 17, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; promoted to Sergt.-Major Jan. 1, 1863; taken prisoner June, 1863.
Davis, Sherman	Andover,	" "	Wounded May 31, '63; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
Eaton, William H.	Concord,	" "	Re-enlisted March 18, 1864.
Elkins, Frank P.	Andover,	" "	Promoted Corporal; taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; wounded Mar. 17, 1863; discharged Oct. 3, 1863.
Everett, William H.	Hanover,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Eastman, Franklin B.	Rumney,	" "	Discharged for disability.
Follinsbee, James W.	Grafton,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Flanders, Josiah H.	Boscawen,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Gunneson, Joseph	Lyme,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Hutchinson, William A.	Newport,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Hunt, Henry F.	Warner,	" "	Discharged for disability, Nov. 12, 1863.
Hunt, John	"	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864;
Jenness, Stephen B.	Rochester,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Johnson, Walter	Jamestown, N. Y.	" "	Discharged for disability, April 24, 1863.
Kelley, Sylvester F.	Laconia,	" "	Discharged Aug. 2, 1862.
[illegible]	Strafford, Vt.	" "	Killed at Front Royal, Va., May 30, 1863.

Blacksmith.			
Hiram H. Thomas,	Lebanon,	Dec. 17, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Farrier.			
Carroll D. Dimmick,	Lyme,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Saddler.			
Elias T. Holt,	West Lebanon,	" "	Pro. Sergt ; not officially accounted for.
Wagoner.			
Melvin A. Tenney,	Lebanon,	" "	Discharged by order, Oct. 8, 1863.
Privates.			
Allen, Edwin B.	Lyme,	" "	Killed at Front Royal, Va., May 30, 1862.
Breed, Benjamin W.	Franklin,	" "	Deserted May 31, 1862.
Ballou, Ethan A.	Claremont,	" "	Discharged for disability, April 19, 1862.
Bean, Jonathan M.	Alton,	" "	Discharged for disability, Feb. 11, 1863.
Chapman, Josiah Jr.	Haverhill,	" "	Not officially accounted for.
Campbell, Robert	Sutton,	" "	Promoted Corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Cilley, Augustus L.	Andover,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Coffin, William H.	Concord,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Carr, Jerome B.	Haverhill,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
Carlisle, David	Hanover,	" "	Discharged for disability, April 19, 1862.
Caldwell, William H.	Concord,	" "	Last reported on detached service at Fort Hamilton, N. Y.
Carlisle, David H.	Hanover,	" "	Mustered out Dec. 17, 1864.
Cutting, Simon G.	Haverhill,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Chamberlain, Stephen	Laconia,	" "	Deserted at Washington, D.C., Oct. 12, 1863.
Danforth, Horace H.	Concord,	" "	Mustered out Dec. 17, 1864.
Dole, Jacob B.	New London,	" "	Discharged for disability, Dec. 10, 1862.
Davis, Enoch P.	Sutton,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.

TROOP I—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Webster, George A.	Lyme,	Dec. 17, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted March 23, 1864.
Warren, William	"	" "	Discharged for disability, July 10, 1862.
Warren, Jesse A	"	" "	Promoted to Corporal; taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; wounded March 17, 1863; trans. to V. R. C., April 28, 1864.

TROOP K—(N. H. BATTALION)

Captain.			
Stephen R. Swett,	Andover,	Oct. 15, 1861.	Resigned Oct. 14, 1862.
First Lieutenant.			
Lorenzo D. Gove,	Hanover,	" "	Killed Oct. 31, 1862.
Second Lieutenants.			
George A. Sawyer,	Concord,	" "	Resigned Nov. 11, 1861.
George H. Thompson,	"	Nov. 11, 1861.	Wounded May 31, 1862; pro. to 1st Lieut., Aug. 4, 1862; wounded March 17, 1863.
Farrier.			
Hazen Duntley,	Milton,	Oct. 24, 1861.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Blacksmith.			
Ira Duntley	"	" "	" " "

Morrill, George H.	Andover,	Dec. 17, 1861.	Discharged for disability, April 19, 1862.
Morrison, Horace H.	Haverhill,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
46* Morrison, Asa	Franklin,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Merrill, Oscar F.	Unknown,	" "	Wounded May 31, 1862; taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Nelson, Lucas	Sutton,	" "	Transferred to V. R. C., Nov. 20, 1863.
Pressey, John M.	"	" "	Wounded May 31, 1862; discharged for disability, Nov. 11, 1862.
Pecoy, Alexander	Grafton,	" "	Discharged Sept. 7, 1862.
Quimby, Johnson D.	Sandwich,	" "	Promoted Corporal, Dec. 17, '61; discharged April 19, 1862.
Rand, David E.	Concord,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; last reported with U. S. Telegraphic Corps.
Ransdell, George W.	Hanover,	" "	Discharged for disability, March 30, 1863.
Reynolds, Daniel H.	Strafford, Vt.	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Robbins, George A.	Hillsborough,	" "	Pro. Sergeant; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; promoted 1st Lieutenant, Oct. 1, 1863.
Seavey, James	Andover,	" "	Discharged for disability.
Sessions, Miron H.	Concord,	" "	Deserted April 4, 1862.
Swain, John W.	Sanbornton,	" "	Discharged for disability, Jan. 2, 1863.
Stockbridge, Ira L.	Alton,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Sanborn, John G.	Sandwich,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan 5, 1864.
Torrence, James W.	Strafford,	" "	Discharged for disability, Dec. 24, 1862.
Taylor, Herbert	Andover,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Thompson, John P.	"	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864,
Williamson, Matthew	South Newbury,	" "	Discharged for disability, July 7, 1862.
Webster, Philip B.	Laconia,	" "	Discharged for disability, Dec. 10, 1862.

TROOP I—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Webster, George A.	Lyme,	Dec. 17, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted March 23, 1864.
Warren, William	"	" "	Discharged for disability, July 10, 1862.
Warren, Jesse A	"	" "	Promoted to Corporal; taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; wounded March 17, 1863; trans. to V. R. C., April 28, 1864.

TROOP K—(N. H. BATTALION.)

Captain.			
Stephen R. Swett,	Andover,	Oct. 15, 1861.	Resigned Oct. 14, 1862.
First Lieutenant.			
Lorenzo D. Gove,	Hanover,	" "	Killed Oct. 31, 1862.
Second Lieutenants.			
George A. Sawyer,	Concord,	" "	Resigned Nov. 11, 1861.
George H. Thompson,	"	Nov. 11, 1861.	Wounded May 31, 1862; pro. to 1st Lieut., Aug. 4, 1862; wounded March 17, 1863.
Farrier.			
Hazen Duntley,	Milton,	Oct. 24, 1861.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Blacksmith.			
Ira Duntley,	"	" "	" " "
Saddler.			
Joseph A. Austin,	Manchester,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 16, 1862.

Wagoner.			
John A. Jones,	Manchester,	Oct. 24, 1861.	Discharged for disability, May 26, 1862.
Privates.			
Allen, Charles E.	Dover,	" "	" " " June 6, "
Allen, Frank	Nashua,	" "	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant, Dec. 3, 1861.
Atherton, James W.	Canaan,	" "	Discharged for disability, March 4, 1863.
Ayer, Henry G.	Manchester,	" "	Pro. to Corp.; see 1st Regt. N. H. Cavalry.
Babcock, John C.	Concord,	" "	Pro. to Corporal; killed at Front Royal, Va., May 30, 1862.
Barnard, Edwin K.	New Boston,	" "	Killed at Front Royal, Va., May 30, 1862.
Bongnge, Thomas	Manchester,	" "	Discharged for disability, Dec. 27, 1862.
Brackett, Moses D.	Milton,	" "	" " " June 14, "
Brackett, Cyrus A.	Middleton,	" "	Killed at Front Royal, Va., May 30, 1862.
Chapman, Jonathan B.	Manchester,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 2, 1864.
Childs, Jason N.	"	" "	Pro. to Corp.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Chubb, John G.	"	" "	Pro. to Corp.; disch. for dis'y, Jan. 28, 1863.
Clark, George E.	"	" "	Discharged for disability, Oct. 7, 1862.
Colby, Matthew N.	"	" "	See 1st Regiment N H. Cavalry.
Collomy, Daniel	Dover,	" "	Pro. to 1st Sergt.; discharged for disability, Feb. 13, 1862.
Collomy, James P.	New Durham,	" "	Died at Concord, N. H., Jan. 15, 1862.
Corson, Benjamin S.	Dover,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Corson, Eli	Milton,	" "	Died of disease Dec. 31, 1861.
Dorr, Charles A.	Dover,	" "	Discharged for disability, Sept. 23, 1862.
Dunham, Charles R.	Manchester,	" "	" " " May 6, "
Dunham, Emerson A.	"	" "	" " " Sept. 23, 1862.
Dix, George H.	Mason,	" "	Missing Oct. 12, 1863.
Eggleston, Clifton	Nashua,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 10, 1862.
Flanders, Edward C.	New Hampton,	" "	Died at Washington, D. C., May, 1863.
Foote, George E.	Dover,	" "	Pro. to Corp.; disch. for dis'y, June 11, '62.

TROOP K—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Forsaith, Warren	Deering,	Oct. 24, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 2, 1864.
Gage, James D.	Manchester,	" "	Pro. to Corp.; taken prisoner March 17, '63; taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Glidden, Charles A.	Dover,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Glidden, William H.	Strafford,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan 5, 1864.
Goodwin, Samuel H.	Dover,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Hall, Asa A.	Canaan,	" "	Wounded Aug. 9, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Hanchett, George	Manchester,	" "	Discharged for disability, Oct. 7, 1862.
Hart, William H.	"	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 2, 1864.
Hayes, Andrew R.	Milton,	" "	Discharged for disability, Sept. 29, 1862.
Heath, George W.	Dover,	" "	" " " July 16, "
Hill, Lebbeus	"	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Holton, William	Manchester,	" "	Discharged for disability, May 16, 1862.
Jenness, James W.	"	" "	" " " May 23, "
Jones, George F.	New Durham,	" "	" " " July 17, "
Jones, Philip	Manchester,	" "	Pro. to Sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Kidder, Charles S.	"	" "	Taken prisoner Jan. 1, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Kimball, Edward	Dover,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Langley, George E.	Durham,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 2, 1864.
Lawrence, Richard A.	Manchester,	" "	Discharged for disability, Oct. 7, 1862.

Mason, Hosea Q.	East Sanbornton,	Oct. 24, 1861.	Pro. to Sergt.; disch. for dis'y April 21, '63.
Mills, Hugh	Manchester,	" "	Pro. to Corp.; wounded slightly March 17, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Newton, Henry E.	"	" "	Not officially accounted for.
Prescott, Charles L.	"	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Page, John G.	"	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Palmer, Robert M.	Rochester,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Palmer, William H.	Manchester,	" "	Re-enlisted Feb. 25, 1864.
Parmenter, Martin L.	Antrim,	" "	Pro. to Sergt.; died at Antrim, Jan. 11, '62.
Penney, John W.	New Durham,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Philbrick, Ivory E.	Dover,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Phillips, Francis H.	Manchester,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Philph, Edward D.	Hill,	" "	Promoted to Q. M. Sergeant; discharged for disability, Jan. 26, 1863.
Pinkham, Thomas D.	Dover,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 19, 1862.
Quimby, Moody	Manchester,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Rodgers, Calvin	Alton,	" "	Taken prisoner March 17, 1863; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; last reported at Camp Parole, Md.
Smith, Chester E.	Candia,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 30, 1862.
Sanborn, Arthur L.	New Hampton,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Smith, Charles F.	Dover,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Steele, George H.	Rollinsford,	" "	Wounded June 18, 1863; re-enlisted March 18, 1864.
Stearns, Hiram	Manchester,	" "	Transferred to Invalid Corps, Feb. 15, 1864.
Taplin, Lewis E.	"	" "	See 1st Regiment New Hampshire Cavalry.
Titus, Jerome B.	Hooksett,	" "	Discharged for disability, May 13, 1862.
Tompkins, Charles R.	Dover,	" "	Pro. to Sergt., discharged June 11, 1862.
Tuttle, John L.	"	" "	Discharged for disability, Oct. 7, 1862.

TROOP K—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Wallace, James S.	Salem,	Oct. 24, 1861.	Not officially accounted for.
Wilson, Charles H.	Manchester,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 24, 1862.
Wyman, Arnold	"	" "	Promoted to First Lieutenant, Dec. 3, 1861.
Wilson, David F.	"	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 2, 1864.

TROOP L—(N. H. BATTALION.)

Captain.			
John J. Prentiss,	Claremont,	Dec. 3, 1861.	Dismissed Dec. 30, 1863.
First Lieutenant.			
Augustus H. Bixby,	Francestown,	" "	Promoted to Captain, July 18, 1862.
Second Lieutenant.			
William P. Prentiss,	Claremont,	" "	Promoted to 1st Lieutenant, Aug. 4, 1862.
First Sergeant.			
Ezra B. Parker,	Unknown,	Dec. 27, 1861.	Promoted to 2d Lieutenant, Aug. 4, 1862.
Privates.			
Allen, Charles S.	Claremont,	" "	Wound. Sept. 1, '62; re-enlisted Jan. 5, '64.
Bixby, Daniel P.	Unknown,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Briggs, William H.	Claremont,	" "	Pro. to Sergt.; disch. for dis'y, Jan. 16, '62.
Brown, John H.	Unknown,	" "	See 1st Regiment New Hampshire Cavalry.
Burbank, Alonzo	"	Jan. 18, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; transferred to 1st New Hampshire Cavalry.
Caswell, William H.	"	Dec. 27, 1861.	Wounded Aug. 9, 1862; last reported in hospital at Portsmouth Grove, R. I.

Cressey, Thomas C.	Unknown,	Dec. 27, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; transferred to V. R. C., Mar. 31, 1864.
Carr, Arnold E.	"	" "	Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, July 1, 1863.
Cobleigh, Ward L.	"	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Clark, Charles C.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; Corporal; " " " 30, 1864.
Clark, Francis	Claremont,	" "	Trans. to Invalid Corps, Nov. 15, 1863.
Clement, Charles H.	Unknown,	" "	Taken prisoner June 9, 1862; killed at Gettysburg, Penn., July 2, 1863.
Carey, Thomas F.	"	" "	Trans. to Troop B, 1st R. I. C., Aug. 1, '62.
Coffin, John T.	"	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Chapman, Joshua	"	" "	Discharged July 11, 1862.
Durell, Woodbridge W.	"	Dec. 27, 1861.	Promoted Corp.; pro. Sergt.; captured Oct. 12, 1863; paroled; mustered out.
Donald, Thomas W.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Farwell, William H.	Claremont,	Dec. 27, 1861.	Discharged for disability, Dec. 5, 1862.
Hartwell, John F.	Unknown,	" "	Deserted May 31, 1863.
Harrington, Thomas W.	"	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Hull, James H.	"	Jan. 18, 1862.	Re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
Hardy, Perley F.	"	" "	Wound. May 31, '62; re-enlisted Feb. 1, '64.
Hoyt, Charles W.	"	" "	Trans. to Invalid Corps, Nov. 20, 1863.
Hodgden, Thomas	"	" "	Not officially accounted for.
Jaquith, Reuben H.	"	Dec. 27, 1861	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Jaquith, Samuel J.	"	" "	Pro. to Sergt. 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Jackson, Andrew	"	" "	Discharged Sept. 5, 1862.
Knowlton, Rememb'ce K.	"	" "	Pro. to Corporal; discharged April 22, 1864.
Kershaw, Edward	"	" "	Not officially accounted for.
Knowlton, William W.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Pro. to Corp.; disch. for dis'y, Dec. 8, 1862.
Kane, Charles	"	" "	Died in hospital, Aug. 2, 1862.

TROOP L—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Lovejoy, Charles W.	Unknown,	Dec. 27, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; last reported paroled prisoner.
Laducer, Lewis W.	Claremont,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Lougee, Lorenzo R.	Unknown,	" "	Died June 8, 1862.
Lawton, Henry C.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Lovejoy, Warren W.	"	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, '63; wounded Sept. 14, 1863; discharged for disability, Feb. 3, 1864.
Locke, Benjamin T.	"	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; Corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Marden, William R.	"	Dec. 27, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; died at Annapolis, Md., Sept 12, 1863.
Morrill, Joseph B.	"	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Morse, Kimball A.	Lancaster,	" "	Discharged Sept. 25, 1862.
Moore, Edward F.	Claremont,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; Corporal; killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
Miliken, Charles A.	Unknown,	" "	Not officially accounted for.
Moody, William H. H.	Claremont,	" "	" " " "
McKinley, Franklin W.	Unknown,	" "	Discharged for disability, May 10, 1863.
Marsh, Eli C.	Claremont,	" "	Pro. Com. Sergt.; trans. to I. C., Mar. 1, '63.
McDuffie, James C.	Unknown,	Jan. 8, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Marshall, Joseph	"	Jan. 18, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Niles, Henry H.	Claremont,	Dec. 27, 1861.	Not officially accounted for.

Ordway, Levi	Unknown,	Dec. 27, 1861.	Died at Portsmouth Grove Hospital, R. I., Oct. 21, 1862.
47 Ordway, Benjamin H.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Sept. 25, 1863.
Patrick, Charles E.	Claremont,	Dec. 27, 1861.	Pro. to Sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Pardee, Ebenezer	Unknown,	Jan. 18, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
Richardson, Hugh	"	Dec. 27, 1861.	Not officially accounted for.
Robinson, Otis G.	Claremont,	" "	Pro. to Sergt.; not officially accounted for.
Scheever, Frederick	Unknown,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Sleeper, George W.	Claremont,	" "	Pro. Corporal; wounded severely March 17, 1863; see 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Still, Benjamin W.	"	" "	Discharged June 4, 1862.
Southwick, James M.	"	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; Corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Scales, Walter W.	Unknown,	" "	Re-enlisted March 18, 1864.
Sawyer, Charles A.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Pro. to Sergt.; pro. to 2d Lieut., Aug. 4, '62.
Tuttle, Woodbridge W.	"	Dec. 27, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
Tandy, Judson L.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Taylor, Leonard	"	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; re-enlisted Jan 5, 1864.
Thom, Letaine V.	"	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; Sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Troden, Michael	"	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; deserted at Camp Parole May, 1863.
Vaughn, Edwin	"	Jan. 18, 1862.	Pro. to Sergt.; pro. to 2d Lieut., Aug. 5, '62.
White, George W.	"	Dec. 27, 1861.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; Sergeant; discharged for disability, Feb. 3, 1864.
Wardwell, Joshua D.	"	" "	Not officially accounted for.

TROOP L—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Williams, Edson	Unknown,	Dec. 27, 1861.	Not officially accounted for.
Ward, Walden S.	"	" "	" " " "
Wentworth, Charles A.	"	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Wheeler, James P.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Woodward, William H.	"	" "	Killed in action, Aug. 9, 1862.
Wood, Sylvester	"	Jan. 18, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Dec. 28, 1862.

TROOP M—(N. H. BATTALION.)

Captain.			
William P. Ainsworth,	Nashua.	Dec. 3, 1861.	Killed at Front Royal, Va., May 30, 1862.
First Lieutenant.			
Joseph F. Andrews,	"	" "	Promoted to Quartermaster Jan. 1, 1862; taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862.
Second Lieutenant.			
John L. Perley, Jr.	Laconia,	" "	Died of disease near Catlett Station, Va., June 9, 1862.
Privates.			
Bowen, Charles L.	Holderness,	Dec. 24, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; died of disease, Nov. 27, 1863.
Berrey, George W.	Manchester,	" "	Discharged for disability, Jan. 17, 1863.
Bowman, Eugene M.	"	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Brigham, Edward H.	Nashua,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Baldwin, George H.	"	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Bagley, Olin H.	"	" "	Pro. Corp.; deserted from camp, Jan. 21, '63.

Brown, Robert A.	Nashua,	Dec. 24, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
Blake, Edmund R.	Danville,	" "	Transferred to Troop G, 1st N. E. Cavalry, March 3, 1863.
Blake, James F.	Hampstead,	Jan. 8, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Butler, Robert	Hampton Falls,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 30, 1862.
Boswell, James S.	Unknown,	Jan. 21, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; discharged by order, Feb. 25, 1863.
Clark, Robert W.	New Boston,	Dec. 24, 1861.	Pro. to Corp.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Currier, Edward L.	Derry,	" "	Trans. to Invalid Corps, Sept. 1, 1863.
Claflin, Calvin	Nashua,	Jan. 8, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Cushman, Hartley C.	Unknown,	" "	Killed at Front Royal, Va., May 30, 1862.
Cavin, Thomas	Nashua,	" "	Discharged Nov. 21, 1862.
Cames, Edward	Dover,	" "	Re-enlisted March 18, 1864.
Collins, Jones E.	Hampstead,	" "	Deserted June 7, 1863.
Cochran, Adam	Dover,	Jan. 20, 1862.	Re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1864.
Colby, John Francis	Manchester,	" "	Re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
Cilley, Joseph R.	Unknown,	Jan. 21, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Clifford, John R.	"	" "	Discharged for disability, May 2, 1862.
Carr, Byron L.	Sanbornton,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
Diggles, John P.	Nashua,	Dec. 24, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Dow, Moses	Pittsfield,	" "	Pro. to Corporal; discharged Jan. 2, 1863.
Dearborn, George	Hampton,	" "	Missing Oct. 12, 1863.
Davis, Charles S.	Durham,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 27, 1862.
Dixon, Ichabod W.	Milton,	Jan. 21, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Oct. 7, 1862.
Eastman, David R.	Nashua,	Dec. 24, 1861.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Emmons, Marcellus C.	New Hampton,	" "	Discharged for disability, Oct. 7, 1862.
Eveleth, Francis	Providence, R. I.	" "	Trans. to Troop H, 1st R. I. Cav., Jan. 1, '64.
Eaton, Alvin S.	Nashua,	Jan. 8, 1862.	Promoted Sergt.; re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.

TROOP M—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Eustis, George C.	Nashua,	Jan. 20, 1862.	Wounded June 18, 1863; taken prisoner Feb. 25, 1863.
Foster, Nathan H.	"	Dec. 24, 1861.	Pro. Q. M. Sergt.; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
French, James H.	Canaan,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Greene, James C.	Hampton Falls,	Jan. 8, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1864.
Godfrey, Morris H.	Hampton,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Hawks, Minor	Manchester,	Dec 24, 1861.	Discharged Dec. 21, 1862.
Hubbard, Henry P.	"	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Hoitt, Nathan B.	Nashua,	Jan. 8, 1862.	Discharged for disability, July 10, 1862.
Hounds, Charles	Bethel, Vt.	Jan. 20, 1862.	Transferred to Troop K, Feb. 1, 1862.
Kidder, Nathan P.	Manchester,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Knox, Jesse W.	Milton,	Jan. 21, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Oct. 7, 1862.
Leavitt, Enoch	Mason,	Dec. 24, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Leavitt, Horace	North Hampton,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; Corporal.
Littlefield, Cyrus	Manchester,	" "	Not officially accounted for.
Lovering, William H.	Unknown,	Jan. 8, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Lewis, John W.	Hampton,	Jan. 20, 1862.	Discharged for disability, June 25, 1862.
Moran, David	Mason,	Dec. 24, 1861.	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
McMurphy, William A.	Derry,	" "	Transferred to Invalid Corps, Sept. 1, 1863.
O'Brien, Patrick	Mason,	" "	Not officially accounted for.
Powers, William C.	Manchester,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.

Perkins, William J.	New Boston,	Jan. 8, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Prentiss, Charles B.	Concord,	Jan. 21, 1862.	Re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
* Radcliffe, Charles B.	Derry,	Dec. 24, 1861.	Discharged at Washington, D. C.
Ray, Walter	New Ipswich,	" "	Re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Runnels, Paul M.	New Durham,	" "	Discharged for disability, Sept. 5, 1862.
Russell, Arthur W.	Manchester,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 28, 1862.
Rich, Charles C.	Keene,	" "	Deserted May 21, 1862.
Smith, Augustus	New Ipswich,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Smith, Gideon H.	"	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Stevens, Francis E.	Nashua,	" "	Wounded Aug. 9, 1862; discharged for disability, Dec. 8, 1862.
Shapley, John H.	Rye,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; Corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Shapley, Robert B.	"	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; Sergeant; 1st Sergeant; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Sheldon, Charles B.	New Ipswich,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1864.
Sanborn, James M.	New Hampton,	" "	Discharged for disability, June 30, 1862.
Shillaber, Robert E.	Portsmouth,	Jan. 8, 1862.	Promoted Corporal; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Smith, Mark	Nashua,	Jan. 20, 1862.	Discharged at Washington, D. C., April, '62.
Snell, Royal T.	Unknown,	Jan. 21, 1862.	Discharged Dec. 5, 1862.
Smith, Olney P.	"	" "	Died at Annapolis, Md., Oct. 11, 1862.
Sanborn, Clarence B.	Sanbornton,	" "	Wounded Sept. 14, 1863.
Tasker, Albert P.	Manchester,	Dec. 24, 1861.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Thompson, William H. J.	Nashua,	Jan. 20, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; last reported in hospital, Jan. 1, 1864.
Twombly, Samuel K.	Unknown,	Jan. 21, 1862.	Discharged Sept. 7, 1862.

TROOP M—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Thompson, Joseph P.	Unknown,	Jan. 20, 1862.	Discharged Nov. 20, 1863.
Wilder, Lyman F.	Nashua,	Dec. 24, 1861.	Missing March 17, 1863; gained from missing; re-enlisted Jan. 5, 1864.
Wilson, Ebenezer	Manchester,	" "	Discharged Feb. 2, 1864.
Weston, Samuel B.	Nashua,	" "	Sergeant; taken prisoner Oct. 31, '62; taken prisoner June 18, 1863; discharged for disability, Jan. 22, 1864.
Wyman, Warren A.	"	" "	Discharged for disability, June 4, 1862.
White, Edwin D.	"	Jan. 8, 1862.	Pro. Hos. Stew.; not officially accounted for.
Wallace, Hiram	Unknown,	Jan. 21, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.

RECRUITS—(N. H. BATTALION.)

Sergeant.			
Thomas Manchester,	Providence, R. I.	Nov. 20, 1861.	Discharged by order, Nov. 21, 1863.
Privates.			
Austin, William	Canada,	Dec. 15, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Avery, James	New Hampshire,	Oct. 30, 1861.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Blake, William F.	Kensington,	Sept. 9, 1862.	Trans. to Invalid Corps, March 15, 1864.
Brown, James W. W.	"	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Blake, Ferdinand L.	Concord,	" "	Trans. to Invalid Corps, April 6, 1864.
Brown, George W.	"	Sept. 13, 1862.	Deserted from Camp Parole, Oct. 31, 1862.
Brown, Stephen H., 2d,	"	" "	Discharged for disability, June 4, 1863.
Bryant, Francis E.	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 16, 1861.	Appointed Bugler; not offl'ly accounted for.

Brown, Edward	Unknown,	Unknown.	Discharged Dec. 31, 1862.
Bartlett, John	"	Oct. 7, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Bradwick, William S.	"	Aug. 29, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Bowley, William S.	Stratham,	Sept. 22, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Collins, John E.	Kensington,	Sept. 9, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; discharged for disability, Feb. 28, 1863.
Chase, Warren H.	"	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862.
Corey, Charles W.	Lempster,	Sept. 13, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Corey, Joseph R.	"	" "	Discharged for disability, June 9, 1863.
Crystal, John M.	Somersworth,	Sept. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Cannon, George F.	Charlestown,	Nov. 9, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Crambell, Robert W.	Franklin, Mass.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. to Invalid Corps, Nov. 45, 1863.
Corn, George W.	Lyman,	Mar. 21, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Clark, Matthew N. S.	Unknown,	Aug. 30, 1862.	" " " "
Davis, Martin V. B.	Concord,	Sept. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Davis, Edson	Amherst,	Sept. 22, 1862.	" " " " "
Donan, Peter	Woonsocket, R. I.	Aug 11, 1862.	Last rep'ted in Milford, Mass., without leave.
Denei, August	Paris, France,	Dec. 2, 1862.	Deserted June 1, 1863.
Dunn, James	New Ipswich,	Mar. 12, 1862.	See 1st Regiment New Hampshire Cavalry.
Eaton, John L	Concord,	Sept. 17, 1862.	Trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, July 2, 1863.
Elkins, John H.	Unknown,	Sept. 15, 1862.	Killed at Middleburg, Va., June 18, 1863.
Forten, William J.	Concord,	Aug. 30, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Fairbanks, Charles	Nashua,	Sept. 15, 1862.	Died of wounds, June 19, 1863.
Ferrell, George T.	"	" "	See 1st Regiment New Hampshire Cavalry.
Furber, Daniel W.	Somersworth,	" "	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Frary, Jedediah C. W.	Concord,	Sept. 19, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Fales, Alfred	New Hampshire,	Oct. 28, 1862.	See 1st Regiment New Hampshire Cavalry.
Gove, Andrew	Kensington,	Sept. 9, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862.
George, Joseph O.	"	" "	Discharged for disability, Feb. 19, 1863.

RECRUITS—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Gove, Lewis E.	Kensington,	Sept. 23, 1862.	Trans. to Invalid Corps, Sept. 30, 1863.
Gee, Soloman A.	Alstead,	Oct. 10, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Jan. 22, 1863.
Gage, George H.	Driscott, Mass.	Aug. 12, 1862.	See 1st Regiment New Hampshire Cavalry.
Gage, George B.	Pelham,	" "	Last reported in hosp. at N. Y., Sept. 18,'63.
Greene, Charles O.	Unknown,	Sept. 28, 1862.	See 1st Regiment New Hampshire Cavalry.
Hull, Charles E.	Concord,	Sept. 13, 1862.	" " " " "
Herrick, Jackson V.	Lempster,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Hall, Charles L.	Concord,	Sept. 16, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Hunter, I. I.	Unknown,	Unknown.	Discharged May 28, 1862.
Holmes, William F.	"	Unknown.	" " 22, "
Hill, John B.	Dover,	Sept. 24, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; transferred to V. R. C., Dec. 1, 1863.
Hobbs, Frank D.	Unknown,	Sept. 15, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Nov., 1862.
Hobbs, James F.	"	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner March 17, 1863.
Joslyn, Albert	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 16, 1861.	Discharged for disability, Dec. 8, 1862.
Jackson, William	Lexington, Ky.	Dec. 24, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 1, 1863; supposed to have deserted from Camp Parole.
Kelley, Henry	New York, N. Y.	Nov. 3, 1862.	Deserted Jan. 21, 1863.
Kenyon, John S.	Franklin, Mass.	Aug. 9, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Keyes, George A.	Unknown,	Oct. 10, 1862.	" " "
Lamprey, Samuel	Kensington,	Sept. 23, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Lamprey, Edward D.	Hampton,	Feb. 17, 1862.	Discharged Nov. 17, 1862.

Lawrence, Benjamin G.	Unknown,	Sept. 24, 1862.	Taken pris. Oct. 31,'62; disch. Sept. 29, 1863.
Mooney, Daniel S.	Concord,	Sept. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Martin, Newell S.	"	Sept. 17, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
McClellan, Joseph	Providence, R. I.	Dec. 13, 1862.	Supposed to have deserted from Parole Camp, at Annapolis, Md.
Munroe, George	Unknown,	Sept. 13, 1862.	Deserted Jan. 21, 1863.
Nash, Otis C.	"	Oct. 10, 1862.	Discharged Nov. 30, 1862.
Newton, Hubbard	Walpole,	Sept. 24, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862.
O'Brien, James	Johnston, R. I.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
O'Brien, William	Woonsocket, R. I.	Aug. 13, 1862.	Discharged for disability, July 2, 1863.
O'Donnell, Andrew P.	Unknown,	Sept. 24, 1862.	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; transferred to V. R. C., Dec. 15, 1863.
Parker, John H.	Concord,	Aug. 30, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Jan. 30, 1862.
Phillips, John H.	Nashua,	Sept. 15, 1862.	Transferred to Invalid Corps, Sept., 1863.
Pray, Andrew	Dover,	" "	Taken prisoner Oct. 31, 1862; last reported at Parole Camp.
Persons, John M.	Unknown,	Oct. 7, 1862.	Trans. to Invalid Corps, Sept. 30, 1863.
Porter, Francis L.	Manchester,	Aug. 29, 1862.	Wounded dangerously March 17, 1863; last reported at Parole Camp, Annapolis, Md.
Place, John W.	Dover,	Sept. 24, 1862.	Discharged for disability, April 9, 1863.
Paige, Henry	Unknown,	Oct. 6, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Rowe, George P.	Concord,	Sept. 9, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Reynolds, Newton	Manchester,	Aug. 23, 1862.	Sergeant; taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Rouche, Daniel	Dover,	Nov. 1, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Shephard, Thomas H.	Unknown,	Sept. 27, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; deserted Feb. 18, 1864.
Sessions, Orville H.	Dummer,	Nov. 4, 1862.	Deserted Jan. 5, 1863.
Summerville, Thomas	Ireland,	Unknown.	Deserted at New York, Feb. 18, 1864.
Smith, Chester C.	Auburn,	Oct. 24, 1861.	Discharged June 30, 1862.

RECRUITS—(N. H. BATTALION)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Smith, R. C.	Unknown,	Oct. 10, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Sawyer, Samuel J.	Franklin,	Oct. 4, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Smith, Joshua P.	Unknown,	Sept. 15, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Treat, Andre J.	Lempster,	Sept. 13, 1862.	Deserted Feb. 1, 1863.
Tilton, Franklin	Concord,	Sept. 17, 1862.	Wounded severely Mar. 17, 1863; discharged Sept. 17, 1863.
Trimble, Robert	Utica, N. Y.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Torrey, Dana A.	Groveland, Mass.	Sept 22, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Oct. 19, 1863.
Thoom, William H.	Pelham,	Aug. 12, 1862.	Discharged for disability, Jan. 14, 1863.
Wilson, Harry	Rochester,	Sept. 6, 1862	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Woods, Franklin L.	Nashua,	Sept. 11, 1862.	Transferred to V. R. C., Aug. 11, 1863.
Wilson, Alvan S.	Gorham,	" "	Died at Falmouth, Va., Jan. 23, 1863.
Whipple, Austin L.	Concord,	Sept. 13, 1862.	Died at Annapolis, Md., Jan. 22, 1863.
Way, Sydney	Charlestown,	" "	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Webster, Charles	Dover,	Sept. 15, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Webster, Henry	Walpole,	Nov. 7, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.
Woods, William	Unknown,	Sept. 29, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863; last reported at Parole Camp.
White, James	Worcester, Mass.	Oct. 16, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Wood, G. H.	Unknown,	Unknown.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Wooster, Alonzo	"	Sept. 4, 1862.	Discharged for disability, March 1, 1863.
Webster, Henry M.	Walpole,	Nov. 7, 1862.	Not officially accounted for.
Way, Solomon S.	Unknown,	Oct. 11, 1862.	See 1st Regiment N. H. Cavalry.
Warren, John W.	"	Sept. 15, 1862.	Taken prisoner June 18, 1863.

FIELD AND STAFF—(RE-ORGANIZED.)

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Major.			
John Rogers,	Newport, R. I.	Mar. 23, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Assistant Surgeon.			
Albert Utter,		Jan. 20, 1863.	Trans. from Staff old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Charles E. Ellison,	Roxbury, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Non-Commissioned Staff, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Commissary-Sergeant.			
Thomas A. Richards,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Non-Commissioned Staff, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hospital Steward.			
Edward C. Capwell,	Hopkinton,	Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. from N. C. Staff, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Veterinary Surgeon.			
Crawford A. Scranton.		Sept. 18, 1862.	Trans. from N. C. Staff, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Chief Trumpeter.			
William R. Kay,		Nov. 1, 1862.	Trans. from N. C. Staff, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP A—(RE-ORGANIZED.)

Captains.			
John Rogers,	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Major, Nov. 7, 1864.
George W. Darling,		May 22, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP A—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
First Lieutenant.			
Samuel C. Willis,	Oxford, Mass.	Nov. 1, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Second Lieutenants.			
James M. Fales,	Warren, R. I.		Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war, Dec. 30, 1864; exchanged; mustered out March 6, 1865.
Stephen H. Pickering,	Providence, R. I.	March 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
First Sergeants.			
William H. Tallman,	Tiverton, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; 2d Lieut. Troop C, Jan. 11. 1865.
Edward C. Martin,	Baden, Germany,	" "	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; 2d Lieut. Troop B, May 19, 1865.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
William H. Durfee,	E. Greenwich, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; 1st Sergeant, June 6, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Commissary-Sergeant.			
Henry C. Adams,	Milton, Mass.	Mar. 1, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Mar. 1, 1865.
Sergeants.			
Lyman Aylesworth,	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Corporal Troop C; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
William Gardner,	Pawtucket, "	" "	Trans. from Troop F, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Maurice Crane,	N. Providence, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop F, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; Commissary Sergeant; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

William F. Doherty,	Levant, Maine,	Feb. 10, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Feb. 5, 1865.
46 Charles R. Cross,	Chesterfield, N. H.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Corporals.			
Charles W. Bowen,	Providence, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop F, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
David A. Mathewson,	S. Scituate, "	" "	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864 mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Jasper Spencer,	E. Greenwich, "	" "	Trans. from Troop F, old org., Dec. 21, 1864; Sergt. Apr. 1,'65; mustered out Aug. 3,'65.
George B. Bennett,	" "	" "	Trans. from Troop F, old org., Dec. 21, 1864; Sergeant; mustered out Aug 3, 865.
Daniel S. Cooke,	Suffolk Co., Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop G, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; Q. M. Sergeant, June 6, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
William Walsh,	Ireland,	" "	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
German P. Thurber,	Central Falls, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Farriers.			
Joseph L. Straight,	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Sept. 1, 1862.	Trans. from Troop F old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Charles H. Scott,	Woonsocket, R. I.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Saddlers.			
Daniel F. Hackett,	Boston, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Edmund R. Blake,	Danville, N. H.	" "	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Musicians.			
George H. Flint,	Reading, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP A—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Musician.			
John Tebo,	Manchaug, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Wagoner.			
James C. Luther,	Johnston, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Privates.			
Andrews, George A.		Mar. 16, 1865.	Absent sick, Aug. 3, 1865.
Allan, Henry A.		April 5, "	Trans. from Troop B; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865; died before the regt. was finally paid.
Angell, John V.		Mar. 14, "	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Béarse, Elijah		Feb. 4, "	" " " "
Boyden, Vernon		April 5, "	" " " "
Burbank, Samuel H.		Feb. 21, "	" " July 8, "
Bradford, James H.		April 13, "	" " Aug. 3, "
Bennett, James	England,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Baker, Clovis S.		April 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Brown, John	Ireland,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, June 6, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Butman, Warren	Franklin, Mass.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Curran, John		Feb. 21, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Cooke, Henry N.		Feb. 13, 1865.	" " " "
Clark, Henry	Oruble, N. Y.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Colvin, Lyman		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out July 8, 1865.
Coughlan, Patrick	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Sept. 1, 1862.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Crandall, William O.		Mar. 24, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Chace, Sylvester	Douglas, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Bugler; mustered out Aug. 3,'65.
Cook, Esbon O.		Mar. 14, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Coburn, Frank	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Bugler; mustered out Aug. 3,'65.
Copeland, Hiram W.	Easton, Mass.	Oct. 10, 1862.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Curtis, James C.	Trenton, N. J.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out July 26, 1865.
Comstock, Walter	Woonsocket, R. I.	Aug. 5, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Sergeant, April 1, 1865; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Collins, Alfred		Mar. 2, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Doyle, Patrick	Ireland,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Dicket, Charles		April 5, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Dalwigh, George B. Von	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Dawley, James V. Jr.		Feb. 25, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Draper, Theodore W.		April 12, "	" " 1, "
Everett, David		Mar. 2, "	" " 3, "
Fenner, Alonzo B.		April 10, "	" " "
Getty, Harvey		Feb. 25, "	Deserted June 9, 1865.
Greene, Charles A.		Feb. 20, "	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Grimley, James	Providence, R. I.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.

TROOP A—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Greene, Charles E.		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out May 22, 1865.
Gray, James		April 11, 1865.	Corp. June 6, '65; mustered out Aug. 3, '65.
Grimley, James Jr.	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Gage, Alexander		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Harrington, Bradford J.	Coventry, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hiscox, Benjamin F.	Warren, "	Mar. 4, 1862.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; died Oct. 8, 1864, in prison, Danville, Va.
Hughs, Thomas	Johnston, "	Aug. 26, 1862.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Hall, David B	Raynham, Mass.	Sept. 18, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Harris, Aslon		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hall, Calvin	" "	Sept. 18, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Harrington, Amos		Feb. 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hilchley, Charles B.	Nova Scotia,	Sept. 24, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Holliday, George		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Helmrich, Louis Von	Prussia,	June 27, 1863.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, June 6, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Howland, James H.		April 8, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Ide, George W.	Scituate, R. I.	Oct. 31, 1862	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
48* Jacques, George H.	Woonsocket, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G; old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, June 6, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Joslin, Stephen		Feb. 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Joslin, Lucius B.		Feb. 10, 1865.	" " "
Lapham, George B.	" "	Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, '64; Farrier; mustered out June 6, '65.
Latham, Charles F.		Mar. 16, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Lewis, Lafayette		Feb. 23, "	" " "
Lovely, Charles		Feb. 28, "	" " "
Marah, John		April 13, "	" " "
Maney, Jeremiah		April 10, "	" " "
Mullen, Patrick	Worcester, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Maroney, Edward		Feb. 23, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
McEagan, John		April 11, "	" " "
McCann, James		April 10, "	Deserted June 30, 1865.
Newell, George F.	Glocester, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner June 6, 1865; mustered out July 28, 1865.
Niles, Nathaniel		Feb. 4, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Nickerson, Charles W.		Feb. 7, 1865.	" " "
Nichols, Robert		Mar. 16, 1865.	" " "
Potter, George D.	Cranston, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war June 6, 1865.
Perry, Theodore A.	Boston, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP A—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Parker, Patrick	Ireland,	Mar. 1, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out March 1, 1865.
Phillips, Ansel P.		Feb. 8, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Peck, William F.		Mar. 10, 1865.	" " "
Phillips, Ferdinand H.		Feb. 13, 1865.	Absent sick at Portsmouth Grove Hospital, Aug. 3, 1865.
Remington, Byron D.		April 12, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Remington, William H.	Providence, R. I.	Feb. 6, 1864.	Blacksmith; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Rogers, David N.		Feb. 14, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Smith, James		April 13, "	Deserted July 10, 1865.
Sullivan, James		April 12, "	" " "
Sherman, Abel G.	S. Kingstown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out May 19, 1865.
Scott, Matthew		Feb. 21, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Sullivan, Patrick	Ireland,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Springsteen, William A.		Feb. 25, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Spink, William R.	Warwick, R. I.	Jan 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Spencer, Vineum G.		Feb. 23, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Shannon, Thomas	Ireland,	Mar. 1, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out March 1, 1865.
Sisson, Isaac	Woonsocket, R. I.	Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.

Schancey, Patrick		Mar. 1, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Turner, Ezekiel T.	Johnston, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Taylor, William	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corp.; mustered out June 6, '65.
Tarney, Patrick	Johnston, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Thurston, Eben R.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Williams, John		Mar. 13, 1865.	Deserted June 9, 1865.
Westcott, Isaac	" "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop F, old organization, Dec. 21,'64; missing in action since Aug. 17,'64.
Wyart, Arthur D.		Feb. 23, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Williams, James		Mar. 22, 1865.	Transferred to Troop B.
West, John		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP B—(RE-ORGANIZED.)

Captain.			
Allen Baker, Jr.	Providence, R. I.	July 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
First Lieutenant.			
John R. Umfreville,	Warren, "	Dec. 6, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Second Lieutenants.			
Hebron H. Steere,		Jan. 26, 1863.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; 1st Lieut. Troop C, May 19, '65.
Edward C. Martin,	Baden, Germany,	June 9, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
First Sergeant.			
Anselm Walker,	Roxbury, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; 2d Lieut. Troop D, May 16, '65.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Emmet R. Scouler,	Blackstone, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP B—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Bolton, Joseph		Feb. 17, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Bitgood, Charles H.		April 12, "	" " "
Barber, Silas E.		Feb. 13, "	" " "
Briden, Samuel		Mar. 24, "	" " "
Brown, Samuel G. Jr.		April 12, "	" " "
Baker, Charles H.		Feb. 3, "	Mustered out June 14, 1865.
Card, William	N. Shoreham, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, May 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Carpenter, Patrick	Boston, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop E, old organ.; prisoner of war; died May 24, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Crossen, Henry		Feb. 15, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865
Caldwell, James A.	Olneyville, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, June 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Caswell, George A.		Feb. 10, 1865.	Corp. June 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, '65.
Clarke, Thomas C.	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Conner, George W.		Mar. 30, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Clarke, George L.	Warwick, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war since Oct. 12, 1863.
Creed, Philip		Mar. 6, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Crowell, Joseph	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Cummins, James	Ireland,	" "	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Decker, Thomas	Bristol, R. I.	Jan. 15, 1863.	Trans. from Troop H old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Doherty, Andrew	Providence, R. I	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Dooley, Thomas H.	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out July 8, 1865.
Donnally, Patrick R.	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Eldridge, Samuel P.	" "	Feb. 27, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Emerson, Orin M.	New Hampshire,	Sept. 16, 1862.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, mustered out June 6, 1865.
Elwood, Joseph		April 10, 1865.	Deserted July 22, 1865.
Edwards, Edwin A.		" "	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Eveleth, Francis	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864 mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Edwards, Sullivan M.		Feb. 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Farrell, Martin	" "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864 absent in arrest Aug. 3, 1865.
Fox, David A.		Mar. 6, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Freelove, Henry B.	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war; died June 6, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Foster, Jacob B.	Germany,	June 27, 1863.	Trans. from Troop H, old org., Dec. 21, 1864; died March 12, 1864, at Richmond, Va.
French, Samuel		Mar. 30, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP B—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Gorton, Ray G.	Warwick, R. I.	Feb. 6, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gallagher, James		Feb. 20, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gavitte, Hazard P.		Feb. 16, "	" " "
Gardenes, James A. Jr.		April 13, "	" " "
Gardner, Henry		April 10, "	" " "
Hayward, George W.	Halifax,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Sergeant June 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hudson, Thomas		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Harrigan, Philip	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hemphill, Joseph	New Bedford, Mass.	Oct. 13, 1862.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hopkins, Nelson Jr.	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hammond, Henry L.		Feb. 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Ide, Stephen R.	Foster, "	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war; died June 14, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
James, Lewis		Mar. 14, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Jenkins, William	S. Providence, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Jan. 21, 1865.

Knight, William F.		Mar. 8, 1865.	Mustered out June 15, 1865.
Kettle, George	W. Greenwich, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Kempton, Harrison W.	Uxbridge, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war since Oct. 3, 1864.
Looby, Michael		Sept. 22, 1862.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 9, 1865.
Louth, John		Feb. 20, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Larding, Henry			Not accounted for on the rolls.
Mathewson, Wm. A. L.	N. Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
May, Thomas		Mar. 2, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Mitchell, Leonard	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Miller, Charles		Feb. 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Mulholland, Hugh	Valley Falls, "	Mar. 14, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
McCabe, John		Feb. 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Maine, Charles H.	Pawtucket, "	Jan. 20, 1862.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war; died June 13, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Mott, Charles B.		Mar. 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Mulloney, James		Feb. 20, 1865.	" " "
Nichols, James	W. Greenwich, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old org., Dec. 21, 1864; Corp. May 14, '65; mustered out Aug. 3, '65.
Newman, James	Providence, R. I.	Aug. 15, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Northup, Edmund	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Mar. 12, 1862.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war; died June 12, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.

TROOP B—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Owen, Frederick A.		Mar. 30, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Osborne, George		Feb. 16, "	" " " "
Prew, Charles H.		Mar. 30, "	" " " "
Potter, Charles H.		April 11, "	" " July 19, "
Remington, William H.	Providence, R. I.	Feb. 6, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; trans. to Troop A, June 5, 1865.
Robinson, George H.		Feb. 28, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Ross, James		Feb. 16, 1865.	" " "
Rockil, George		Mar. 30, 1865.	" " "
Read, Asa K.		Mar. 2, 1865.	Died April 18, 1865, in hospital, at Baltimore, Md.
Spink, Darius C.	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war; died June 27, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Schofield, Charles W.		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Sullivan, John		April 10, 1865.	" " " "
Stone, George F.	Barre, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal June 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Sawyer, Lorenzo		April 10, 1865.	Deserted June 27, 1865.
Shippee, Isaac S.		April 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Tasker, Thomas J.	Providence, R. I.	Mar. 3, 1862.	Trans. from Troop E, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Jan. 2, 1865.
Tillinghast, George H.		Feb. 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Verguson, Charles M.		Feb. 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Wishard, William	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Willard, Hubbell H.	Worcester, Mass.	Sept. 18, 1862.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 3, 1865.
Wilcox, Barber A.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Wood Emery A.		Mar. 15, 1865.	" " "
Williams, James		Mar. 22, 1865.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
West, Francis S.		Mar. 6, 1865.	Mustered out June 15, 1865.

TROOP C—(RE-ORGANIZED.)

Captain.			
George N. Bliss,	Providence, R. I.		Trans. from Troop C, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out May 20, 1865.
First Lieutenants.			
Joseph W. Dewey,	Hanover, N. H.	Nov. 1, 1864.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; discharged Feb. 28, 1865.
Hebron H. Steere,		June 8, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Second Lieutenant.			
William H. Tallman,	Tiverton, R. I.	Jan. 20, 1865.	Trans. from Troop F, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
First Sergeant.			
Charles E. Fox,	Newport, R. I.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Thomas A. Harris,	Canada,	Dec. 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop B, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Commissary-Sergeant.			
Nathan Atwood,	Warwick, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Sergeants.			
Otis H. Crossman,	Blackstone, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP C—(RE-ORGANIZED.)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Sergeants—Continued.			
Stephen H. Pickering,	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; 2d Lieut. Troop A, Jan. 31, '65.
Emmons D. Guild,	Wrentham, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop G, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out April 1, 1865.
William P. Lovett,	Boston, "	Jan 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Corporals.			
George F. Cummings,	Auburn, "	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
William W. Marsh,	Ellington, "	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Sergeant May 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Albert N. Jacobs,	Dover, N. H.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Edward B. Myers,	Bristol R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old org., Dec. 21, 1864; Sergt. June 5,'65; mustered out Aug. 3,'65.
John A. Spaulding,	Lonsdale, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Lyman Aylesworth,	N. Kingstown, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Sergt. Troop A, April 1, 1865.
Samuel R. Greene,	Warwick, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Sergeant, May 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Lawrence Cronan,	England,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; transferred to Troop D, June 1, 1865.
Farrier.			
49* Asa T. Hicks,	Tiverton, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Saddler.			
Daniel A. Smith,	Smithfield, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Musicians.			
Ethan S. Brown,	" "	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Oliver S. Adams,	Reading, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Wagoner.			
Halsey Ballou,	Cumberland, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Privates.			
Adams, Frederick P.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Arnold, Almond O.		April 11, "	" " "
Barber, Stanton L.		April 12, "	" " "
Booth, William		April 3, "	" " "
Booth, Simpson		April 3, "	" " "
Booth, John		April 3, "	" " "
Barlow, William	Ireland,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Bates, Willard H.	Warwick, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Bliss, Charles C.	Fall River, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Bond, Addison S.	Brimfield, "	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Brown, John S.	Topsham, Vt.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP C—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Bowes, Philip		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Burke, James	Smithfield, R. I.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war; died July 23, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Boyle, William		Mar. 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Ball, Augustus		April 11, 1865.	" " "
Carpenter, Oscar N.	Lonsdale, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, May 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Conway, Patrick		Mar. 21, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Carter, Edward S.	Smithfield, "	Sept. 22, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Carey, Foster H.	Providence, "	Aug. 12, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Cavanagh, James	Cumberland, "	Aug. 7, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Church, Benedict G.	Hopkinton, "	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Colburn, Charles H.	Providence, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, June 6, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Cunningham, Patrick		Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Colwell, Daniel T.	" "	April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Dexter, Raphael	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Donahue, Michael		Mar. 8, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Diamond, James	Ireland,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Draper, Alvin A.		Oct. 25, 1862.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Dyer, John	S. Providence, R. I.	Aug. 25, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; discharged Feb. 18, 1865, on Surgeon certificate.
Earle, Thomas A.	Pawtucket, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Eldridge, Ransom F.	Central Falls, "	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; taken prisoner March, 1865; exchanged; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Field, Henry	Olneyville, "	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Field, James L.	Providence, "	Sept. 26, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out May 30, 1865.
Ford, William B.	Smithfield, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Fuller, George H.	Providence, "	Sept. 23, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Fuller, Manly J.	" "	Oct. 19, 1864	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gavitt, Philetus O.	Coventry, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Graves, George A.	Providence, "	Mar. 3, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Graves, Abraham		Sept. 22, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corp.; mustered out June 6, '65.

TROOP C—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Gay, Albert E.	Providence, R. I.	April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hopkins, James R.		Mar. 13, 1865.	" " "
Hanley, Thomas		April 11, 1865.	" " "
Hawkins, George C.	" "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old org., Dec. 21, '64; Corp., Apr 1, 1865; mus. out Aug. 3, '65.
Hunt, William H.	Seekonk, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Johnson, Welcome A.	Allendale, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, June 6, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Kindred, Henry E.	Providence, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Lawson, Lewis		Mar. 30, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Latham, William H.	Smithfield, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Leedham, John	Lonsdale, "	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Loramore, Robert S.	Providence, "	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Lovell, Isaac B.	Allendale, "	Mar. 9, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Luther, Samuel O.	Providence, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Leach, Owen L.		April 12, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Mattison, Amasa L.	Scituate, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Bugler; mustered out Aug. 3,'65.
McCarty, John		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Morse, Andrew	Wareham, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21,1864; Saddler; mustered out Aug. 3,'65.
Moore, Francis E.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Makee, William H.	Warwick, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Miller, Herbert E.		April 14, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Monaghan, James		Aug. 4, 1862.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Moshier, Joseph H.	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Myers, George W.	Bristol, "	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Nye, George		Feb. 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Nichols, Harrison G.	W. Greenwich, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Oliver, James	Cumberland, R. I.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Potter, James B.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Packard, William J.		Mar. 9, 1865.	" " "
Parmenter, Winslow B.		Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Potter, Ashael S.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Pearce, George M.	Bristol, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; deserted Nov. 28, 1862; returned Aug. 1, 1864; sentenced by G. C. M., to make good all time lost by desertion.
Putnam, James L.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP C—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Pierce, Duty J.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Pray, John		April 11, "	" " "
Reilly, John O.		Mar. 22, "	Mustered out Sept. 29, 1865.
Ray, Samuel	Canada,	Sept. 27, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Reynolds, Clark		April 12, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Rothwell, John W.	Bristol, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out May 1, 1865.
Rowe, Joseph		Mar. 20, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Rourke, John	Providence, R. I.	Sept. 20, 1862.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Riley, John		April 6, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Shaw, Cornelius O.		Dec. 3, 1862.	Trans. from Troop B, old org., Dec. 21, '64; Corp., June 1, '65; must'd out Aug. 3, '65.
Swift, George G.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Sheldon, Albert G.	Richmond, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Steere, Dwight		April 5, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Spaulding, George H.	Lonsdale, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Steere, John H.		Sept. 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Sutherland, Hugh	Cumberland, "	Aug. 2, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.

Searle, Albert E.		April 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Tallman, Benjamin G.	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Taylor, John W.	New York, N. Y.	" "	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Thurber, Frank A.	Central Falls, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Tourjee, William H.	Warwick, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Talbot, William B.		April 12, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Wilson, James		Mar. 13, 1865.	" " "
Ward, Thomas Jr.	Pawtucket, R. I.	Mar. 9, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Watson, Elhanan		April 8, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Webb, John S.		Sept. 1, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Winterbottom, James	Smithfield, "	Aug. 4, 1862.	Trans. from Troop C, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Wood, Henry A.	Foster, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21. 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP D—(RE ORGANIZED.)

Captain.			
Willis C. Capron,	Woonsocket, R. I.	Nov. 16, 1863.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
First Lieutenant.			
Andrew G. Lorrimer,	Providence, "	Dec. 2, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Second Lieutenants.			
George W. Darling,	" "	Mar. 1, 1863.	Trans. from Troop B, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Captain Troop A, May 15, 1865.

TROOP D—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Second Lieutenants.			
Anselm Walker,	Roxbury, Mass.	May 28, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
First Sergeant.			
Henry A. Carder,	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Quartermaster-Sergeant.			
Elton P. Dotey,	Wallingford, Vt.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; 1st Sergeant, Jan. 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Sergeants.			
Freeman L. Fuller,	Sutton, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Jeremiah Coughlan,	Ireland,	Feb. 19, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Feb. 19, 1865.
Allen C. Sweeting,	Valley Falls, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Mustered out Jan. 11, 1865.
Isaac King,	Sutton, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Horace H. Pierce,	Mendon, "	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Philip B. Carroll,	Nova Scotia,	" "	Trans. from Troop H, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; deserted July 25, 1865.
Corporals.			
Alfred P. Palmer,	N. Baltimore, N.Y.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; Com. Sergeant, May 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Nicholas Eagan,	Westerly, R. I.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.

George H. Martin,	Westerly, R. I.	Aug. 13, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 16, 1865.
Nathaniel T. Wilcox,	Charlestown, Mass.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Farriers.			
Lawrence Gibney,	Ireland,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Samuel Brown,	Newport, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Saddler.			
Lewis R. Whiting,		Mar. 12, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Musicians.			
Cwen Dooner,		Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Philo S. White,	Glocester, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Wagoner.			
Charles H. Legg,	Masonville, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Privates.			
Angell, William H.	Scituate, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Armington, Hervey B.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Atkinson, John	Newcastle, Del.	July 26, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; deserted June 5, 1865.
Ashworth, Noah A.		Mar. 6, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Ashworth, George	England,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; term of service extended 1 year, 6 months, for desertion.
Angell, George J.		Mar. 31, 1865.	Mustered out May 31, 1865.
Allen, Charles N.	Providence, R. I.	Aug. 26, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war; died Aug. 21, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.

TROOP D (RE ORGANIZED) CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates Continued.			
Ashley, James		Nov. 15, 1864.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Bennett, William H.	Phenix, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Prisoner; exchanged; trans from Troop D, old org.; mustered out Oct. 10, 1864.
Brownell, Major W.	Quidnick, "	Aug. 19, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Beckton, James C.	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Brown, Jerry H.		Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corp.; mustered out June 6, '65.
Barnaby, James C.		April 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Bachelor, Charles H.	Northampton, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corp.; mustered out Aug. 3, '65.
Baker, Franklin O.		April 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Borden, Holden B.	Tiverton, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Baalam, James		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Colwell, Edward F.	Hebronville, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Oct. 4, 1865.
Cole, Henry T.	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Cantello, Stephen	Bradford, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Capwell, Willard T.	Sterling, Conn.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Cooke, Joseph W.	Wrentham, Mass.	Aug. 5, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Corcoran, James		April 4, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Card, William	Plainfield, Conn.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Cronan, Lawrence	England,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Transferred from Troop C, June 1, 1865; Sergeant; Q. M. Sergeant; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Cooke, William H.	Dutchess, N. Y.	" "	Trans. from Troop A, old org., Dec. 21, '64; Corp., Apr. 1, 1865; mus. out Aug. 3, '65.
Collins, James H.	Boston, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, as prisoner of war; died at Richmond, Va., Feb., 1864.
Callahan, Malachi		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Dunn, James		April 5, 1865.	" " "
Dowling, William	Pascoag, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Durfee, Andrew	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war.
Daly, James		April 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Eldridge, James P. O.	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization; deserted June 25, 1865.
Fish, Delos	Canterbury, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.
Felch, Edward M.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out July 22, 1865.
Greene, Albert A.	Douglas, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gould, Charles E.	E. Douglas, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war; died Feb. 25, 1864, at Belle Island, Va.

TROOP D—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Goddard, Abraham F.	Holden, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gougenhorn, John	Germany,	" "	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gilmartin, Richard		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hackley, William	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; deserted April 18, 1863; returned Oct. 13, 1864; sentenced to make good all time lost by desertion.
Harvey, Andrew		April 8, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hunt, Caleb W.	Valley Falls, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, as prisoner of war; died Aug. 1, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Hudson, Marinus W.		April 5, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Herrick, Amos H.	Holland, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Jan. 15, 1865.
Hopkins, George L.		April 1, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Herrick, William A.	Voluntown, Conn.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; transferred to V. R. C.
Joslin, James A.	Bellingham, Mass.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Johnson, James B.	Warwick, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Jillson, Welcome R.	Cumberland, R. I.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
30 Knowles, John M.		April 12, 1865.	Deserted June 28, 1865.
* Kelley, Edwin A.	Newport, R. I.	Nov. 30, 1864.	Sergeant March 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Kennedy, William		April 10, 1865.	Deserted June 25, 1865.
Kelley, Daniel		Mar. 25, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Lynch, Michael C.	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out May 18, 1865.
Linahan, Thomas		Mar. 3, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Lewis, Courtland		Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Leonard, James M.		April 12, 1865.	Deserted June 28, 1865.
McLear, John		April 16, 1865.	" " "
Miner, Stephen	Johnston, R. I.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war; died June 9, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
McDonald, Richard		Sept. 23, 1862.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; deserted June 1, 1865.
McNanney, Patrick	Ireland,	Sept. 26, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
McCoy, Edward	Providence, R. I.	July 27, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Monroe, Samuel P.	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Mar. 28, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old org., Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Miller, Seth B.		April 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Millington, James W.	Rhode Island,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war; died July 31, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Moore, Patrick P.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP D—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
McGovern, George		April 12, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Mowry, Stephen G.		April 11, "	Deserted June 25, 1865.
O'Brien, James	Johnston, R. I.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop I, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
O'Rourke, James		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Oatley, Edward F.	Narragansett, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Peck, William	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 16, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Dec. 26, 1864.
Parker, George W.		April 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Pettis, John H.		April 10, 1865.	" " "
Potter, Harris O.	Coventry, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1864.
Presbury, James W.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Peck, William F.	Providence, "	Jan. 16, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Dec. 26, 1864.
Reilley, John B.		Feb. 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Read, Nathan H.		April 10, 1865.	Corp. June 7, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, '65.
Rutherford, John	England,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; Corp.; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Rankin, John	Scotland,	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Raynor, John G.	Westerly, R. I.	Aug. 6, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.

Rathbone, Jeremiah	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war; died July 31, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., of chronic diarrhœa.
Shaw, William	England,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Sunderland, William A.	River Point, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Stewart, William	Middletown, Va.	Aug. 15, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Snow, George	E. Douglas, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Stanton, Benjamin T.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Smith, Edward H.	Worcester, Mass.	Aug. 7, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865.
Studley, Frederick A.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Soule, Edward B.	Stonington, Conn.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Smith, John M.		Mar. 31, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Snow, Alfred		Feb. 24, 1865.	" " "
Salisbury, William B.		April 4, 1865.	" " "
Towne, Allen W.	Union, Conn.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Trainor, James		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Vandorne, James W.		March 13, 1864.	Deserted June 28, 1865.
Wadkins, Albert J.	Douglas, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, June 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Wilcox, Henry B.	Hope Village, R. I.	July 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.

TROOP D (RE-ORGANIZED) Continued

NAME AND RANK	RESIDENCE	DATE OF MUSTER	REMARKS
Privates—Continued			
West, Hiram	Warwick, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 31, 1864, as prisoner of war; died June 10, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Weir, George		April 19, 1865	Mustered out Aug. 9, 1865
West, George W.		Dec. 14, 1861	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 31, 1864, as prisoner of war; died Aug. 31, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Westcott, Joseph Jr.		April 10, 1865	Mustered out July 19, 1865
Wilcox, Lyman Jr.	Cumberland, R. I.	Aug. 6, 1862	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 31, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865
Wright, Edward F.		April 10, 1865	Mustered out Aug. 6, 1865
Watson, Joseph		" "	" " "
York, Isaac F.	Westerly, R. I.	Aug. 15, 1862	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 31, 1864, as prisoner of war; died Feb. 15, 1864, at Belle Island, Va.
Young, Frank H.		Mar. 25, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 6, 1865.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates.			
Blair, Joseph		Feb. 13, 1865.	
Brabair, Theodore		Mar. 2, "	
Doxey, John		Mar. 25, "	
Heffring, Michael		Feb. 21, "	
Inglish, William		Feb. 2, "	
Kittredge, Hiram M.		Mar. 21, "	
Kneeland, James		Feb. 16, "	
Mahan, Michael		" "	
McGuire, James		" "	
McKenna, William	Ireland,	Aug. 8, 1864	
Stewart, William	Rhode Island,	Aug. 15, 1864.	
Williams, Barney		Feb. 16, 1865.	

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

"The links, enwove by stern self-sacrifice,
Brother to brother binding."

PECULIARLY tender and enduring is the fellowship of arms, formed and matured amid perils, privations, and sufferings, endured for the love of liberty and the welfare of our country. Herein is a bond of brotherhood that is sacred and imperishable.

The veterans of the honored First Rhode Island Cavalry, after many preliminary consultations, formed a Veteran Association, September 15, 1869, with the following officers:

President—Major JOHN ROGERS.
First Vice-President—Captain ALLEN BAKER, Jr.
Second Vice-President—Captain GEORGE W. DARLING.
Treasurer—Lieutenant HEBRON H. STEERE.
Chaplain—Rev. ETHAN R. CLARKE.
Historian—Rev. FREDERIC DENISON.
Executive Committee—EDWARD C. CAPWELL, SAMUEL R. GREENE, GEORGE F. CUMMINGS, WELCOME A. JOHNSON.

The first re-union was held December 14, 1869, the anniversary of our muster-in to the United States service. At this meeting, in the Horse Guards Armory, in

Providence, Chaplain Denison delivered an historical address.

The second re-union was held July 18, 1873, at Rocky Point, R. I., in connection with the veterans of other Rhode Island regiments. Here decisive steps were taken for securing the history of the old command. All were enthusiastic for the work. The following officers were elected:

President—Major WILLIAM H. TURNER.
First Vice-President—Captain GEORGE N. BLISS.
Second Vice-President—Sergt. THOMAS A. RICHARDS.
Secretary—Lieutenant ANDREW G. LORIMER.
Treasurer—Lieutenant HEBRON H. STEERE.
Chaplain—Rev. FREDERIC DENISON.
Executive Committee—Major P. M. FARRINGTON, Quartermaster C. A. LEONARD, Lieutenant E. C. MARTIN, Corporal W. A. JOHNSON.

The third re-union occurred at Rocky Point July 17, 1874. By request of the Historian, who was pushing on his work, a committee was appointed to assist him, consisting of Major P. M. Farrington, Major W. H. Turner, Captain Allen Baker, Jr. At the same time the Association adopted a badge, and also raised funds for defraying the expenses of the Association. The following officers were chosen:

President—Major P. M. FARRINGTON.
First Vice-President—Lieutenant EDWARD C. MARTIN.
Second Vice-President—Sergt. LYMAN AYLESWORTH.
Secretary—Sergeant THOMAS A. RICHARDS.
Treasurer—Captain GEORGE N. BLISS.
Chaplain—Rev. FREDERIC DENISON.
Executive Committee—Major W. H. TURNER, DANIEL S. COOK, EDWARD B. MYERS, DAVID S. RAY.

TROOP D—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Ashley, James		Nov. 15, 1864.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Bennett, William H.	Phenix, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Prisoner; exchanged; trans. from Troop D, old org.; mustered out Oct. 10, 1864.
Brownell, Major W.	Quidnick, "	Aug. 19, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Beckton, James C.	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Brown, Jerry H.		Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corp.; mustered out June 6, '65.
Barnaby, James C.		April 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Bachelor, Charles H.	Northampton, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corp.; mustered out Aug. 3, '65.
Baker, Franklin O.		April 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Borden, Holden B.	Tiverton, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Baalam, James		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Colwell, Edward F.	Hebronville, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Oct. 4, 1865.
Cole, Henry T.	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Cantello, Stephen	Bradford, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Capwell, Willard T.	Sterling, Conn.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Cooke, Joseph W.	Wrentham, Mass.	Aug. 5, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Corcoran, James		April 4, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Card, William	Plainfield, Conn.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Cronan, Lawrence	England,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Transferred from Troop C, June 1, 1865; Sergeant; Q. M. Sergeant; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Cooke, William H.	Dutchess, N. Y.	" "	Trans. from Troop A, old org., Dec. 21, '64; Corp., Apr. 1, 1865; mus. out Aug. 3, '65.
Collins, James H.	Boston, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, as prisoner of war; died at Richmond, Va., Feb., 1864.
Callahan, Malachi		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Dunn, James		April 5, 1865.	" " "
Dowling, William	Pascoag, R, I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Durfee, Andrew	Fall River, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war.
Daly, James		April 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Eldridge, James P. O.	Newport, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization; deserted June 25, 1865.
Fish, Delos	Canterbury, Mass.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865.
Felch, Edward M.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out July 22, 1865.
Greene, Albert A.	Douglas, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gould, Charles E.	E. Douglas, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war; died Feb. 25, 1864, at Belle Island, Va.

TROOP D—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
Goddard, Abraham F.	Holden, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gougenhorn, John	Germany,	" "	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Gilmartin, Richard		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hackley, William	Fall River, Mass.	Aug. 11, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; deserted April 18, 1863; returned Oct. 13, 1864; sentenced to make good all time lost by desertion.
Harvey, Andrew		April 8, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Hunt, Caleb W.	Valley Falls, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, as prisoner of war; died Aug. 1, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Hudson, Marinus W.		April 5, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Herrick, Amos H.	Holland, Mass.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Jan. 15, 1865.
Hopkins, George L.		April 1, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Herrick, William A.	Voluntown, Conn.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; transferred to V. R. C.
Joslin, James A.	Bellingham, Mass.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Johnson, James B.	Warwick, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

Jillson, Welcome R.	Cumberland, R. I.	Aug. 14, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
50 Knowles, John M.		April 12, 1865.	Deserted June 28, 1865.
* Kelley, Edwin A.	Newport, R. I.	Nov. 30, 1864.	Sergeant March 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Kennedy, William		April 10, 1865.	Deserted June 25, 1865.
Kelley, Daniel		Mar. 25, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Lynch, Michael C.	Ireland,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out May 18, 1865.
Linahan, Thomas		Mar. 3, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Lewis, Courtland		Aug. 8, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Leonard, James M.		April 12, 1865.	Deserted June 28, 1865.
McLear, John		April 16, 1865.	" " "
Miner, Stephen	Johnston, R. I.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; prisoner of war; died June 9, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
McDonald, Richard		Sept. 23, 1862.	Trans. from Troop E, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; deserted June 1, 1865.
McNanney, Patrick	Ireland,	Sept. 26, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
McCoy, Edward	Providence, R. I.	July 27, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Monroe, Samuel P.	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Mar. 28, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old org., Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Miller, Seth B.		April 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Millington, James W.	Rhode Island,	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war; died July 31, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Moore, Patrick P.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.

TROOP D—(RE-ORGANIZED)—CONTINUED.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates—Continued.			
McGovern, George		April 12, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Mowry, Stephen G.		April 11, "	Deserted June 25, 1865.
O'Brien, James	Johnston, R. I.	Aug. 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop I, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
O'Rourke, James		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Oatley, Edward F.	Narragansett, R. I.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Peck, William	Providence, R. I.	Jan. 16, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Dec. 26, 1864.
Parker, George W.		April 7, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Pettis, John H.		April 10, 1865.	" " "
Potter, Harris O.	Coventry, "	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1864.
Presbury, James W.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Peck, William F.	Providence, "	Jan. 16, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Dec. 26, 1864.
Reilley, John B.		Feb. 13, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Read, Nathan H.		April 10, 1865.	Corp. June 7, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, '65.
Rutherford, John	England,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; Corp.; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Rankin, John	Scotland,	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organ., Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Raynor, John G.	Westerly, R. I.	Aug. 6, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.

Rathbone, Jeremiah	N. Kingstown, R. I.	Dec. 14, 1861.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864, as prisoner of war; died July 31, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga., of chronic diarrhœa.
Shaw, William	England,	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Sunderland, William A.	River Point, R. I.	" "	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Stewart, William	Middletown, Va.	Aug. 15, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Snow, George	E. Douglas, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Stanton, Benjamin T.		April 11, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Smith, Edward H.	Worcester, Mass.	Aug. 7, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865.
Studley, Frederick A.		April 10, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Soule, Edward B.	Stonington, Conn.	Aug. 15, 1862.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.
Smith, John M.		Mar. 31, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Snow, Alfred		Feb. 24, 1865.	" " "
Salisbury, William B.		April 4, 1865.	" " "
Towne, Allen W.	Union, Conn.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Trainor, James		Feb. 27, 1865.	Mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Vandorne, James W.		March 13, 1864.	Deserted June 28, 1865.
Wadkins, Albert J.	Douglas, Mass.	Jan. 5, 1864.	Trans. from Troop A, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; Corporal, June 1, 1865; mustered out Aug. 3, 1865.
Wilcox, Henry B.	Hope Village, R. I.	July 29, 1862.	Trans. from Troop D, old organization, Dec. 21, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865.

UNASSIGNED RECRUITS.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
Privates.			
Blair, Joseph		Feb. 13, 1865.	
Brabair, Theodore		Mar. 2, "	
Doxey, John		Mar. 25, "	
Heffring, Michael		Feb. 21, "	
Inglish, William		Feb. 2, "	
Kittredge, Hiram M.		Mar. 21, "	
Kneeland, James		Feb. 16, "	
Mahan, Michael		" "	
McGuire, James		" "	
McKenna, William	Ireland,	Aug. 8, 1864	
Stewart, William	Rhode Island,	Aug. 15, 1864.	
Williams, Barney		Feb. 16, 1865.	